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OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

EDITED BY

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, K.G.

ASSISTED BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

THE

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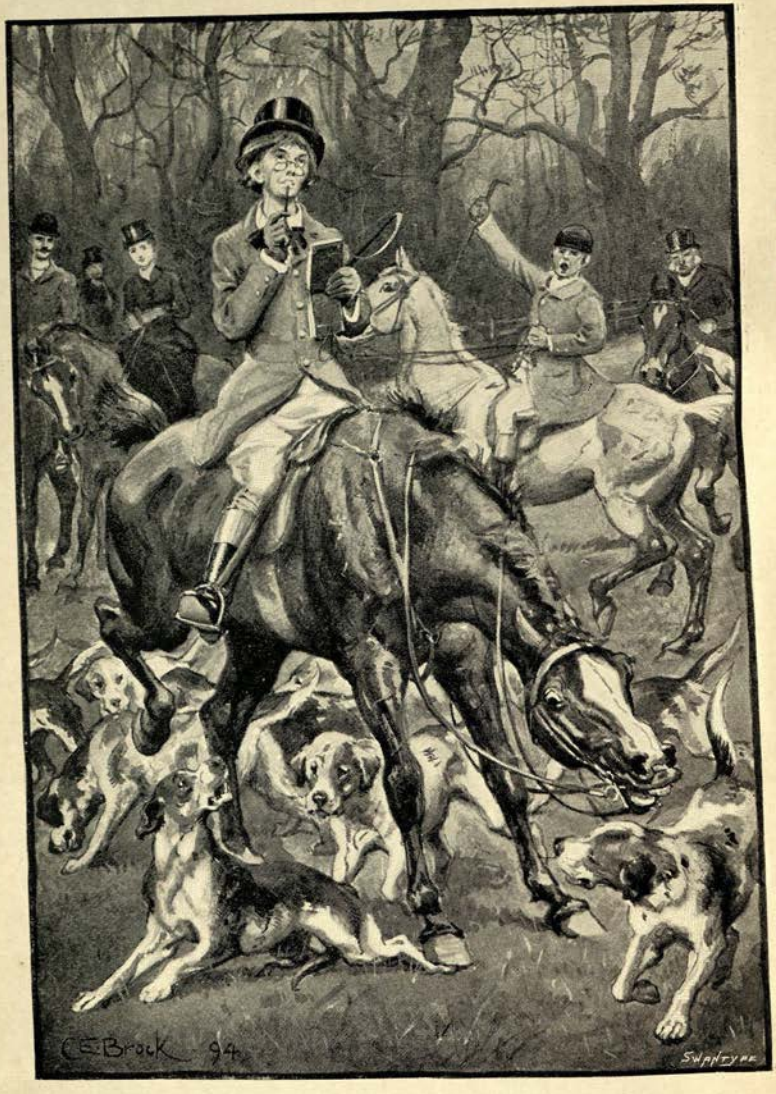

"A Hunting Poet."

THE

POETRY OF SPORT

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

HEDLEY PEEK

WITH A CHAPTER ON CLASSICAL ALLUSIONS TO SPORT
BY ANDREW LANG, AND A SPECIAL PREFACE TO
THE BADMINTON LIBRARY BY A. E. T. WATSON

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DEDICATION

TO

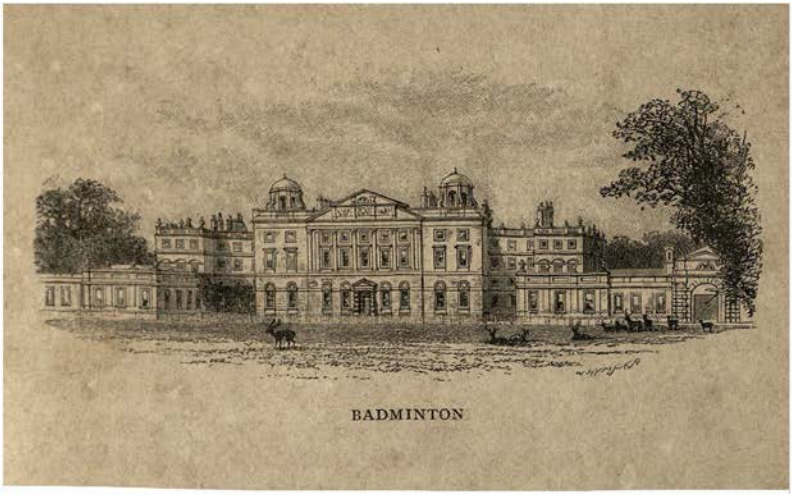
H.R.H: THE PRINCE OF WALES

BADMINTON : *May* 1885.

HAVING received permission to dedicate these volumes, the BADMINTON LIBRARY of SPORTS and PASTIMES, to HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, I do so feeling that I am dedicating them to one of the best and keenest sportsmen of our time. I can say, from personal observation, that there is no man who can extricate himself from a bustling and pushing crowd of horsemen, when a fox breaks covert, more dexterously and quickly than His Royal Highness; and that when hounds run hard over a big country, no man can take a line of his own and live with them better. Also, when the wind has been blowing hard, often have I seen His Royal Highness knocking over driven grouse and partridges and high-rocketing pheasants in first-rate

workmanlike style. He is held to be a good yachtsman, and as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron is looked up to by those who love that pleasant and exhilarating pastime. His encouragement of racing is well known, and his attendance at the University, Public School, and other important Matches testifies to his being, like most English gentlemen, fond of all manly sports. I consider it a great privilege to be allowed to dedicate these volumes to so eminent a sportsman as His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and I do so with sincere feelings of respect and esteem and loyal devotion.

BEAUFORT.



BADMINTON

PREFACE

A FEW LINES only are necessary to explain the object with which these volumes are put forth. There is no modern encyclopædia to which the inexperienced man, who seeks guidance in the practice of the various British Sports and Pastimes, can turn for information. Some books there are on Hunting, some on Racing, some on Lawn Tennis, some on Fishing, and so on; but one Library, or succession of volumes, which treats of the Sports and Pastimes indulged in by Englishmen—and women—is wanting. The Badminton Library is offered to supply the want. Of the imperfections which must be found in the execution of such a design we are

conscious. Experts often differ. But this we may say, that those who are seeking for knowledge on any of the subjects dealt with will find the results of many years' experience written by men who are in every case adepts at the Sport or Pastime of which they write. It is to point the way to success to those who are ignorant of the sciences they aspire to master, and who have no friend to help or coach them, that these volumes are written.

To those who have worked hard to place simply and clearly before the reader that which he will find within, the best thanks of the Editor are due. That it has been no slight labour to supervise all that has been written, he must acknowledge; but it has been a labour of love, and very much lightened by the courtesy of the Publisher, by the unflinching, indefatigable assistance of the Sub-Editor, and by the intelligent and able arrangement of each subject by the various writers, who are so thoroughly masters of the subjects of which they treat. The reward we all hope to reap is that our work may prove useful to this and future generations.

THE EDITOR.

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY

By Alfred E. T. Watson

With this volume, the twenty-eighth of the series, the Badminton Library comes to an end—at least, so far as is at present contemplated. The labours of more than twelve years are finished, except as regards the task of revising the various books, and issuing new editions in order to keep them abreast of the times. That these labours are generally recognised as having been well bestowed those who are most closely connected with the Library are best aware; and it has been thought well in this last volume to give some description of the origin and development of a work which, without egotism on the part of its conductors, may be claimed to have had a deep and widely extended influence on the world of Sport.

It has just been said that the publication of the Badminton Library has been spread over twelve years; but, in fact, nearly fifteen years have passed since the project was first originated. Early in the spring of 1882 a question arose at 39 Paternoster Row as to the desirability of bringing out a new edition of 'Blaine's Encyclopædia of Sports.' The interest in several popular pastimes had recently grown stronger, others had arisen since the days of Blaine, and it was evident that to do thorough justice to the subject was a very considerable task. So considerable, indeed, did it appear on examination

that a member of the firm—Mr. C. J. Longman—suggested the idea of several little books, each devoted to a separate sport. A volume might be made out of Hunting, it was thought, another out of Racing ; about Fishing there was much to be said, and Shooting also afforded material. Cricket, or perhaps Cricket with a chapter or two on Football, would serve to prolong the series, and various branches of athletics, Boating, Swimming, Skating, might be utilised to make up a library of half a dozen books. The project seemed a large one, but its devisers so much approved of it that in a moment of enthusiasm it was actually thought possible the Library might finally include as many as seven or eight volumes.

Here a few words may be interpolated as to the curious rise and fall of favourite sports and pastimes. Some few, indeed, are unaffected by time. Cricket has been the national pastime for a century, and as for its introduction, 'clearly it was a boys' game in the early days of Elizabeth' Mr. Andrew Lang declares in his preface to the 'Cricket' volume ; racing has been a national sport for a period not easily to be defined —is not the famous 'Rowley Mile' at Newmarket so called because it was the favourite course of King Charles II. ?—and there never was a time when, after some fashion or other, Englishmen did not hunt. But other pastimes 'have their day and cease to be,' vanishing with a celerity which only equals their rise. Twenty years ago England in general went rinking. Rinks were laid down in all directions ; the manufacture of roller skates became a busy industry. What could be more delightful and exhilarating? Enthusiasts wondered why so simple a contrivance as the roller skate had not been invented long since, and regretted the time they had wasted on so foolish a business as croquet ; for croquet was formerly almost what rinking had now become.

Does anybody rink now? On an asphalted by-street one may at times find a belated little boy, probably with one skate, making little straight runs with a growing confidence which ends in a fall. He has found the skate among some old lot of

discarded rubbish, to which it was consigned to keep company, perhaps, with the battered croquet balls, hoops and mallets—though, by the way, croquet, in a new and more difficult shape, has recently had something of a revival. For midway in the seventies a new craze arose. In 1874 Major Wingfield patented a game which he called 'Sphairistike,' a game that speedily made its way in all directions under its familiar name of Lawn Tennis. Rinks could be utilised as tennis grounds, and to this end multitudes of them came. Lord Arthur Hervey, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells, an enthusiastic tennis player, had, it was said, played a similar game on the lawn of his Rectory in Suffolk, and the credit of its invention was claimed for Leamington and elsewhere; but certainly it had not been generally known till Major Wingfield took it up, and when he did so it entirely usurped the place of its predecessors in fleeting public favour.

Everybody could hit a ball over a net, or could at least try to do so, and almost the only persons who derided the game were, oddly enough, tennis players—the few men who appreciated the vastly superior charms of tennis proper, the game about which Charles V. of France was the first of many royal enthusiasts. Lawn tennis, to use a current colloquialism, looked as if it had 'come to stay,' and indeed its popularity is not extinct if the number and enthusiasm of its devotees have diminished. It was fatally injured by its over-perfection. A certain number of ardent players became so expert that the game ceased to amuse the ordinary man, who grew tired of sending over the net bad serves with which his opponent did what he liked, and of vainly endeavouring to return balls which went at lightning speed into the most unexpected places.

The world was ready for a new game when, in a few out-of-the-way places, men were occasionally met carrying what to the casual eye looked like overgrown walking-sticks with fantastic handles. Better informed observers recognised in them the implements of Golf, and some few were so well instructed as to be able to state that the things were known as 'clubs.' A further refinement, the capacity for distinguishing between a

cleek, a lofter, and a mashie, was then as rare as it is now common. Golf in Scotland, as everyone knows, dates from a period 'whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary;' and why, after being unheeded by Englishmen for so long a time, it should suddenly have become the rage in every quarter of the country must always remain one of the eternal mysteries. The Royal Game, its devotees declared, was not only replete with advantages, it was absolutely devoid of disadvantages. 'It is a game for players of all degrees and ages, for the veteran of seventy as for the boy of seven.' Lord Wellwood cordially asserts: 'It cannot be learnt too soon, it is never too late to begin it.' At any rate, golf spread more rapidly than any other game had done within living memory, and it was taken up more ardently. There were districts of England where a person's moral character was considered of less importance than the ease and precision of his swing. An author might have written a valuable book, an inventor made a brilliant discovery, but how was a creature to be really respected whose putting was so ludicrously bad? As soldier or sailor a man might have done admirable service, but his persistent habit of slicing or topping his ball was not to be pardoned.

That any distraction could affect the ever-spreading mania for golf seemed a few years since well nigh incredible, and that the successful rival to the golf-club would be the cycle was utterly beyond the pale of belief. During the seventies a few persons did ride cycles, it is true, but to do so was generally held to be a gross breach of that good form which the majority of self-respecting people would rather perish than offend against. Someone looked at the half-abashed cyclists of the period, perched high in the air on their lofty wheels, and dubbed them 'cads on castors.' The alliterative reproach was held exactly to hit off the truth: to ride on 'castors' was, in the opinion of not a few unsympathetic people, to be a cad. The occupation stamped the man. If five or six years ago anybody had wanted to make the most ludicrously outrageous of all imaginable prophecies, it would have been that the day was at

hand when the most fastidious personages of London society would be seen riding bicycles; and if he had added a forecast that ladies as well as men would do this, and that, moreover, in the public streets, he would have been regarded as eligible for a lunatic asylum. There are bounds to unreason, and this seemed utterly beyond them.

Cycling was under the ban; it was a discredited business altogether. If occasionally one met at dinner, or at a club of reputation, a man who had been seen on a cycle, he was rather severely chaffed about it; one felt that he would scarcely have been asked to dine if the offence had been known, or, in the case of a club, that the committee might well give him a little salutary advice. But by degrees rumour spread the incredible tale that a number of these backsliders from reputable ways were accustomed to meet in a place called Battersea Park; and a visit there in the season of 1894 revealed an absolutely amazing condition of affairs. There they were, members of both Houses of the Legislature, their wives and sisters and daughters, the most rigid observers of the strictest tenets of good form, bearers of historical names, doers of great deeds, pedalling up and down, to and fro—with very varying degrees of ease and grace, no doubt, sometimes in jeopardy of disaster, occasionally in actual grief, but pedalling all the same. No one was ashamed, everyone was proud to ride; it was 'the thing' to do. The rumour ran that all the royal family had bought bicycles, and the man who invented the phrase 'cads on castors' was set down as an idiot.

Thus fashion changes. When the Badminton Library was started and it was determined to have the volumes illustrated many pictures might have been anticipated; but one scene which nobody conceived it would ever be possible to draw was that which may now be witnessed a dozen times in the course of a very brief journey by road or rail—a party of men and ladies passing along the highway on bicycles, with a little concourse of golf players in the field behind them. And it is for this reason that in speaking of the Library as having come to an end

the words 'so far as is at present contemplated' have been added; for who can say, after the brief summary in the foregoing pages, what sport may not spring up and take the public fancy in the course of a year or two? If any such does arise, a volume about it will doubtless be written.

The few words I proposed to write have extended beyond the space I thought they would occupy, and I have somewhat strayed from the history of the Library, which I now resume.

It being decided that the books should be published, the question of an Editor arose, and naturally of an Editor whose name would carry the utmost weight. Of all English sportsmen none fulfilled every essential condition so fully as the Duke of Beaufort, hereditary Master of one of the most famous packs of hounds in England, a member of the Jockey Club and keen lover of the Turf, a coachman of unequalled skill and experience, an admirable shot, a most expert fisherman. If only his Grace could be induced to lend his invaluable aid success was assured—and, moreover, a peculiarly attractive and appropriate title for the Library, 'The Badminton,' naturally followed. The late Mr. Tom Paine, a well-known sportsman, and a member of the famous firm of Tattersall's, was a friend of Messrs. Longman, and brought the matter before the Duke, who, with the ready and invariable kindness which has ever been his chief characteristic, called at Paternoster Row, discussed the idea, and consented, in August 1882, to edit the series—an assistant-editor was appointed, and the work of preparation begun. The Duke himself most generously consented to write some of the 'Hunting' volume, which was to be the first, in virtue of the fame of his Hounds; and Mr. Mowbray Morris, master of a style at once graphic and graceful, accepted an offer to contribute certain chapters. Lord Suffolk and Mr. W. G. Craven undertook 'Racing;' Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell, one of the best known of fishermen, agreed to prepare the volume on the subject of his craft, and Mr. W. B. Woodgate to do the 'Boating.' Other volumes were at the time more or less

vaguely contemplated, and the autumn of 1882 saw the scheme thus far started.

The narrative, to be accurate, must now become to a certain extent personal, a circumstance for which the writer can only apologise. Early in the summer of 1883 the authors of the 'Racing' book found they would not have sufficient material to complete the requisite number of pages, the idea of including 'Steeplechasing' in the volume was mooted, and I was asked to supply the chapters, which I promised to do if I could secure the co-operation of Mr. Arthur Coventry, then in the height of his fame as a rider of races. For this superlatively fine horseman I shared the warmest admiration with such authorities as Tom Cannon and the late Fred Archer, the latter of whom once remarked to me that though in five-furlong races, where jumping off at the start was so important, Mr. Coventry might be at just the least disadvantage with jockeys who were in constant practice, over a mile course that gentleman was as good as the best of the professional riders. Mr. Arthur Coventry—though not without some pressing, for he protested that his bent was not towards literature—at length very kindly consented to supervise and guide my work; and in July 1883 we signed a contract to prepare the book, or rather the portion of the book, within six months.

If I knew to what extent I might write without encroaching unduly on the reader's sympathy, I should like to describe the pleasure of writing that book in conjunction with such a partner. My one leading idea was to be practical. Well-balanced phrases, the avoidance of that miserable slang which was at one time the chief characteristic of articles on sport and which naturally disgusts the educated reader, these things were all very well so far as they went. So opposed to slang was the Editor in chief that he even disliked the generally accepted term 'whip' for 'whipper-in,' declaring that a whip was an implement, not a man. Simple English has been our constant aim. But if a book is to have any value, any justification for its existence in these days, when such mountains of matter

are annually poured out of the Press, it must be practical. To this end I visited training-grounds and courses, talked and corresponded with cross-country riders. Mr. Arthur Yates was a fund of information, and his downs a fertile field of ideas; James Jewitt took me to Kennett, and explained with illustrations the art of training and riding winners. To Joseph Cannon as a winner of the Grand National I was indebted for very many hints; the reminiscences of Robert I'Anson were of the utmost importance; Mr. J. M. Richardson, rider of two National winners, Reugny and Disturbance, wrote me invaluable letters which I incorporated; and Lord Suffolk, keenest of humorists and shrewdest of guides, was always ready to lay open the stores of his knowledge. My partner was in active practice. Old Hesper's day was almost done, though he still came out occasionally; but on The Dethroned and others Mr. Coventry was in the habit of riding to victory, and continually afforded me texts. I read him my chapters for his criticism and comment, and if any doubtful points arose—though I should have been more than satisfied with his judgment—I was always glad to hear the decision, 'We had better go and ask Tom Cannon;' for that meant a delightful visit to Danebury, the master of which was the soul of hospitality, and having the horses out in the morning for the solution of difficulties by observation of what happened over the jumps. One reward of this came in 1896, when Mr. Campbell, rider of the winner of the Grand National, with whom I had not the pleasure of previous acquaintance, was good enough to write and say that he wanted to let me know he attributed his success in a great measure to the advice given in the Badminton book on 'Steeplechasing.'

Early in 1884, at the time fixed, the MS. of 'Steeplechasing' was delivered, the first 'copy' that had been received for the Library; it was put into type, corrected, and paged; and there matters for the time ended. The assistant-editor had, in fact, been occupied with other business, and in the course of time Messrs. Longman were led to understand that he would be glad

if he were relieved of his engagement with them; whereupon they asked me if I were willing to bring about the relief by undertaking the assistant-editorship should my predecessor wish to give it up. The task was in every way most congenial. In the course of a fortnight the new organisation was arranged, and an agreement between the editor, assistant-editor, and publisher was signed, on February 6, 1885.

In this chapter I am for the first time taking advantage of the fact that I can obtain control of the volume and evade the supervision of my chief; for otherwise no testimony can be borne in the pages of the Badminton Library to the immense debt which all who are interested in it owe to the Duke of Beaufort. One little anecdote I may here interpolate as an example of the extraordinary thoroughness with which the editor has fulfilled the duties which—it need scarcely be said, 'without fee or reward'—he readily undertook.

In an early volume of the Library reference was made to a lately deceased nobleman as having served in the Grenadier Guards in the Peninsula. 'I don't think Lord —— was in the Grenadiers,' the Duke wrote to me when he returned the proof. 'I have searched in every book I can think of at Badminton as likely to furnish information, but I shall be going to Bristol in a day or two, and may find one there; if not, when I am in London I can doubtless ascertain.' To me this seemed an excess of care, and I replied, 'Do you think it really matters? Let us say he was "in the Guards"—that would cover the point; or, indeed, why mention any regiment? Would it not be enough to say, "Lord——, who did excellent service in the Peninsula"? Nothing turns on his having been a Guardsman.' But this did not satisfy my chief. 'No,' he answered, 'let us get it right. My impression is that he was in the Coldstreams, and it is just as well to make sure if we can.' He was in the Coldstreams, records proved; and, though I considered the matter unimportant, it showed me the spirit in which the Badminton Library was to be written. I understood that our work in its most trivial details was to be as accurate as

care could make it; that if critics thought proper to differ from our conclusions, they were not to be allowed to disprove our asserted facts.

The system upon which we have worked is this. In conjunction with the publishers—and the absolutely indefatigable labours of Mr. T. Norton Longman more especially deserve the most cordial recognition, for without him the Library would never have been what it is, if it had ever come into existence—I have usually selected writers, submitting their names to the Duke, who on his part has taken pains to ascertain their suitability, and in several cases—notably the 'Riding' and 'Driving' volumes—has made valuable suggestions of his own. I have then discussed and arranged schemes, obtained manuscripts—in some instances ready for the printer, in others requiring much supervision, in others, again, so rough that the matter needed practically rewriting. Proofs have been sent to the Duke after a revision supposed to have been complete, though in many cases containing slips of various kinds, which his diligence has seldom or never failed to detect. I have not left it to the editor-in-chief to strike out the formula in which, differently phrased, a great number of the writers have begun—that the subject they were endeavouring to treat was exhausted long since, that nothing more remained to be said, but that, in accordance with a flattering invitation, they were trying to say something. To pass these introductory remarks—which occurred with amusing frequency and were of course calculated to make the reader suppose the author was trying to thrash a dead horse—did not seem to me judicious, the more so for the reason that they were seldom justified. Because, years ago, a book on a certain subject was published, that subject could not be looked on as finally treated, particularly having regard to the constantly varying conditions of sport and to the fact that the modern writer often differed from the conclusions of earlier authors.

The leading idea, as I have said, was to be practical—to obtain books from men who had won reputation for their skill

and success in the sports and pastimes they were asked to describe. That most of them would say they never had written, and were sure they never could write, was inevitable; but whatever we got from them, however roughly expressed, was sure to contain valuable information, the result of actual experience; and for a practised writer with some knowledge of the matter under discussion to put the manuscript into English was never an impossible task, though sometimes an arduous one. A serious business was the making of schemes; for, properly made, they contribute immensely to the ease with which a book may be written and to its value when complete; clumsily devised, they worry the author and perplex or disappoint the reader. I venture to submit this to the consideration of writers as the outcome of a good many years of experience.

A few words must also be said about the illustrations, for the magnitude of the task involved—in the performance of which Mr. Norton Longman laboured with untiring diligence, so much so that he is mainly responsible for the pictorial work—cannot possibly be appreciated by anyone who has not striven to obtain technically accurate and appropriate drawings for volumes on sport of all descriptions. A large number of photographs have been used in the Library, but probably not ten per cent. of those that were taken have been deemed serviceable.

Matters were not at all in a forward condition when, in February 1885, I first looked into them. Mr. Mowbray Morris had written a few chapters of 'Hunting,' and forgotten all about them. Lord Suffolk had finished a brilliant sketch of Newmarket, and obtained details of a few trials; and Mr. Craven had been compiling a history of racing—but they, too, had put their work away. Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell had made most progress—so much, indeed, that it was obvious a couple of volumes would be occupied if 'Fishing' was to be thorough. Three years had elapsed since a Library had been decided on, considerably more than two since it was arranged that it

should be a 'Badminton Library,' with the Duke of Beaufort as editor; so the thing to be done was to push on vigorously, and let one of the long-talked-of volumes appear. Mr. Mowbray Morris resumed his pen; the Duke himself set to work on an essay on 'Hunt Servants and their Duties,' with incidental remarks on subjects which the most experienced M.F.H. in the country was peculiarly qualified to discuss; Lord Suffolk, an old master of harriers, wrote a chapter on the sport he had long followed; a great authority on the otter, the Rev. E. W. L. Davies, contributed a delightful chapter on 'The Otter and his Ways;' I was asked to undertake the two chapters on 'Stables' and 'Kennels'—in a great measure a description of the buildings and methods then to be found at Badminton; and at length, towards the end of 1885, the first volume of the Badminton Library was issued, dedicated by permission to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Meantime Mr. Pennell had completed his two volumes, and, after much discussion as to what should be omitted and included, 'Racing' was ready to be joined to 'Steeplechasing,' which had been finished for more than two years, and so required bringing up to date. Among the best work in the Library, if I may be allowed to express an opinion, I rank Lord Suffolk's all too brief description of sport at Newmarket in this volume, which appeared in 1886.

By this time one thing was evident: the Library was going to be a great success; and as for the projected six books, sixteen, we began to think, would be nearer the mark. Two volumes on which we all specially prided ourselves were in active preparation—'Shooting,' a subject which was not to be compressed into one book, and about the division of which there was much perplexity till it was decided to separate the parts into 'Field and Covert,' 'Moor and Marsh.' No book has added more to the reputation of the Library; for Lord Walsingham not only enjoys the deserved credit of being an unsurpassed authority on all matters connected with the sport, but he is able to impart his knowledge pleasantly and graphi-

cally; Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey's acquaintance with wild-fowl and with the construction of firearms is altogether exceptional; and a chapter on 'Deer' by the late Lord Lovat was at once recognised as the work of a master of the subject and of a delightfully simple, picturesque style. Then, too, the illustrations were of exceptional value, for the bulk of them were drawn by, or under the immediate supervision of, Mr. A. J. Stuart-Wortley. Without endeavouring to 'place' such men as Mr. Stuart-Wortley, Lords Walsingham and de Grey, and a very few others, it may be safely said that for a long time Mr. Wortley was one of the half-dozen best shots in the country, and an artist and naturalist as well as a sportsman.

The question had meantime arisen—a question little contemplated when the idea of the Library was originated—whether a volume on 'Cycling' might not really be seriously considered. 'Shooting' and 'Hunting' had appealed chiefly to the 'classes' perhaps, but we wished to appeal to the 'masses' also—to adopt Mr. Gladstone's distinction—and at the time never supposed that multitudes outside this latter category would be attracted by a book on such a subject. Still some persons *did* ride, the then Lord Bury among them, and he consented to write in conjunction with Mr. Lacy Hillier, who was one of the few who had adopted 'the wheel' with distinction. It seemed a dubious experiment, and we certainly did not imagine that a second edition would be wanted two years later, a third in 1891, a fourth in 1894, and a fifth in 1895—figures which tend to show how rapidly cycling has grown in public favour. Is there, one wonders, any new pastime in store which will make as material an addition to English manufactures? For think of the enormous number of men who now gain their livelihood by the production and repairing and selling of the successors to the once despised velocipede.

A volume jointly made up of 'Athletics' and 'Football' also came out in 1887; and to some extent the recent craze for the

latter game might have been mentioned in what has been said a few pages earlier about the rise and decline of popular pastimes. But football, since the access of professionalism to the ranks of its players, appeals almost exclusively to its own public, though that is an enormous one, no doubt, especially in the North of England. That football has the steady vitality of cricket may well be doubted, and it certainly has not the well nigh universal popularity of the latter game.

Eight volumes had now been issued, and several of the most prominent subjects were still untouched, notably 'Cricket' and 'Boating.' These two followed. Mr. W. B. Woodgate had for a considerable time had in hand the sport in which he shone, and Dr. Warre, Headmaster of Eton, was good enough to help. That 'Cricket' would be one of the successes of the Library needed little guessing, for the plan of going only to experts who had made reputations in the game or sport they wrote about was inflexibly adopted. Mr. A. G. Steel was then giving constant proof of his capacity—I think it was while engaged on this book that he made 148 against Australia—and he was aided by Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, the Hon. R. H. Lyttelton, and Dr. W. G. Grace. Mr. Steel's chapter on 'Bowling' was, I believe, the first attempt ever made to explain the whole science and theory in a manner which gave practical value to the work. 'Cricket' appeared in 1888, and greatly strengthened the reputation of the Library, for suitable additions to which we were now diligently searching. A volume on 'Riding and Driving' had been contemplated, but we soon perceived that this must be divided into two, as 'Polo' could hardly be omitted, and as, moreover, the Duke of Beaufort kindly agreed to write several chapters of a Driving book. Further than this, a number of his friends were ready to give active aid towards a work on a subject with which as president of the Coaching Club he was so immediately identified. The late Duke of Somerset, then Lord Algernon St. Maur, jotted down graphic reminiscences of old coaching days; Lady Georgiana Curzon, whose ability on the driving

seat perhaps no other lady has ever equalled, showed that she could handle pen as skilfully as reins; and the late Sir Christopher Teesdale, V.C., wrote a couple of chapters in such happy style as to make it a matter for sincere regret that he had not written more. The Earl of Onslow, who has done excellent service in more than one book, was good enough to send a chapter on the 'Carriage Horse.' This indeed may, I think, be claimed as one of the strong points of the Library: sportsmen of all descriptions who had something to say have been induced to say it in these volumes, whereas had they not been approached and pressed, and in not a few instances over-persuaded after early refusals based on the ground of asserted incapacity, they would never have written at all.

But the feature of the 'Driving' book was the opportunity it gave for the delightfully interesting recollections of the Duke of Beaufort, from the days of his boyhood, at home and abroad. 'Driving' thus became peculiarly a 'Badminton' book, and the picturesque descriptions of the road in the early days of the century give lasting value to the volume, written as it is by those who took an active part in the scenes described. 'Driving' was not the only issue in 1889. 'Fencing, Boxing, and Wrestling' were joined together as kindred subjects.

Was there really material for a whole book on 'Golf' had at one time seemed a question, even if the volume was to take a somewhat wide scope and include a chapter on 'The Humours of Golf' by Mr. Arthur Balfour, M.P. As a matter of fact, I had to cut out, if I recollect aright, close on a hundred pages, and then the book remained one of the longest in the Library. With 'Golf,' in 1890, appeared 'Tennis, Lawn Tennis, Rackets and Fives,' that distinguished player Mr. J. M. Heathcote being the chief of many contributors.

'Riding,' separated from its once allotted companion subject 'Driving,' had meantime been making progress,

delayed somewhat by the difficulty I had experienced in finding an author for a chapter on 'Race Riding.' The idea of letting experts only write had been unswervingly followed, but as I could not discover an authority to do this directly, I made several authorities do it indirectly—that is to say, I discussed the art with the leading jockeys of the day, *e.g.* the late F. Archer, Tom Cannon, F. Webb, and a very few others—and put into shape what I gleaned from them. The late Captain Moray Brown filled a part of the book with some careful chapters on 'Polo.'

The Library had now extended to fifteen volumes. That some should have been more popular than others was inevitable, as different sports and pastimes enjoy different degrees of popularity; but the reception of these fifteen was such as to convince the projectors that if they could produce fifteen more volumes on the same lines they would all be cordially received. 'Mountaineering' appealed forcibly to a certain class of travellers, and in 1892 this was issued; Sir W. M. Conway, Messrs. C. T. Dent, D. W. Freshfield, and others co-operating. 'Skating' and other ice sports could not of course be omitted if the series was to be complete, and this book was published in the same year. 'Swimming' was obviously a matter deserving treatment, and though both 'Coursing and Falconry' have failed to hold their own as popular sports, neither is obsolete—the interest taken in the Waterloo Cup proves that coursing has still very many followers. These two together were therefore contemplated and carried out—'Falconry' by an enthusiast, Mr. Gerald Lascelles.

'Yachting' had been in preparation for I cannot say how many years, and the time expended on it naturally complicated its treatment; for mental activity is peculiarly brisk among designers of yachts, and the latest ideas, by the time they were described and illustrated, had been superseded by later still. To Mr. R. T. Pritchett, the artist, special credit is due for these two volumes, as his knowledge of the best men to select for the very various subjects was of immense assis-

tance. The theme, too, was infinitely more extensive than was imagined. There were so many things to be included, such as a description of the boat which Lord Dufferin was accustomed to sail single-handed—often on days when no mariner on the Italian coast, where the owner of the 'Hermione' first sailed her, could be persuaded to put to sea. The late Lord Pembroke, too, one of the most quietly humorous and picturesque of all the Badminton authors, had a branch of the subject to discuss which had specially appealed to him—the pleasure that might be enjoyed by the employment of yachts' sailing boats.

Started in 1891, 'Yachting' was not out till 1894, the same year that saw the publication of another two-volume book—'Big Game Shooting.' Big game was a big subject, as will be readily supposed, seeing the number of European, Asiatic, and American beasts that it includes. There was one writer, also, we were peculiarly anxious to find, and long sought in vain, one who remembered and could describe the Africa of half a century since, before the game had been disturbed by Europeans carrying arms of precision, when the whole country was alive with beast and bird. Such a man, by the greatest of good luck, we lighted on—the late Colonel W. C. Oswell, friend and long-time companion of Livingstone. Colonel Oswell's old muzzle-loader would look strange as an arm of precision by the side of modern inventions in gunnery, but he did marvellous execution with it: if not as elegant and convenient as the rifle of the present day, it was extraordinarily effective. Assuredly Colonel Oswell's wholly admirable contribution remains one of the strongest features of the Library.

But to extract the work from the modest old sportsman was a very hard business. He had kept diaries. Moreover, Wolff, the famous painter of animals, had drawn various pictures, illustrating scenes described, under the careful supervision of the writer; but Colonel Oswell protested that the descriptions were altogether of too rough and ready a character to do duty in a book. He did not, in fact, realise how vivid and graphic

his narrative was: let the reader judge, for, with comparatively little editing, the chapters appear as he wrote them. Mr. Jackson, who carried on the tale as regards sport in modern Africa, was equally nervous, and found in particular the difficulty of making a start which so often besets the unaccustomed penman; but the start once made, he did admirably. Mr. Clive Phillipps-Wolley superintended the production of these two volumes, and persuaded Mr. St. George Littledale to write about aurochs, creatures of whose existence even many persons were unaware. I rather think, too, that the *ovis poli* was first made familiar to readers by the Big Game books; and from a multitude of Indian sportsmen we chose Lieut.-Colonel R. Heber-Percy. One of our lasting regrets is that we could not utilise some chapters written by the late Sir Samuel Baker. His pen, however, had been so constantly employed—as was natural in the case of a man who had seen so much, and who described it so forcibly and picturesquely—that he found it impossible to avoid traversing ground which he had already trodden. But he wrote a too brief memoir of his old friend, Colonel Oswell, a touching tribute to that kindly and genial pioneer of African sport.

At this time we considered and rejected the idea of books on 'Baseball, Lacrosse, Hockey, and Other Ball Games' as not appealing to a sufficiently large class. 'Physical Recreation' was also declined, because we did not see how five hundred pages of readable matter could be filled, and we had already dealt with training and athletics. 'Chess,' too, was rejected, but 'Billiards' was put in hand, the Duke having specially declared that it must not be omitted, though for a long time it was again set aside, as we did not consider the first MS. obtained satisfactory. Later on, to the competent and careful hands of Major Broadfoot was confided the preparation of a fresh book, which we hope and think has given satisfaction.

Previously to this, however, the question of 'Archery' had been considered and decided in the affirmative, for Mr. C. J.

Longman, himself an ex-champion archer, was ready to undertake what was to him a labour of love. He knew where to find the best archers to help him, and to his energetic labours the thoroughness which may safely be claimed for the volume is mainly due. We hope and imagine that the book has given some fillip to this ancient pastime, and certainly there are many quaint and interesting chapters—not least that which quotes the essay of an enthusiastic bowman who set himself to show why for all purposes of war and sport his weapon was, and ever must remain, infinitely superior to the new-fangled gun—so short and circumscribed was human foresight.

'Sea Fishing' as a sport had made vast way since the Library was first contemplated. Visitors to the seaside had from time immemorial gone out in boats and dangled leaded lines, baited with mussels, over the sides; some few had used a rod from the end of a pier; but very little indeed was generally known about sea fish and the best methods of taking them. Not one in a hundred of those who fished for a moment imagined what a vast amount of genuine sport the sea provided; and we found an ardent sea fisherman, with a really marvellous knowledge of the subject, anxious to spread the information he had accumulated. I think no book in the Library is more complete than Mr. John Bickerdyke's volume.

'Dancing' had been suggested to a member of the firm of publishers, but for a long time we hesitated, fearing the obvious criticism that it was 'not a sport,' though it is the oldest and most universal of all pastimes. It was nevertheless a pastime, and one which lent itself to picturesque treatment. The subject remained in abeyance until at a meeting of the British Association in 1893 I noticed that a paper on Dancing had been read by Mrs. Lilly Grove, F.R.G.S., and this turned the scale. Mrs. Grove, on being communicated with, expressed her readiness to write, so we faced the criticism, and 'Dancing' was written.

It had frequently been impressed upon us while the Library was in preparation what an enormous quantity of verse had

been written on the subject of sport, and that amongst it there was a not inconsiderable proportion of poetry which was swamped in the mass of rubbish and forgotten. The task of investigating the mountain of matter and selecting what seemed worthy of preservation was simply stupendous, and required an amount of patience and care not easily to be realised. The percentage of those melancholy effusions which begin with a flatulent invocation to 'Old Sol'—a divinity still introduced daily into the compositions of 'sporting' reporters and writers of the baser sort—is incredible, and then as a general rule the verses go on to muddle and misapply the commonplaces of heathen mythology. We felt that a selection of what was best in the 'Poetry of Sport' would make an excellent book, but were less sanguine about finding anyone equipped with the requisite knowledge where to look, the judgment where to choose, and the courage to undertake the task. At length the untiring student whom we sought was discovered in Mr. Hedley Peek, and here is the result of three years of labour, the twenty-eighth volume of the Library, to speak for itself.

The name of the 'Badminton' has become so familiar to those who have thus launched the Library that readers will understand a natural reluctance to cease active work under the title, and it is to this reluctance that the 'Badminton Magazine' owes its origin. As for this chapter, it was suggested by the publishers, and readily undertaken by me, because during the last twelve years we have received such innumerable proofs of kindly interest from all quarters, at home and abroad, as to make us gladly recognise the pleasant circumstance that many of our readers have become friends rather than mere purchasers. For all this kindness we take the present opportunity of returning grateful thanks. There is the Library; we have done our very best to make it sound and thorough, and our reward has been that this has been so cordially acknowledged.

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THE POETRY OF SPORT

INTRODUCTION

IS SPORT A FITTING SUBJECT FOR THE POET?

A Booke! is this the early exercise
I did prescribe? instead of following health,
Which all men covet, you pursue your disease.
Where's your great Horse, your hounds, your set at Tennis?
Your Balloone ball, the practice of your dancing,
Your casting of the sledge, or learning how
To tosse the pike; all chang'd into a Sonnet?

J. FORD (1629).

THE student who has thought it worth his while to make a careful study of the criticisms, past and present, relating to poetry can hardly fail to arrive at the conclusion that there is scarcely a single subject treated by verse-writers that has not alternately been condemned as unsuitable and approved as suitable for poetical treatment. Styles of poetry become the fashion and are discredited with almost as sure regularity as fashions in dress; and it is rather amusing to mark the contemptuous epithets hurled at those who refuse to be guided by the designers of metrical fashion-plates.

We have for some years been passing through an epoch, now fortunately well nigh over, which has done much to bring about that maximum of verse-writers and minimum of verse-readers so often deplored of late years. This epoch

will in the future probably be classified as the sweet sentimentality period, and has its counterparts in almost all centuries. It is important not to fall into a similar error, and because we have been cloyed with too much vapid sweetness, say that this style has not its fitting place and use. At the present time, when education is not a possession of the few, it is obvious that such verse-writers will be in excess of the requirements of their audience. Most women and many men pass at one time through a sentimental phase; but, whilst correct writing and the power of metrical expression are acquirements possible to many; power, imagination, and genius are rare: thus the more fashion tends to encourage the former acquirements at the expense of the latter gifts, so much the more are we likely to be overdone with mediocrity; and hence will result a want of manly instinct and an effeminacy of style and thought which nearly concern our present subject. We can imagine a critic of the period treating our title in the following contemptuous manner:—

'Sport in its relation to poetry is an absurdity. What has sport to do with those delicate emotions which it is the poet's duty to bring before us?'

It has even been stated that a hunting poet is an anomaly; but in charity we will refrain from mentioning the critic's name: suffice it to say, that he had at one time been an unsuccessful verse-maker, but never a sportsman. No doubt he did not consider Byron a poet, yet would doubtless have not objected to sharing a fraction of that hunting verse-writer's popularity. The present time (when the more thoughtful are beginning to realise the fallacy of this exclusiveness) seems a peculiarly suitable one to place before the public a work from which they will be able to judge for themselves how many great writers in the past looked on this matter.

It would be, perhaps, the truest criticism to say that there is no passion, whether mental or physical, that stirs men's hearts which is not a fitting object for poetry; but it is also true that to deal adequately with such a subject as the one before

us requires a master-hand; for, to meet with one capable of describing the passions of war or the passions of sport without at times sinking into the region of commonplace, we must find a rare combination in the writer—a man whose mind and body are evenly balanced. Such a one was Homer; and it is the very rarity of this versatility that has made his work not only immortal, but so full of charm to men, in all times, and of well nigh all dispositions.

It must be borne in mind that many songs and ballads included in this collection were never meant to reach the standard of poetry; some are included for their wit, some to mark the changes of thought and manner, and others are little more than curiosities, valuable, as cracked china, for their age or ugliness. But the reader who shall fail to discover in the following pages an answer in the affirmative to the question, 'Is Sport a fitting subject for the Poet?' must either have a mind warped by prejudice, or have never known the true passion of a sportsman.

Want of manliness has been in many verse-writers the one thing lacking to give their gift of true metrical expressiveness the power which alone can appeal to the healthy mind. A few hours daily spent in the hunting-field, or in some other manly sport, would have enabled them to see how diseased and one-sided were many of their views of life. If it is necessary for men of ordinary ability to keep the body in perfect health, how much more important must it be for one whose imagination is apt to take the bit in its teeth and bolt out of the region of common sense! unless, of course, we believe, with some scoffers, that poetry is but the outcome of a diseased brain—a verdict not flattering to the poet nor in any way borne out by facts.

Our greatest poets were men of action, not drawing-room pets, stringing out sweet-sounding platitudes for the sake of acquiring reputation. Shakespeare is a good example; for it was during his hard life as an actor that he learnt his knowledge of men, and acquired that power which has placed him

among the immortal writers, not of England only, but of the world. He had his work to do, and one part of that work was to write his plays—plays that would often be acted chiefly before an audience who were quite incapable of fully appreciating them—but with the spirit of an artist he wrote his best; and as he found men in daily life, so he portrayed them, doubtless unconscious that his works were destined to be the delight of the intellectual world through all time. The poet

The Society pet

should of all men be the last to despise or neglect those instincts which are planted in men for the perfecting of the body. Is there nothing to appeal to him in perfect symmetry of form, in the wild freedom of health, in graceful movement, in the ecstasy of life for life's sake when the animal nature (if he choose so to call it) fulfils the perfect law of its being? We hear a good deal at the present time of the pagan instincts of some of our poets, and the expression is used not as a term

of reproach, but as giving an added charm to their writings. This word is meant doubtless to express a disposition in which the love of nature and of animal life and of joy preponderate; and Robert Buchanan, in applying this term to the late Hon. Roden Noel, gives a happy illustration from his work.

> I bathe and wade in the pools, rich wrought with flowers
> of the ocean,
> Or over the yellow sand run swift to meet the sea,
> Dive under the walls of foam or float on a weariless motion
> Of the alive, clear wave, heaving undulant under me!

In these lines the poet and the sportsman meet. The delight of action, the healthy body fighting for a mastery with nature, a combat that is play, yet a play that leads to the perfecting of the player. And is not this the essence of sport? A fight with difficulties, in which battle some part or quality is slowly strengthened and improved. Hand and eye become more steady; the muscles and nerves are braced to fresh power; courage, calmness, and patience are exercised and developed. This is sport in its true sense, whether it be practised for the development of our own bodies, or the bodies of those lower lives that serve us. Surely the man who holds that this field of sport lies outside the poet's boundary must have a low opinion of poetry itself.

We have thus endeavoured, after the manner of modern editors, to do full—and perhaps more than full—justice to our subject. The view has been taken only from one side, a fault which may be observed in well nigh every introduction to modern editorial work. Thus some poet long neglected is dragged into the daylight, and the genius and attractiveness of his work held up to the admiration of those who are sufficiently cultivated to appreciate it. It is right to be somewhat sceptical about such revelations; for as a rule time judges truthfully, and the poor poet's writings are too often but dragged from their graves to be re-buried in a more elaborate coffin. Those who have read such productions will also have noticed an invisible writing between the lines; the eulogy rings

somewhat cracked, the voice has too often the metallic clang of advertisement, too little of the silvery note of conviction. It may be well, therefore, in this case to conclude with a few remarks which are more often to be found only between the lines.

Sport is a fitting subject for poetry, but not by any means one of the highest subjects. We should have been forced to come to this conclusion even if it had not agreed with our previous opinions. After having gone carefully through the works of between two and three hundred writers of verse, we find the theme, though often referred to, not dwelt upon for long by the true poet, and in the exceptions to this rule the poems often suffer. One reason may be that those writers who depended upon their work were seldom wealthy enough to come personally in contact with the pleasures of country life ; but there is more than this. Sport is a pastime, and if dealt with too seriously is apt to play games with the poet, to make him appear comic when he has no intention of being so. It has been our endeavour to avoid as far as possible the poems where this defect is prominent, but some will doubtless strike the reader in the following collection. But even in these, when we take them from beneath the microscopic lens of higher poetic criticism, much may be found that is delightful to the sportsman, interesting to the student, and pleasing to the lover of poetry both in thought and metre. Humour and wit are also by no means lacking ; but this subject will be treated more fully later on.

In such a collection as this, which to all intents and purposes involved the breaking up of new ground, or rather of ground which had for long lain fallow, it is necessary to appeal both to the reader and critic for a certain amount of leniency. No pains have been spared to make the collection both representative and complete ; but the enormous amount of verse written on the subject has made the task an unusually difficult one, especially as many of the songs have been altered and revised by succeeding generations till they are almost

unrecognisable. We have endeavoured to make use only of the earliest editions from which the extracts have been reproduced *verbatim et literatim*, and as far as possible have arranged the pieces according to date. In certain cases, however, where these dates are supposed to be known, they have been rejected either because the evidence on which they have been accepted does not seem trustworthy, or because, from certain allusions to sport, or from the peculiarity of type or paper used, they are obviously inaccurate. The dates at the foot of the poems are of the editions used.

CLASSICAL SPORT

By Andrew Lang

The disinterested destruction of animal life for the mere pleasure of the pursuit which we call 'Sport' can only begin under conditions of civilisation. Pastimes, on the other hand, or amusement in the exercise of speed and skill, are as old as the life of animals. Beasts hunt for food, no doubt deriving much enjoyment from the exercise, and early man does precisely the same thing. Still, the hunt among savages is not so much sport as a form of industry. Bread being quite unknown, the males of a party of Australian blacks are not the bread-winners, but the food-winners. They stalk and spear emus and kangaroos, they spear fish, or hunt honey-bees, not for diversion, but as we dig and plough. Still, they have sportive competitions in running, leaping, dancing, in throwing spears at marks, with the boomerang, and at a kind of football. Similar was the condition of the Red Indians, and of other non-cultivating races, who neither tilled the soil nor kept domestic cattle. To all such peoples sport was business. Therefore, strictly speaking, they were not sportsmen any more than our fishing population.

Sport, as distinct from pastime, can only begin when supplies of food are secured by way of tillage, and by the milk and flesh of sheep, goats, and kine. There is still occasion to slay dangerous animals, big game, lions, bears, and tigers; and venison is still desirable. But the pursuit of big game and

deer becomes the diversion of kings and nobles. The Assyrian monuments show us the king spearing lions, or shooting wild beasts with bows and arrows ; the Egyptian wall-pictures and reliefs exhibit the pursuit, not only of lions, as by Rameses II., but of wild ducks. On the bronze blades of Mycenæan daggers (1400 B.C. ?) wild ducks are represented in gold inlaid work as being put up in the papyrus swamps by cats, and elsewhere the Egyptian sportsman throws a kind of boomerang at the birds. On the Mycenæan daggers, too, men, guarded under enormous shields, pursue and spear lions. Sport, in fact, has begun, and, with war, is the chief occupation of the nobles. Man retains the hunting instinct of the animal long after hunting or fishing has ceased to be his only way of gaining a livelihood.

About early Greek sport, our only authorities, of course, are the Iliad and the Odyssey. Homer draws many similes from the pursuit of the lion, usually undertaken by bands of armed men, who surround the beast with a circle of spears. This, however, was mainly the work of a banded peasantry, moved less by sporting instincts than by the necessity of the case, since the lion preyed on their herds. Boar-hunting was the diversion of princes. In the Nineteenth Book of the Odyssey we hear how Odysseus, as a young man, went to see his cousins, the sons of Autolycus, and how, at early dawn, they pursued the boar in the glades of Parnassus. The hounds run foremost on the track of a boar, the beaters follow after, and behind them the young princes. The great boar lies in a thick tangled cover, unpierced by the wet winds or the sun's rays ; he hears the footsteps of the hunters, the yell of the hounds, and he leaps out, all bristling, and stands at bay with eyes of flame. Odysseus rushes in foremost, spear in hand ; he is gashed in the thigh by the boar's tusk, but drives the lance into the right shoulder of the beast, which falls and dies. Then the cousins of Odysseus staunch his blood with such a magical song as Jeanne d'Arc would not suffer to be chanted over her wound beneath the English wall. This is the most

vivid sketch of sport in Homer. More famous is the description of the hero's dog, Argus, which, while it was young, no wild beast could escape in the woodland deeps, and men led it forth to chase wild goats and hares. In the Iliad, Achilles, not having opportunity or leisure for sport, keeps 'table-dogs' and terriers for company. Thus the Homeric Greeks had collies which snarled and snapped at strangers near the farm-houses; little dogs for society; and tall deer-hounds like Argus.

As to angling, Homer speaks of 'bent hooks,' which carry down bait and death to fishes in the sea; but his heroes never fish while they can get venison. In the haunted isle of Circe Odysseus fares up through the wild wood alone, and meets in the forest path a tall-antlered stag coming down to the burn to drink, for the heat of the sun is upon him. The hero strikes it on the spine with his spear, and the stag falls blaring in the dust. Odysseus binds its feet together with withes, slings it over his shoulders, and carries it to the ship, leaning on his spear. The rest gather round and admire it, so royal a stag it is, and then they cook it. Such are glimpses of sport in the morning of the world—the scent of the dew is on the bracken and the birchwood. But angling, it seems, was rather contemned by these sturdy hunters, nor do we hear much of the use of the bow and arrow in sport. On a gem in the collection of Mr. Story Maskelyne we see a bare-legged angler, in the kind of sailor's cap usually worn by Odysseus. He is fishing carefully with a light one-handed rod (no reel !), and carries his fish not in a basket, but in a pot-bellied kind of vessel, probably made of leather. The description of the golden fish caught in a dream by the old fisherman in Theocritus is very realistic. We are told how the angler struck, how the rod bent, how he gave line, and finally landed his spoil; but this was sea-fishing, as in the hackneyed tale of Cleopatra's trick upon Anthony. Ælian also describes the use of the artificial May fly by the Illyrians. They seem to have dubbed with red hackles, and to have 'daped' under boughs of trees,

for you cannot cast well with a six-foot line! To Ælian the artificial fly was a novelty, and the trout itself a strange fish; however, he describes a rise of May fly very well. The Greeks had hooks with them at Troy, otherwise the men of Odysseus could hardly have found tackle on the desert isle, Thrinacia, where pastured the cattle of Hyperion. But the Greeks, on the whole, were not an angling people by way of sport: nor were the Romans. The great Latin poets of the best period, such as Virgil and Lucretius, never speak of fishing, at least as the contemplative man's recreation. Clemens Alexandrinus, however, advises early Christians to wear the effigy of an angler, not of a pretty girl (as the heathen use), on their signet-rings. Clemens may have been fond of fishing, or he may only have referred to the Apostles, who mostly used nets, though Peter, when he took a fish with a coin in its mouth, probably employed rod and line.

After the Homeric age, the Greeks, at least in Attica, became a nation of citizens and town-keeping men. Attica was over-cultivated and over-populated; the Ilissus, no doubt, was fished out, and ground game became very scarce. There is, on a fine vase in the British Museum, a picture of a hare which has got inside a house, and is making a rush for a window. A man is in the act of throwing a huge stone at it, and a dog is after it; but we can scarcely call this sport. Theocritus, in Sicily, talks of sticks for throwing at hares, and an epigram of the Anthology bids people 'tell the bees' how old Leucippus 'perished in his hare hunting' in winter. Probably he followed them by their singular tracks in the snow. Netting of boars, birds, and hares was very common, and is referred to by Horace. The ancients regarded the use of nets and snares as quite a sporting practice: we cannot expect much of democratic republics.

The city life to which the Greeks—at least the Greeks who have left a literature—were so prone made athletics take the room of sport. This is not the place for a discussion of Greek athletics. Everybody knows that the ancients delighted in

the Prize Ring, the boxers wearing heavily loaded gloves. Chariot races, foot-races for men and boys, wrestling, throwing the weight, and leaping were the main exercises. Of the times, naturally, we know nothing, and not very much of the distances, while training meant eating enormous quantities of beef. There was a regular craze for athletics, of which the philosophers complain, much as philosophers do still. The Greek physician of the Persian king bragged prodigiously about having married a daughter of Milo, the celebrated bruiser, as we read in Herodotus. When the Souls choose a new earthly life in the Platonic Vision of Er, the soul of Atalanta chooses the lot of an athlete, because of the honours and rewards. For a boy to be made immortal in an Ode of Pindar, and to see his naked statue set up in Olympia, must have encouraged boundless conceit. A little place like Tanagra must have been unfit to live in where such a boy was swaggering. About all these things the Greeks were extremely boyish, and, as the philosophers thought, abundantly absurd. A Sophist ready to lecture on good and evil, and morals, and metaphysics, must have felt crushed when his audience went away to stare at a lad who had won the hundred yards at the Isthmus, or gained the wrestling prize 'under fifteen.' Probably a great many talents changed hands over these affairs, and when Alcibiades entered a number of chariots, who could guess on which a man like him stood to win? No doubt he 'cleared out the Talent:' hence, perhaps, his sudden unpopularity in certain circles. No present was more esteemed by a sporting young Athenian blade than that of a gamecock or a fighting quail, and Socrates himself was a patron of the cock-pit. Though we hear little of it (at least before the Byzantine Empire), doubtless there was a great deal of betting—and it would be very strange if the Greeks did not sell matches and races, but always played on the square. They had no cricket, of course, and to recognise golf in *Cambuca* or anything else is hasty. *Pila*, I take it, was more like tennis, or 'balloon,' than football. Cicero and Mæcenas played, and we cannot imagine Cicero in a

scrummage, or Mæcenas tackling Horace neatly on the goal line. The Phœnicians, in Homer, practised catching 'out in the country,' and probably would have fielded well; but we never hear of bats or wickets, while it would be difficult to find a decent pitch in rocky Ithaca. Even boxing was very unscientific, round blows were delivered at the ears; but Polydeuces, in Theocritus, fought a neat battle with the Berbycian Big One, and there is some pretty fibbing in the Æneid. The ladylike Virgil and the sweet Theocritus were obviously fond of the Fancy, and knew what they were writing about.[1]

Pindar, on the other hand, was obviously bored by his task, and shirked the sporting details. It is as if *Bell's Life* had evaded the actual facts in a set-to, and published a page of Smith's 'Dictionary of Mythology.' Virgil and Theocritus were much better sportsmen, and much more intelligible poets. It is as if one were offered five pounds to celebrate Mr. G. O. Smith, and then wrote an ode on Hephæstus. This can scarcely have been satisfactory to a young winner, but such was Pindar's way.

The best and most authoritative account of classical hunting is, doubtless, that given by Xenophon in his *Cynegetica*. Though an Athenian by birth, Xenophon loved the Spartans, who pursued the chase on Mount Taygetus. His delight was to be in military and sporting circles, despite his pleasure in the company of Socrates. He begins by proclaiming the lofty origin of sport: Apollo and Artemis are hunters: and he gives a list of sportsmen, as Theseus, Cephalus, and Odysseus, among the heroes. Hippolytus, a mighty hunter, was remarkable for his personal virtue—the Joseph of Greek tradition. Xenophon infers that hunting is a noble branch of education, for the chase (as Mr. Jorrocks also says) is the image of war, and the best training for soldiers. As soon as he ceases to be a child, a man should take to hunting. Xenophon

[1] In an old *Blackwood's Magazine* Virgil's boxing match is cleverly rendered into the slang of the ring, probably by Maginn.

then describes the making of nets, at some now needless length. Dogs he divides into *Castorides* (from Castor), and *Alopekides*, with a strain of the fox in their pedigree. He discusses the varieties of hounds, and their manners in hunting: some silent, some noisy, some wagging tails or ears, some 'yelling like mad,' some staunch followers of a scent, some 'with no nose,' some following false scents. Hare-hunting occupies Xenophon first. Men hunted on foot and used nets. In spring 'they stinking violets' spoil the scent (*ἡ γῆ ἐξανθοῦσα βλάπτει τὰς κύνας, εἰς τὸ αὐτό συμμιγνύουσα τῶν ἀνθῶν τὰς ὀσμάς*). City folks are no sportsmen, Xenophon says, and you may not land dogs on sacred islands. Dusky corries, burn-sides, dells, glens are the best places for hunting. The light-clad pursuer only carries a club in hare-hunting, and had better move in silence. The dogs are tied up, the nets are set, a prayer is made, 'a hunting mass,' to Apollo and Artemis Agrotera, then the cleverest hound is slipped, and so the others. When the scent is once hit upon, the hounds are encouraged each by name: *Εὖγε, εὖγε, ὦ κύνες! εὖγε Ψυχή, εὖγε Πόρθων!*

For hunting fawns and hinds, Indian dogs are used; the hunters carry light throwing-spears. For wild boars, Indian, Cretan, Locrian hounds, and 'the Spartan breed' are best. Lions, pards, panthers, and bears are only to be found in foreign parts and in Macedonia, though they were familiar to Homeric Greece. Xenophon ends by a vigorous defence of hunting. 'Men who hunt are ready to defend their country in her greatest interests;' they are *sportsmanlike*, true, and honest; people who do not hunt are timid, lazy voluptuaries, 'the worst of men.' They can neither be just nor pious; they are sophists, not real philosophers. Sportsmen are your only good citizens, and even women have attained renown by dint of hunting, as Atalanta and Procris.

These are very English reflections. Xenophon's is a protest against a purely urban life, an existence of pleasure, lawsuits, 'culture,' politics, and 'hearing or telling some new

thing,' as St. Luke has it. Sport keeps alive the original, wholesome barbarian in our nature, as it did, he confessed, in the apostle of culture—in Matthew Arnold. But 'sport' does not mean betting on horses, nor looking on at billiard matches. The labour and toil of sport endear it to Xenophon, that illustrious commander, the most English of the Athenians. Horace, we know, preached the same doctrine, but Horace would have cut a poor figure if confronted with a boar at bay, or obliged to crawl through crag and bog after a stag. Sport is best when most natural, and least accompanied by hot luncheons. Xenophon would have despised, not unjustly, the luxuries of many modern marksmen who have a name to be sportsmen, 'falsely so-called.' He would rather have esteemed the hardy hunter, and the pursuer of big game in Asia and Africa. The experience of Greece proved that athletics are no substitute for the life of unexpected dangers and sudden resolutions on hillsides and among pards and boars. But the increase of population, as in modern days, narrowed the field of sport, and heightened the enthusiasm for running and jumping, as now for those excellent pastimes, cricket, football, and rowing. Of these football would have been most to the austere taste of Xenophon.

These brief notes on classical sport would be incomplete without some remark on the manner in which ancient hunting reflected itself in poetry. The poets whose works have reached us were not sportsmen themselves, but would appreciate the charm of the chase, in wild woods and hills, when pursued by Artemis and her maiden band of archers. They were interested in the fate of 'one Acton,' as Squire Western calls Actæon, and perceived the charm of a pursuit which might bring the hunter into view of wood-nymphs bathing. Thus, as a Pompeian painter designs a Nereid in place of drawing a river or a fountain, so, in place of a description of a chase (as in 'The Lady of the Lake'), the poet gives his line to Artemis and her maidens, speeding along the summit of Taygetus or Erymanthus. Details are avoided; we have no Somervile, no Scott, no Dennys, among the poets of Greece. Nature

and the chase assume a 'theanthropic' form, to the disregard of detail of landscape: in accordance with the prevailing principles of Greek art. Detail, particular description, had to wait for the northern and mediæval poets and romancers. For these reasons our knowledge of classical sport is meagre and general. A more special picture occurs in the passage on the death of the boar, in Mr. Swinburne's 'Atalanta in Calydon.' After Homer the Greek poets were men of the alcove, the market-place, the theatre, as were many of our own writers, between Shakspeare and Scott. The sporting races, as in Thessaly and Sparta, were not literary: the poets of Bœotia were few, and references to the chase, as a rule, deal in a somewhat conventional way with the characters of the remote heroic age.

INTRODUCTION TO SPORTING EXTRACTS

BEFORE introducing readers to Sporting Songs and Ballads, it will be interesting to look at some of the allusions to sport found scattered through the works of our English poets and verse-writers. To one who is only acquainted with the names of some fifty or sixty of these the labour of selection may appear easy, and the fear of omitting anything of interest slight; but if it be remembered that for every well-known author we have ten but little known, the difficulty of the undertaking will be better realised. In fact, the limit of research must, in all such cases, be determined by the conscientiousness of the workers.

There are about 1,800,000 books to be found in the British Museum; how many of these contain verse in one form or another is a question that must be left for some future bibliomaniac to discover. We should roughly estimate them between a quarter and half a million, and yet the works of at least a sixth of the older minor poets are not to be found there. It is, moreover, not safe to take for granted that it is easy to decide who is or who is not likely to write on sporting subjects. The reader would hardly have expected to find a hunting song by Bishop Heber, yet one of the best in this collection was written by him. Verily the ways of poets are past understanding, and the number of verse-writers who can calculate!

In making the following collection of extracts we have had three objects chiefly in view—the excellence of the verse,

the accuracy of description, and the historical interest. Any piece has been included which marks the changes of sport, either in spirit, manner, or costume, thereby enabling the reader to gain considerable information on the subject which he might find much difficulty in acquiring elsewhere. To carry out this object further, a considerable number of plates copied from little-known ancient paintings and engravings have been included. These will be found to illustrate far better and more accurately than any modern work the customs and costumes of the various times, and help to explain many allusions which might otherwise be more or less unintelligible.

In dealing with English verse it is fortunately only necessary to go back about five hundred years. Before the time of Chaucer there is little or nothing of poetical interest to be found. The printing press had not brought either its blessing or its curse, and songs of excellence, if such there were, must have perished or lived only as memory preserved them in a mangled form. It is more than probable that many early writers have received credit for much that was not their own and which they never wished to appropriate. An instance of this is doubtless to be found in the first printed hunting song found in the 'Boke of St. Albans' and attributed to Dame Juliana Berners. Fiction has been allowed to play some liberal freaks with this lady's history, which doubtless would amuse her greatly if she could only read them, one writer after another having piled up tales of imagination and given them forth as facts, till anyone who so wishes can read quite a thrilling history of the Hunting Abbess. Not one word, however, of this romance appears to be founded on even a groundwork of truth, and the world is indebted to Mr. William Blades for having finally exploded this iridescent bubble.

In his introduction to the reprint, 1881, of the 'Boke of St. Albans,' after giving a most interesting account of how history is manufactured, he concludes with this verdict :—

'What is really known of the Dame is almost nothing, and may be summed up in the following words. She probably

lived at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and she possibly compiled from existing manuscripts some rhymes on Hunting.'

Strutt thinks, and most likely correctly, that the 'Boke of St. Albans is compiled from a tract by William Twici or Twety, huntsman to King Edward II., or from an enlargement of the same by Henry IV., for the use of his son Prince Henry. Anyway, it is evidently a school-book, so written that a pupil whilst learning to read might at the same time become familiar with the terms of venery.

It would be out of place to give more than an extract or two from this doggerel, which is only of value for certain allusions to sport, such as the following description of a greyhound :—

A grehounde shulde be heded like a snake,
And necked like a drake,
Foted like a kat,
Tayled like a rat,
Sydd like a teme,
Chyned [1] like a beme.[2]

The Boke of St. Albans, 1486.

We find here, also, the names of beasts of sport divided into three classes : 1st, venery ; 2nd, chase ; 3rd, raskall. From which it will be seen that the fox was considered a beast of chase at that time.

Foure maner bestys of venery there are :
The first of theym is the hert, the secunde is the hare,
The bore is oon of tho, the wolff and not oon moo.
And where that ye cum in playne or in place,
I shall you tell which be bestys of enchace,
Oon of thym is the bucke, a nother is the Doo.
The fox and the martion and the wilde roo,
And ye shall my dere chylde other bestys all
Where so ye hem fynde rascall ye shall hem call.

The Boke of St. Albans, 1486.

Some writers have stated that foxhunting as a recognised sport was of much later date, but we have the authority of William Twici that the fox was classed with the buck, the doe, and the roe in Edward II.'s time.

[1] Backed. [2] *V. l.* breme.

In the fourteenth century hunting was a very popular sport with ladies, and if we are to credit the illustrated manuscripts of the date, these sporting dames were quite capable of making up parties by themselves, of blowing the horns, managing the hounds, and doing all the work of huntsmen. In these cases they rode astride, but when accompanying the men it seems to have been more usual for them to sit sideways in a pillion behind their favourite knights. What the unfortunate horse thought of this latter arrangement history does not relate, but from the engravings the horses seem to have had pretty broad backs, and resemble slightly melted-down cart-horses.

Lydgate (1370–1440), who wrote about the close of this century, gives 'A satirical description of his Lady :'—

> Of huntyng she beryth the greet pryse,
> For buk or doo, bothe herts and hynde ;
> But whan she dotyth and wyl be nyse,
> Maale deer to chaase and to fynde,
> That can hym feede on bark or rynde,
> And in hire park pasturyd been,
> That weels can beere [1] with a tynde,[2]
> Under hire daggyd [3] hood of green.
>
> *Harl. MS.* 2255.

The importance attached to the training of youths in all field sports is frequently alluded to, as in the following fragment taken from a romance written at this period, and called 'Ipomydon.' Speaking of the education of the king's son, the writer says :—

> Both of howndes and hawkes game
> After, he taught hym all ; and same
> In se, in feld, and eke in ryvere,
> In wodde to chase the wild dere
> And in feld to ryde a stede
> That all men had joy of hys dede.
>
> *Harl. MS.* 2252. Strutt copy.

That hunting and hawking were necessities as well as amusements in these days is also shown in the following lines by W. J. Langland, written about 1360 :—

[1] thrust. [2] tine of the horns. [3] notched at the edges.

And go hunt, hardely, to hares and to foxes,
To bores and to brocks[1] that breken adowne my hedges ;
And go affayte[2] the Fawcons, wilde fowles to kyll,
For such cometh to my croft, and cropeth mi whete.

Vision of Piers Plowman, 1550.

In this same book are some lines on swimming, perhaps the oldest that have been printed. They point out the importance of learning the art, and it would be well if the same lesson could be impressed more on men and women in our own time :—

Take two stronge men and in Temes cast hem,
And both naked as a nedle, ther non sikerer than other ;[3]
The one hath cunnynge and can swymme and dyve,
The other is lewd[4] of ye labour, lerned never to swym,
Which trowest ye of those two, in Temese is most in dred,
He that never dived ne nought can of swymmyng,
Or the swymer that is safe, be so himself like?
There hys felow flete forth, as the flowd liketh
And is in dread to drench, that never did swymme.

Vision of Piers Plowman, 1550.

In Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' as in other of his works, we find endless references to sport, chiefly hunting and hawking ; but few of them are of sufficient length or interest to quote without the context. In a time when no man of consequence travelled without his hawk and hounds, it would be surprising if we did not come upon a number of such lines as these :—

Ne what hawkes sytten on perchen above,
Ne what houndes lyggen on the flour adoun.

They were, no doubt, suggested by seeing a nobleman and his guests seated at table, their hawks being placed upon perches over their heads, and their hounds lying on the pavement round them. He frequently also rebukes the monks for being better skilled in hunting and hawking than in divinity, and caring more for blowing the horn than the service of God. It is strange to think that Sydenham Hill and Norwood were at this time the private hunting preserve of the

[1] badgers.
[2] get ready.
[3] neither safer than the other.
[4] unskilled.

Archbishops of Canterbury, and it is more than likely that where the Crystal Palace now stands Thomas à Becket (who was a keen sportsman) may often have killed the wild boar after an exciting run.

Later on will be found an extract from 'The Dream of Chaucer,' which is full of interest to sportsmen, and in which he gives a most graphic description of a wood :—

> Where many an hart | and many an hynde
> Was bothe before me and behynde.
> Of fawnes | sowers [1] | bukes | does
> Was ful the wodde | & many roes.
>
> *The Works of Geffray Chaucer*, 1532.

In the present day, when it is often so difficult to find animals to hunt that in despair we are sometimes reduced to following the trail of that quickest of all scents, a drag, it is tantalising to read of such abundance even in a dream. Our sleep is more likely to be disturbed by the vision of a great blank.

This superabundance of game is noticeable in all the old sporting prints; in the oldest the hunted seemed often to outnumber the hunters, and it must have been a sad trouble to the huntsman of those times to avoid frequent changes of scent, if he ever troubled his mind on the subject, which is doubtful. These pictures must not be taken too literally, for the artists of those times were evidently anxious to get in as much subject-matter as possible, and often introduced two or three separate hunts in the same picture.

It is, however, very evident that in those days game was exceedingly plentiful, and the shorter the run the better pleased were both footmen and riders. Neither were the horses and hounds fitted for a modern burst. What we should term in the present day most unsportsmanlike methods of limiting the victim's chance were employed—traps, nets, and spears, as well as the more deadly crossbow, being freely used. In fact, these practices seem to have more or less continued up to the

[1] bucks in the fourth year.

time of James I., for in writing a set of rules for his eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales, he says :—

'I cannot omit here the hunting, namely, with running houndes, which is the most honourable and noblest sort thereof; for it is a theivish forme of hunting to shoote with gunnes and bowes; and greyhound hunting is not so martial a game.'

It is very difficult fully to realise the sporting life of this time, when books were few, and those who could read them even fewer; when there was as great a dearth of amusement as of comfort in the home, and men revelled in exercise of all kinds, but chiefly in such as was accompanied with excitement and danger, we can fancy what horror they must have felt for enforced inaction. A short poem written by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, while he was imprisoned in Windsor, strikingly shows this. It was composed shortly before his execution, which took place on January 19, 1547; and as we read it we can fancy that the sound of the horn must have reached him in his solitude, and that his thoughts had thus been drawn back to the days of freedom, when he, too, was one of the merry huntsmen :—

Prisoned in Windsor, he recounteth his pleasure there passed.

With silver droppes the meade yet spred for ruth,
In active games of nimblenes and strength,
Where we did straine, trained with swarmes of youth,
Our tender limmes, that yet shot up in length :
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasaunt plaint, and of our ladies praise,
Recording oft what grace eche one had found,
What hope of spede, what dread of long delaies :
The wilde forest, the clothed holtes with grene :
With rains availed, and swift ybreathed horse,
With crie of houndes, and mery blastes betwene,
Where we did chase the fearfull hart of force.

HOWARD (HENRY), EARL OF SURREY, *Songes and Sonettes*, 1557.

In 1570 was printed Turbervile's 'Book of Hunting and Hawking,' one of the most interesting works that we possess on ancient sport. One of the illustrations is reproduced on

page 287. This work is of considerable value, and very scarce in a complete form, even the second edition (1611) being much prized by collectors. It contains a good deal of verse, some of which will be found in its place. The following is a short example of his style :—

OF A HARE COMPLAINING OF THE HATRED OF DOGS

The senting Houndes pursude
the hastie Hare of foote ;
The sielie Beast to scape the Dogs
did jumpe upon a roote.
The rotten scrag it burst,
from Cliffe to seas he fell :
Then cride the Hare : unhappie mee,
for now perceive I well
Both lande and Sea pursue
and hate the hurtlesse Hare :
And eake the dogged Skies aloft,
if so the Dog be thare.

GEO. TURBERVILE, *Epitaphs*, &c. 1570.

When we come to the works of Spenser, we find a great number of allusions to sport, many of which are both interesting and beautiful. His 'Faerie Queene,' rich in illustrations drawn from sporting subjects, gives, among many others, the three following on hunting, hawking, and fishing :—

As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell steele
Through lanched,[1] forth her bleeding life does raine
Whiles the sad pang approching she does feele
Braies out her latest breath, and up her eies doth seele.

. . . . . .

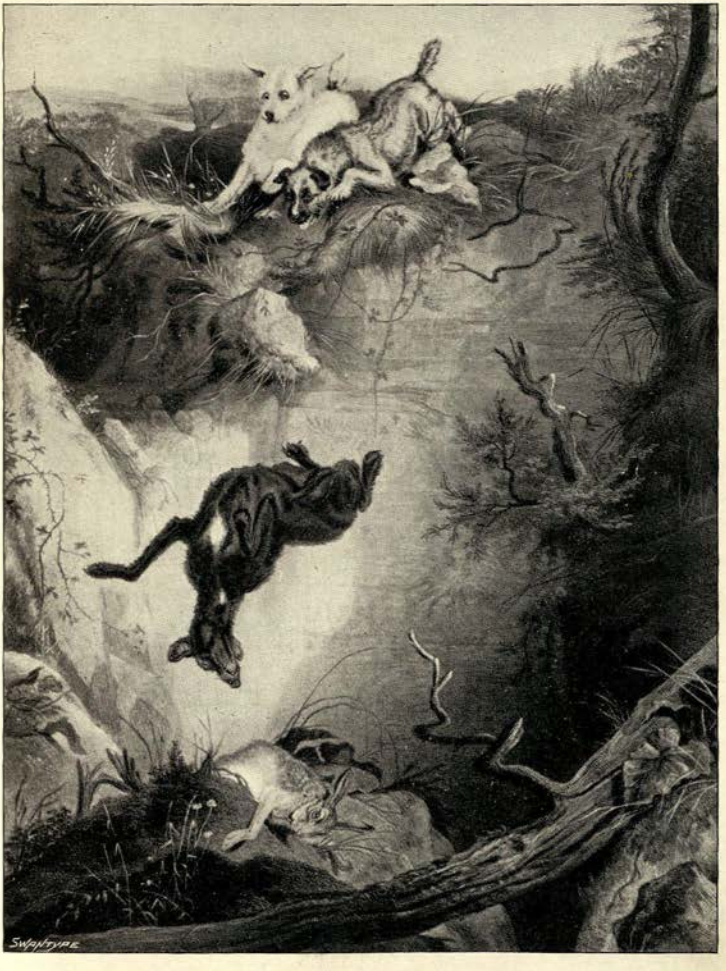
Herselfe not saved yet from daunger dredd
She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare
Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd
From the sharpe hauke which her attacked neare
And fals to ground to seeke for succor theare,
Whereas the hungry Spaniells she does spye
With greedy jawes her ready for to teare.

. . . . . .

That he descryde and shonned still his flight
The fish that once was caught new bayt will hardly byte.

The Faerie Queene, by EDMUND SPENSER, 1590-96.

[1] pierced.



"The sielie beast to scape the dogs
did jumpe upon a roote."

Though woven into his story, his illustrations, even when severed from it, are often gems of art; and as they combine close observation with metrical excellence, a few of them will be included further on among his longer extracts.

Among the 'Satyres' of John Marston, printed in 1598, there is one which will be of interest to every master of hounds who is not already acquainted with it, showing, as it does, that the expense of keeping a pack was as serious in its way three hundred years ago as now.

SATYRE 4

The harmles hunter, with a ventrous eye
When unawares he did *Diana* spie
Nak'd in the fountaine, he became straightway
Unto his greedy hounds a wished pray,
His owne delights taking away his breath,
And all ungratefull forc'd his fatall death.
(And ever since Hounds eate their Maisters cleane,
For so *Diana* curst them in the streame).

JOHN MARSTON, *The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image and Certaine Satyres*, 1598.

We now come to the time of Shakspeare. His writings are full of scenes taken from various sports, similes drawn from the same source, and endless references to the subject. The work of selection is made in his case more than usually difficult by the weaving and interweaving of alien subjects; this, whilst it adds greatly to the interest of the plays themselves, makes many of his writings unsuitable for quotation in a work of this kind.

The extracts that appear of most interest will be found in their place here. It may be mentioned that it is almost impossible to make any arbitrary divisions in this book; our object has been in this first part to confine attention to extracts which it would be a pity to omit, but which are, nevertheless, obviously incomplete in themselves.

Perhaps at no time in our history did the spirit of sport hold such power as at the close of the sixteenth century. Ben Jonson makes one of his characters say, "Why you know an a

man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now a dayes, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied then the Greeke, or the Latine.' He also in another place sharply reproves those who (to alter the quotation slightly) :—

> Excuse the faults they have a mind to
> And turn to sins the joys they're blind to.

'Nor cast,' he says to such,

> 'Before your hungry hearers, scrupulous bones
> As whether a *christian* may hawke or hunt.'
>
> *The Alchemist*, 1612.

But our own hungry readers may begin to think that we are casting before them too many introductory bones ; and, finding them rather tough, are desirous of the more satisfactory extracts awaiting their attention. If among these some should be found seemingly unworthy of reproduction, a further examination may show the reason for their inclusion.

It would have been interesting to make use of the material before us for the purpose of writing a short history on the growth of sport, but it will be obvious that such temptation must be avoided, not only on account of the limitation of space, but also because too frequent notes and comments become, as before said, wearisome. If a work of this kind is arranged with care, it should speak for itself, and, with the help of the illustrations (which have been produced by the most accurate and skilful artists of their time), there should be little difficulty in calling up the forgotten pictures of the past—in living, for the time being, in those bygone days when sport was more a necessity and less simply an amusement; when the wild forest was often as Nature planted it, and if there were few well-trimmed hedges, there were at least no barbed-wire fences ; when a railway was not even a dream of the imagination, and if the horses and hounds were slow, the game was plentiful and varied ; whilst no small part of the huntsman's pleasure was doubtless the thought of the haunch of venison that would be enjoyed on some future day.

Following out the purpose which the Editor of the Badminton Library has chiefly in view—viz. the advancement of modern English sport—little space has been devoted to any obsolete pastime, but now and again, where any pieces on the subject seemed of singular merit, they have been included.

The reader may also notice omissions of certain well-known

Barbed wire—a modern curse

pieces, notably in the selections from such a writer as Somervile, who has been fitly termed the sportsman poet. It is obvious that to have included all his writings on sport would have been beyond the limit of space, even had it seemed prudent. The same omissions in a less degree may be observed in many other cases, as it has been our object only to choose the best from each writer.

The earlier extracts may possibly, on account of their quaint spelling and phraseology, appeal less as poetry to the general reader than those taken from later writers ; but what may be lost on this account will be amply compensated for by the historical interest attached to them ; and, considering the ignorance that is too often shown on the earlier history of this subject, it has seemed advisable to spare no pains to throw, if it be but a few, additional sparks of light on a matter of so great general interest.

SPORTING EXTRACTS

Dyana and Acceon

This Acceon, as he wel myght,
Above al other cast his chere,[1]
And used it from yere to yere,
With houndes & with grete hornes
Among the wodes & the thornes
To make his huntyng & his chace.
Where hym best thought in every place
To fynde game in his way,
Ther rood he for to hunte & play.
So hym byfelle upon a tyde
On his huntyng as he cam ryde
In a forest allone he was.
He sawe upon the grene gras
The fayre fressh floures sprynge;
He herd among the leves synge
The throstel with the nyghtyngale.
Thus er he wyst in to a dale
He cam wher was a lytel pleyne
Al round about wel beseyn
With busshes grene & cedres hyghe;
And ther within he caste his eye.
A myddes the pleyne he sawe a welle
So fayr ther myght no man telle,
In whiche Dyana naked stood
To bathe & play hyr in the flood
With many a nimphe which her serveth
But he his eye awey ne suerveth.
Fro her whiche was naked al.
And she was wonder wroth with al,

[1] put his delight.

And hym, as she whiche was goddesse
Forshoop[1] anone & the lykenesse
She made hym take of an herte
Whiche was to fore his hoūdes sterte,
That ronne besylyche[2] aboute
With many an horne & many a route
That maden moche noyse & crye.
And at the last unhappelye
This hert his owne hoūdes slough,
And hym for vengeaūce al to drough.[3]

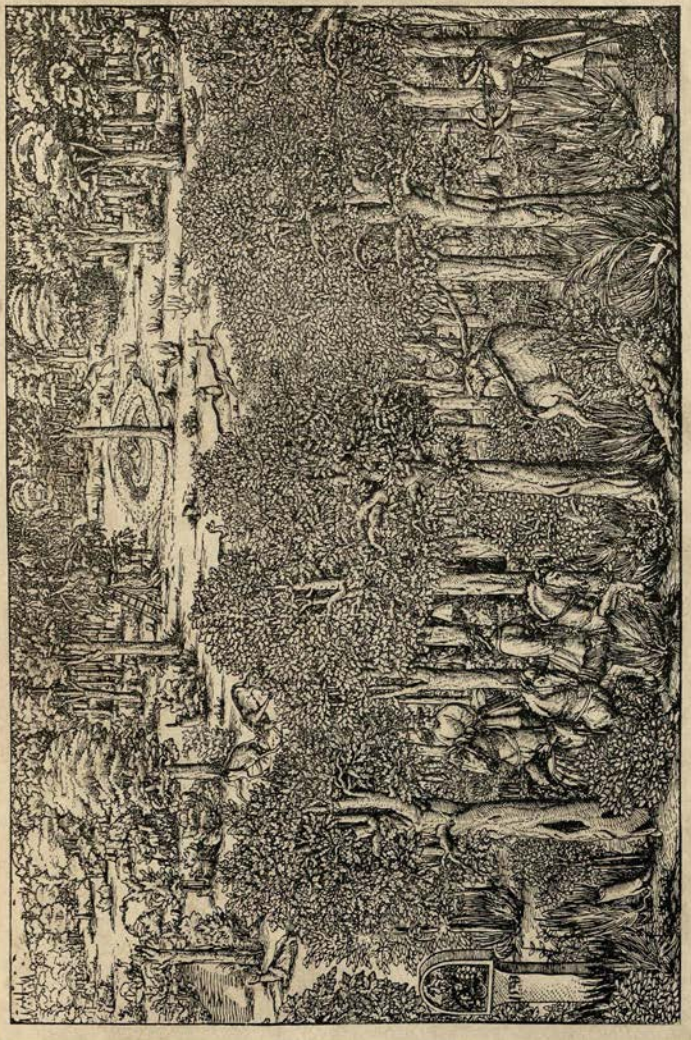
JOHN GOWER, *Confessio Amantis*, 1483. Caxton.

From 'The Dreame of Chaucer'

. . . . . .

And as I lay thus, wonder lowde
Me thought I herde an hunte blowe
Tassay[4] his great horne | and for to knowe
Whether it was clere | or horse of sowne.
And I herde goynge bothe up and downe,
Men | horse | houndes | and other thynge;
And al men speke of huntynge,
Howe they wolde see the harte with strength,
And howe the harte had upon length
So moche enbosed[5] | I not nowe what.
Anone ryght whan I herde that
Howe that they wolde | on huntynge gone,
I was ryght glad | and up anone
Toke my horse | and forthe I wente
Out of my chambre | I never stente
Tyl I come to the felde without.
There over toke I a grete route
Of hunters | and eke of foresters.
And many relayes[6] and lymers[7]
And hyed hem to the forest fast
And I with hem | so at the last
I asked one ladde[8] | a lymere:—
Say felowe | who shal hunte here
(Quod I) and he answered ayen,
Syr | the Emperour Octonyen
(Quod he) and is here fast by
A goddes halfe[9] | in good tyme. (quod I)
Go we fast | and gan to ryde.
Whan we come to the forest syde
Every man dyd ryght soone
As to huntynge fel to done.

[1] Transformed. [2] busily. [3] tore to pieces.
[4] To try. [5] Taken to the thicket. [6] fresh packs.
[7] hounds held in leash. [8] one who led. [9] By God's name.



Chaucer's dream

The mayster hunte | anone fote hote
With his horne blewe thre mote
At the uncouplynge of his houndes.
Within a whyle | the harte founde is
I halowed [1] | and rechased fast
Longe tyme | and so at the last
This harte roused and stale away
Fro al the houndes a prevy way.
The houndes had over shot hym al,
And were upon a defaulte yfal.
Therwith the honte | wonder faste
Blewe a forloyn [2] at the laste.
I was go walked fro my tre
And as I went | there came by me
A whelpe | that fawned me as I stoode
That had yfolowed | and coude no goode.
It came and crepte to me as lowe
Right as it had me yknowe
Helde down his heed | and ioyned his eeres
And layde al smothe downe his heeres.
I wolde have caught it anone
It fledde | and was fro me gone
As I him folowed | and it forthe went.
Downe by a floury grene it went
Ful thycke of grasse | ful softe and swete
With floures fele [3] | fayre under fete,
And lytel used | it semed thus
For bothe Flora | and zepherus,
They two | that make floures growe,
Had made her dwellyng there I trowe.
For it was on to beholde
As though the erthe envye wolde
To be gayer than the heven
To have mo floures | suche seven
As in the welken sterres be.
It had forget the poverte
That wynter | through his colde morowes
Had made it suffre | and his sorowes.
Al was foryeten | and that was sene
For al the woode was woven grene
Swetnesse of dewe | had made it wave.[4]
It is no nede eke for to ave [5]
Where there were many grene greves
Of thycke of trees | so ful of leves.
And every tree stode by him selve
Fro other | wel ten foote or twelve.
So great trees | so huge of strength

[1] View-hallooed. [2] recall. [3] many. [4] *V.l.* waxe. [5] *V.l.* axe.

Of fourty or fyfty fedome length
Cleane without bowe or stycke
With croppes brode | and eke as thycke—
They were not an ynche a sonder—
That it was shadde over al under.
And many an hart | and many an hynde
Was bothe before me | and behynde,
Of fawnes | sowers [1] | buckes | does
Was ful the wodde | and many roes.
And many squyrrels | that sete
Ful hygh upon the trees and ete
And in her maner made feestes.
Shortly | it was so ful of beestes
That though Argus | the noble countour
Sate to reken in his countour
And reken with his fygures ten—
For by tho fygures newe al ken [2]
If they be crafty | reken and nombre
And tel of every thyng the nombre—
Yet shulde he fayle to reken even
The wonders me met in my sweven.[3]

The Works of Geffray Chaucer, 1532.

From 'Canterbury Tales'

A monk ther was, fair for the maistre,
Whiche afore that tyme hadde he
An out ryder, he loved venore ;
A manly man to be an abbot able.
Ful many a deynte hors hadde he in stabil ;
And when he wod men mighte his bridil here
Gyngelynge & whistelinge in the wynd clere.

. . . . . .

Grehoundis he hadde as mylk whit ;
Of prykynge and of huntynge for the hare
Was al his lust, for no thing wolde he spare.

CHAUCER. Caxton, 1478 (?)

From 'The Knyghtes Tale'

The destenye and the mynister generall
That executeth in the worlde over all
The purveyaunce | y^t^ god hath sayd byforne,
So strōg it is | y^t^ thogh y^e^ world had sworn
The contrary of thyng by ye or nay

[1] bucks in the fourth year. [2] people. [3] dream.

Yet somtyme it shall fall on a day
That fell never yet in a thousande yere.
For certaynly our appetytes here
Be it of warre | peace | hate | or love
All is ruled by the syght above.
This meane I nowe by mighty Theseus
That for to hunte is so desyrous,
And namely at the great harte in May
That in his bed there daweth him no day
That he nys [1] clad | and redy for to ryde
With hunt and horne | and houndes him besyde.
For in his huntyng hath he suche delyte
That it is all his ioye and appetyte
To ben him selfe the great hartes bane,
For after Mars | he serveth nowe Dyane.
Clere was the day | as I have tolde or this
And Theseus | with all ioye and blys
With his Ipolita | the fayre quene
And Emely | yclothen all in grene
An huntyng ben they rydden ryally.
And to the grove | that stode there fast by
In which ther was an harte | as mẽ him told
Duke Theseus the streyght way hath hold.
And to the launde [2] | he rydeth him full ryght
For thyd was ye hart wõt to have his flight
And over a broke | and so forthe on his wey.

The Canterbury Tales, 1532.

From 'Syr Eglamoure of Artoys'

He tolde me and my maydens' hende [3]
That he to the ryver wolde wende
With houndes and haukes ryght.
The erle sayde so mote I the [4]
With him wyll I ryde that syght to se.
On the morowe whan it was daye
Syr Eglamoure toke the waye
To the ryver full ryght.
The erle made hym redy there
And both they rode to the rivere
To se some fayre flyght.

. . . . . .

Syr yf you be on huntynge founde [5]
I shall you gyve a good greyhounde
That is dunne as a doo.
For as I am a trewe gentylwoman

[1] is not. [2] forest. [3] courteously.
[4] so may I prosper. [5] fond.

There was never dere that he at ran
That myght scape him fro.

. . . . . .

His horne he blewe in that tyde.
Hartes rose up on every syde
And a noble dere fulprest.[1]
The houndes at the dere gan baye
That herde the gyaunt where he laye
It let hym of his reste.
Methynketh by houndes that I here
That there is one huntynge my dere
It were better that ye seace.
By hym that ware the crowne of thorne
In a worse tyme blewe he never horne
Nederer bought [2] a messe.
Marrocke the gyaunt toke the waye
Throughe the forest there it laye.
To the gate he set his backe
Syr Eglamoure hath done to deed
Slayne an harte, and smytten of his heed.
The pryce [3] he blewe full shryll,
And whan he came there, the gyaunt was.
Good syr he sayd, let me passe
If that it be your wyll.
Naye traytoure thou art tane
My pryncipall hart thou hast slayne
Thou shalt it lyke full yll.

. . . . . .

Syr eglamoure that knight awoke
And pryvely stode under an oke
Tyll morowe the sonne shone bryght.
Into the forest fast did he hye
Of the bore he hard a crye
And nerer he gan gone ryght.
Fayre helmes he founde in fere
That men of armes had lefte there
That the bore had slayne.
Eglamoure to the clyffe went he
He sawe the bore, come fro the see
His morne draught had he tane.
The bore sawe, where the knyght stode,
His tuskes he whetted as he were wode.[4]
To hym he drewe that tyme.
Syr Eglamoure wened well to do
With a Speare he rode him to
As fast as he myght ryde.

[1] at once. [2] More needfully = he were better buy.
[3] capture call on the bugle. [4] mad.

All yf he rode never so fast
The good speare asonder brast
It wolde not in the hyde.
That bore dyd him wo ynoughe
His good horse under him he sloughe
On foote than must he byde.
Eglamoure sawe no bote [1] that tyde
But to an oke he set his syde
Amonge the trees great.
His good swerdè he drewe out than
And smote upon the wylde swyne
Two dayes and somdele [2] more.
Tyll the thyrde daye at none
Eglamoure thought his life was done
For fyghtynge with that bore.
Than Eglamoure with eger moode
Smote of the bores heed
His tuskes he smote of there.
The kynge of Satyn on huntynge dyd fare
With fyftene armed men and moare
The bore loude herde he yell.
He commaunded a squyer to fare.
Some man is in peryl there
I trowe to longe we dwell.
No longer wolde the squyer tary
But thyder rode fast by saynt mary,
He was therto fullsnell.[3]
Up to the clyffe rode he thore
Syr Eglamoure fought fast with the bore
With strokes fyers and fell.
The squyer stode and behelde them two
He went agayne and tolde so
Forsoth the bore is slayne.

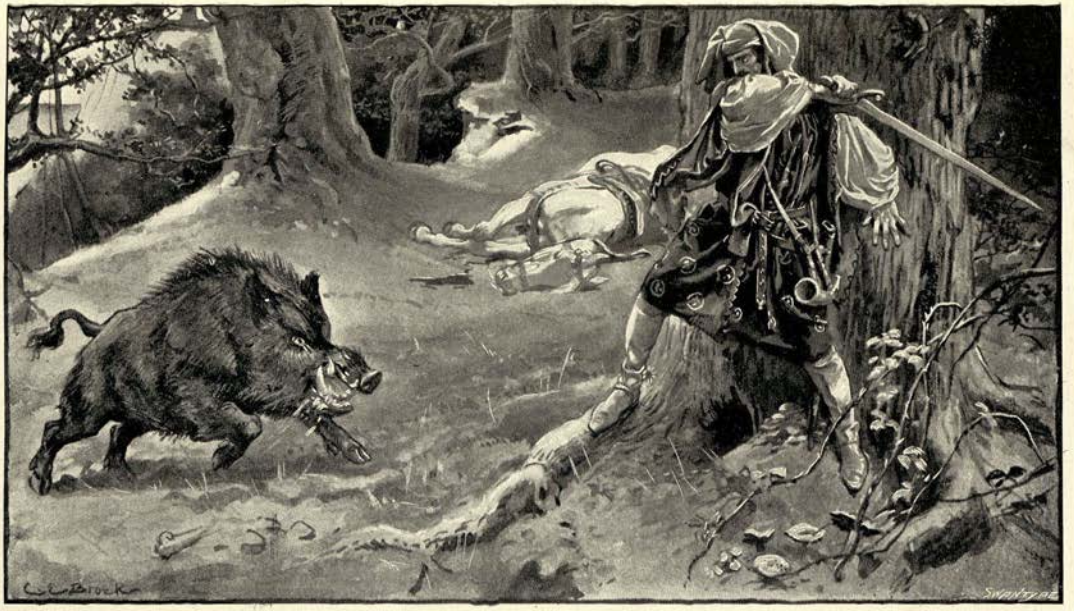
(1570?)

From 'The Squyr of Lowe Degre'

To morowe ye shall on hunting fare
And ryde, my doughter, in a chare.

A lese of Grehound with you to streke
and hert and hynde and other lyke.
Ye shal be set at such a tryst
that herte and hynde shall come to your fyst,
your dysease to dryve you fro.
To here the bugles there y blow

[1] help. [2] some part. [3] full quickly.



"His good swerde he drewe out than
And smote upon the wylde swyne."

With theyr bugles in that place,
And sevenscore raches [1] at his rechase.
Homward thus shall ye ryde
On haukyng by the ryvers syde
with Goshauke and with gentyll fawcon
With Eglehorne [2] and merlyon.

. . . . . .

Farewell hawkes and farewell hounde
Farewell markes and many a pounde
Farewell huntynge at the hare
Farewell harte and hynde for evermare.

(1550?)

George Gascoigne, in commendation of the noble Arte of Venerie

As God himselfe declares, the life of man was lent,
Bicause it should (with feare of him) in gladsome wise be spent.
And Salomon doth say, that all the rest is vaine,
Unlesse that myrth and merie cheere, may follow toile and paine.
If that be so in deede, what booteth then to buylde
High towers & halles of stately port, to leave an unknown child.
Or wherefore hoord we heapes of coyne and worldly wealth,
Whiles therwithall that caytif care, comes creeping in by stelth?
The needie neighbors grudge to see the rychman thryve,
Such malice worldly mucke doth breede in every man alyve.
Contention comnes by coyne, and care doth contecke [3] sew,
And sodeine death by care is caught, all this you know is true.
Since death is then the end, which all men seeke to flye,
And yet are all men well aware, that *Man is borne to dye.*
Why leade not men such lives, in quiet comely wise,
As might with honest sport & game, their worldly minds suffise?
Amongst the rest, that game, which in this booke is taught
Doth seeme to yeld as much content, as may on earth be sought.
And but my simple Muze, both myrth and meane mistake,
It is a meane of as much mirth, as any sport can make.
It occupies the mynde, which else might chaunce to muse
On mischiefe, malice, filthe and fraudes, that mortall men do use.
And so for exercise, it seemes to beare the bell,
Since by the same, mens bodies be, in health mainteyned well.
It exercyseth strength, it exercyseth wit,
And all the poars and sprites of Man, are exercisde by it.
It shaketh off all slouth, it presseth downe all pryde,
It cheres the hart, it glads the eye, & through the ears doth glyde.
I might at large expresse how earely huntsmen ryse,
And leave the sluggish sleepe for such, as leachers lust devyse.

[1] bitch-hounds. [2] ? heron eagle = peregrine. [3] quarrelling.

How true they tread their steps, in exercises traine,
Which frisking flings & lightbraind leaps, may seeme always to staine.
Howe appetite is bred (with health) in homely cates,
While Surfet sits in vaine excesse, & Banquet breeds debates.
How cries of well mouthd hounds, do countervaile the cost,
Which many a man (beyond his reach) on instruments hath lost.
How setting of Relayes, may represent the skyll,
Which souldiours use in Embushes, their furious foes to kyll.
How Foxe and Badgerd both, make patterns (in their denne)
Of *Plotformes*, *Loopes*,[1] and *Casamats*, devisde by warlike men.
How fighting out at Bay, of Hart, Bucke, Goate, or Bore,
Declares the valiant *Romains death*, when might may do no more.
How sight of such delights, doth scorne all common showes,
Of Enterludes, of Tumblers tricks, of antikes, mocks & mowes.
And how the nimble Hare, by turning in hir course,
Doth plainly proue that *Pollicie*, sometime surpasseth force.
The Venson not forgot, most meete for Princes dyshe :
All these with more could I rehearse, as much as wit could wyshe.
But let these few suffice, it is a *Noble Sport*,
To recreate the mindes of Men, in good and godly sort.
A sport for Noble peeres, a sport for gentle bloods,
The paine I leave for servants such, as beate the bushie woods,
To make their masters sport. *Then let the Lords reioyce*,
Let gentlemen beholde the glee, and take thereof the choyce.
For my part (being one) I must needes say my minde,
That Hunting was ordeyned first, for Men of Noble kinde.
And unto them therefore, I recommend the same,
As exercise that best becomes, their worthy noble name.

The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting. GEORGE TURBERVILE. 1575.

The Blazon pronounced by the Huntsman

I Am the Hunte, whiche rathe and earely ryse,
(My bottell filde, with wine in any wise)
Twoo draughts I drinke, to stay my steppes withall,
For eche foote one, bicause I would not fall.
Then take my Hownde, in liam[2] me behinde,
The stately Harte, in fryth or fell to finde.
And whiles I seeke his slotte where he hath fedde,
The sweete byrdes sing, to cheare my drowsie hedde.
And when my Hounde, doth streyne upon good vent,
I must confesse, the same dothe me content.
But when I have my coverts walkt aboute,
And harbred[3] fast, the Harte for commyng out :

[1] traps. [2] leash. [3] set watchers.

Then I returne, to make a grave reporte,
Whereas I finde, th' assembly doth resorte.
And lowe I crouche, before the Lordings all,
Out of my Horne, the fewmets [1] lette I fall,
And other signes, and tokens do I tell,
To make them hope, the Harte may like them well.
Then they commaunde, that I the wine should taste,
So biddes mine Arte: and so my throte I baste.
The dinner done, I go streightwayes agayne,
Unto my markes, and shewe my Master playne.
Then put my Hounde, upon the view to drawe,
And rowse the Harte, out of his layre by lawe.
O gamsters all, a little by your leave,
Can you suche ioyes in triflyng games conceave?

The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting. GEO. TURBERVILE. 1575.

From 'The Visions of Petrarch'

BEING one day at my window all alone,
So manie strange things hapned me to see,
As much it grieveth me to thinke thereon.
At my right hand a Hinde appearde to me,
So faire as mought the greatest God delite;
Two egre dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was black, the other white:
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pinchte the haunches of this gentle beast,
That at the last, and in shorte time, I spied,
Under a rocke, where she (alas) opprest,
Fell to the grounde, and there untimely dide.
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oft makes me waile so hard a destenie.

EDMUND SPENSER, 1569.

Sonnet LXVII

LYKE as a huntsman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him escapt away,
Sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So, after long pursuit and vaine assay,
When I all weary had the chace forsooke,
The gentle deare returnd the selfe-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke:
There she, beholding me with mylder looke,
Sought not to fly, but fearlesse still did bide;

[1] droppings.

Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
And with her owne goodwill her fyrmely tyde.
Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so wyld,
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguyld.

EDMUND SPENSER, 1595.

From 'Astrophel'

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong:
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
And all the sports that shepheards are emong:
In every one he vanquisht every one;
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie,
Or rather infelicitie, he found,
That every field and forest far away
He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound.
No beast so salvage but he could it kill,
No chace so hard but he therein had skill.

EDMUND SPENSER, 1595.

From 'Mother Hubberds Tale'

And lothefull idlenes he doth detest,
The canker worme of everie gentle brest;
The which to banish with faire exercise
Of knightly feates, he daylie doth devise:
Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne steedes,
Now practising the proofe of warlike deedes,
Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare.
At other times he casts to sew[1] the chace
Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,
T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes most needfull)
Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull,
Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Eughen bowe,
And manly legs, still passing too and fro,
Without a gowned beast him fast beside,
A vaine ensample of the Persian pride;
Who, after he had wonne th' Assyrian foe,
Did ever after scorne on foote to goe.

EDMUND SPENSER, 1613.

[1] follow.

"Like to an eagle in his kingly pride."

From 'The Faerie Queene'

As hagard hauke presuming to contend
With hardy fowle, above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend,
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight;
Which, comming down to ground, does free it selfe by fight.

Book i. c. xi. verse 19.

As when a Vulture greedie of his pray,
Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies sway,
That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
The warie fowle, that spies him toward bend
His dreadfull souse,[1] avoydes it, shunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse might
He falleth nigh to ground, and scarse recovereth flight.

Book iv. c. iii. verse 19.

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of Ducks foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke,
Amongst the flags and covert round about.

Book v. c. ii. verse 54.

Like to an Eagle, in his kingly pride
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire
To weather his brode sailes, by chaunce hath spide
A Goshauke, which hath seized for her share
Uppon some fowle that should her feast prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her bylive,[2]
That with his souce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.

Book v. c. iv. verse 42.

[Tristram speaks thus:—]

'All which my daies I have not lewdly spent,
Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
In ydlesse; but as was convenient,
Have trayned bene with many noble feres[3]
In gentle thewes, and such like seemly leres:
Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r was seene.

[1] stoop. [2] suddenly. [3] companions.

'Ne is there hauke, which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high towring, or accoasting [1] low,
But I the measure of her flight doe search,
And all her pray, and all her diet know.
Such be our joyes which in these forrests grow:
Onely the use of armes, which most I joy,
And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
I have not tasted yet; yet past a boy,
And being now high time these strong joynts to imploy.'

Book vi. c. ii. verses 31, 32.

As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight
At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring;
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Her selfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing,
But th' other not so swift, as she before,
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

Book vi. c vii. verse 9.

[Sir Calidore speaks thus:—]
'Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
Unto my Lambes, and him dislodge away;
Sometime the fawne I practise from the Doe,
Or from the Goat her kidde, how to convay:
Another while I baytes and nets display
The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle:
And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in every shade to rest from toyle,
And drinke of every brooke when thirst my throte doth boyle.'

Book vi. c. ix. verse 23.

EDMUND SPENSER, 1590–1596.

From Translations by Sir John Harington

And as the hound that men the tumbler name,
When he a hare or cunnie doth espie,
Seemeth another way his course to frame
As though he meant not to approach more nie,
But yet he meeteth at the last his game,
And shaketh it untill he make it die.
. . . . . .
Ev'n as the hunters that desirous are,
Some present pastime for their hounds to see,

[1] stooping.

In stubble fields do seeke the fearfull hare,
By ev'rie bush and under ev'rie tree,
. . . . . .
Like to a horse that running swiftest pase,
Doth last set out,[1] and first doth win the race.
. . . . . .
Even as a grewnd, which hunters hold in slip,
Striving to breake the string, and slide the coller,
(Seeing the fearfull Deare, before him skip,
Hunted belike with some *Actæons* scholler)
And when he sees he can by no meanes slip,
Howleth, and whines, and bites the string for choler.

ARIOSTO, *Orlando Furioso.* Translated by JOHN HARINGTŌ. 1591.

Sonnet by Thomas Watson

Diana and her nimphs in silvane brooke,
Did wash themselues in secret farre apart:
But bold *Actæon* dard on them to looke,
For which fair *Phœbe* turned him to a Hart.
His hounds unweeting of his sodaine change,
Did hale and pull him downe with open crie:
He then repenting that he so did range,
Would speake but could not, so did sigh and die.

The Tears of Fancie or Love Disdained. Reprinted from the unique copy of 1593, in the collection of S. Christie-Miller, Esq.

The Pleasant Comodie of Patient Grisill

Enter the MARQUESSE, PAVIA, MARIO, LEPIDO, *and huntsmen: all like Hunters. A noyse of hornes within*

Marquesse. Loke you so strang my hearts, to see our limbes
Thus suited in a Hunters livery?
Oh tis a lovely habite, when greene youth
Like to the flowry blossome of the spring,
Conformes his outward habite to his minde, ...
For hunting is a sport for Emperors.
Pavia. . . . . This day you vowed to wed: but now I see,
Your promises turne all to mockerie. . . . .
Marq. How much your judgmens erre: who gets a wife
Must like a huntsman beate untrodden pathes,
To gaine the flying presence of his love.
Looke how the yelping beagles spend their mouthes
So Lovers doe their sighes: and as the deare,
Out-strips the active hound, and oft turnes backe

[1] An old form of handicap in races.

To note the angrie visage of her foe,
Who greedy to possesse so sweet a pray,
Never gives over till he ceaze on her,
So fares it with coy dames, who great with scorne
Shew the care-pined hearts, that sue to them
Yet on that feined slight (Love conquering them)
They cast an eye of longing backe againe,
As who would say, be not dismaid with frownes,
For though our tongues speake no ; our hearts sound yea,
Or if not so, before theile misse their lovers,
Their sweet breathes shal perfume the Amorous ayre
And brave them still to run in beauties Chase :
Then can you blame me to be hunter like,
When I must get a wife : . . . .
Lets ring a hunters peale, and in the eares
Of our swift forrest, Cittizens proclaime,
Defiance to their lightnes : our sports done,
The Venson that we kill shall feast our bride,
If she prove bad, ile cast all blame on you,
But if sweet peace succeede this amorous strife
Ile say my wit was best to choose a wife. [*Exeunt.*

H. CHETTLE, 1603.

From 'Ourania'

Two Grey-hounds swift and white as whitest snow,
Attend her to pursue the nymble Deere :
And in her hand she bare a dreadefull bowe,
To kill the game, if any should appeere,
Or any deadly foe approach too neere,
Thus stands great *Cynthia* in the midst of May,
With all her Traine to heare *Endymions* Lay.

. . . . . .

The fawning Dog full of sagacitie ;
Excelling in sense and capacitie.
The hardie Mastife, and nimble Greyhound,
The ornament of *Floras* blessed round,
Whose use we know, the Hart doth feare his might,
The squatting Hare doth tremble at his sight.
The noble chaunting Hound with pleasing throat,
With bace and treble, meane, and tenor noat.
Warbling his voice, making the horne to sound,
Orderly tunes t' immortilize the Hound :
Quicke senting Spannell, fit for Princelie game,
To pearch the Pheasant, and rare Birds of name.
To set the Heath-cocke, Partrich and the Quaile,

The Snype, the Woodcocke, and the dainty Raile.
To serve the Spar-hawke, Faulcon and Laneret,
The Gosse-hawke, Ger-faulcon and young Eglet.
The Marlyon, Hobby, Hawkes of swiftest wing,
Which many pleasures unto Ladies bring.
Deserveth praise of the best fluent Pen,
That ever wrote the benefits of men.

N. BAXTER, 1606.

'As You Like It'

ACT II. SCENE I.

Duke Senior. Come, shall we goe and kill us venison?
And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles
Being native Burgers of this desert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Have their round hanches goard.

1 *Lord.* Indeed my Lord
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that,
And in that kinde sweares you doe more usurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,
Did steale behinde him as he lay along
Under an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out
Upon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
The wretched annimall heav'd forth such groanes
That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
In pitteous chase: and thus the hairie foole,
Much marked of the melancholie *Jaques*,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Duke Senior. But what said *Jaques*?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too must[1]: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
The Fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse Heard
Fuil of the pasture, jumps along by him

[1] *V.l.* much.

And never staies to greet him : I quoth *Jaques*,
Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
'Tis just the fashion ; wherefore doe you looke
Upon that poore and broken bankrupt there ?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and whats worse
To fright the Annimals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke Senior. And did you leave him in this contemplation ?

2 *Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing Deere.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

What shall he have that kild the Deare ?
His Leather skin, and hornes to weare :
Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen ;
Take thou no scorne to weare the horne,
It was a crest ere thou wast borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.

'The Taming of the Shrew'

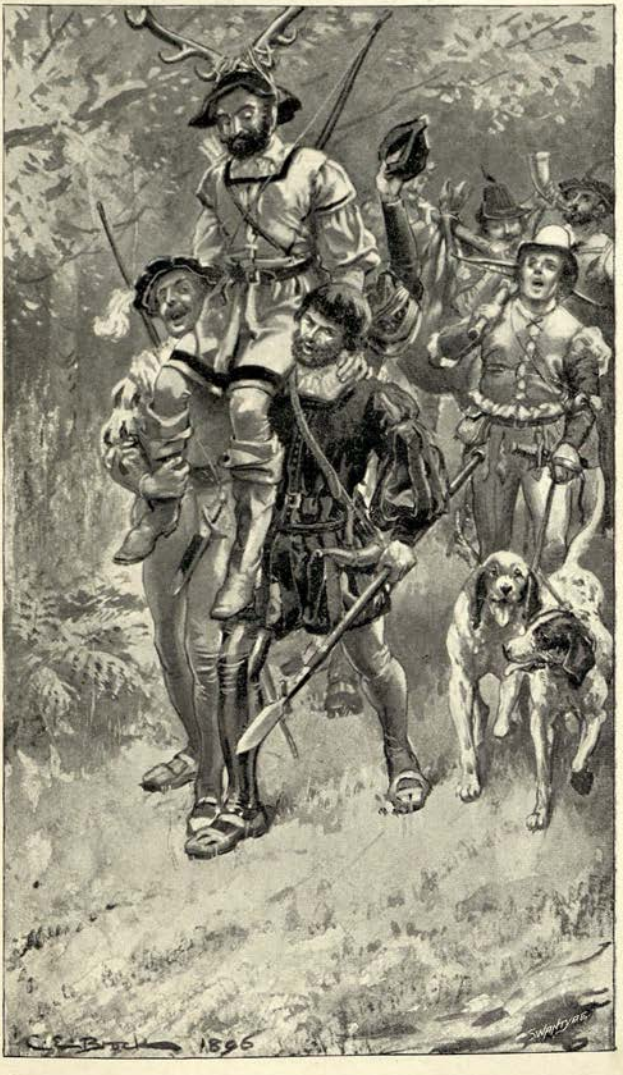
ACT I. SCENE I.

Lord. Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds
Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curre is imbost,
And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach,
Saw'st thou not boy how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault,
I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.

Hunts. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord,
He cried upon it at the meerest[1] losse,
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent,
Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Eccho* were as fleete,
I would esteeme him worth a dozen such :
But sup them well, and looke unto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

[1] most absolute.



"What shall he have that kild the Deare?"

'A Midsummer Night's Dream'

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Theseus. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My Love shall heare the musicke of my hounds.
Uncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe;
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.
We will faire Queene, up to the Mountaines top.
And marke the musicall confusion
Of hounds and eccho in coniunction.

Hippolyta. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
The skies, the fountaines, every region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I never heard
So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Buls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly*;
Judge when you heare.

'Henry VI.'

PART I. ACT IV. SCENE II.

Tal. How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be English Deere, be then in blood,
Not Rascall—like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,
Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:

'Henry VI.'

PART II. ACT II. SCENE I.

Queene. Beleeve me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,
I saw not better sport these seven yeeres day:
Yet by your leave, the Winde was very high,
And ten to one, old *Joane* had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made
And what a pytch she flew above the rest:
To see how God in all his Creatures workes,
Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.
Suff. No marvell, and it like your Majestie,
My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre so well,
They know their Master loves to be aloft,
And beares his thoughts above his Faulcons Pitch.
Glost. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde,
That mounts no higher then a Bird can sore:
Card. I thought as much, hee would be above the Clouds.
Glost. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that?
Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heaven?

'Antony and Cleopatra'

ACT II. SCENE V.

Cleo. Give me mine Angle, weele to' th' River there
My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their slimy jawes: and as I draw them up,
Ile thinke them every one an *Anthony*,
And say, ah ha, y' are caught.
Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diver did hang a salt fish on his hooke which he with fervencie drew up.

'The Tempest'

ACT II. SCENE I.

Fran. Sir he may live,
I saw him beate the surges under him,
And ride upon their backes; he trod the water
Whose enmity he flung aside: and brested
The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke
To th' shore; that ore his wave-worne basis bowed
As stooping to releeve him: I not doubt
He came alive to Land.

'Julius Cæsar'

ACT I. SCENE II.

Cassi. For once, upon a Rawe and Gustie day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Cæsar saide to me Dar'st thou *Cassius* now

Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: so indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of Controversie.
But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cride, Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke.
I (as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
Did from the Flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old *Anchyses* beare) so, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tyred *Cæsar*.

'Love's Labour Lost'

ACT V.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeale strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

SHAKSPERE, *Dramatic Works*, fol. ed. 1623.

Venus urges Adonis to choose the less dangerous Sports

THOU hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this,
But that thou toldst me, thou woldst hunt the boare,
Oh be advisd, thou know'st not what it is,
With iavelings point a churlish swine to goare,
Whose tushes never sheathd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

On his bow-backe, he hath a battell set,
Of brisly pikes that ever threat his foes;
His eyes like glow-wormes shine when he doth fret
His snout digs sepulchers where ere he goes,
Being mov'd he strikes, whate're is in his way,
And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes slay.

His brawnie sides with hairie bristles armed,
Are better proofe then thy speares point can enter,
His short thick necke cannot be easily harmed,
Being irefull, on the lyon he will venter,
The thornie brambles, and imbracing bushes,
As fearefull of him part, through whom he rushes.

And more then so, presenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angrie chafing boare,
Under whose sharpe fangs, on his backe doth lye,
An image like thy selfe, all staynd with goare,
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make thē droop with grief, & hang the hed.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed?
That tremble at th' imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And feare doth teach it divination;
I prophecie thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou incounter with the boare to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
Uncouple at the timerous flying hare,
Or at the foxe which lives by subtiltie,
Or at the Roe which no incounter dare:
Pursue these fearfull creatures o're the downes,
And on thy wel breathd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foote the purblind hare,
Marke the poore wretch to over-shut his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care,
He crankes and crosses with a thousand doubles,
The many musits[1] through the which he goes,
Are like a laberinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runnes among a flocke of sheepe,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving Conies keepe,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell:
And sometime sorteth with a heard of deare
Danger deviseth shifts, wit waites on feare.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot sent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out,
Then do they spend their mouth's, eccho replies,
As if an other chase were in the skies.

By this poore wat farre off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder-legs with listning eare,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still,
Anon their loud alarums he doth heare,
And now his griefe may be compared well,
To one sore sicke, that heares the passing bell.

[1] gaps in a hedge.

Then shalt thou see the deaw-bedabbled wretch,
Turne, and returne, indenting with the way,
Ech envious brier, his wearie legs do scratch,
Ech shadow makes him stop, ech murmour stay,
To miserie is troden on by manie,
And being low, never releev'd by anie.

Description of a Hunter

Looke when a Painter would surpasse the life,
In limming out a well proportioned steed,
His Art with Natures workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed:
So did this Horse excell a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Look what a horse should have, he did not lack

Round hooft, short ioynted, fetlocks shag, and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrill wide,
High crest, short eares, straight legs, & passing strõg
Thin mane, thicke taile, broad buttock, tender hide:
Looke what a Horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Venus finds Adonis dead

By this she heares the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts like one that spies an adder,
Wreath'd up in fatall folds iust in his way,
The feare whereof doth make him shake, & shudder,
Even so the timerous yelping of the hounds,
Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For now she knowes it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lyon proud,
Because the crie remaineth in one place,
Where fearefully the dogs exclaime aloud,
Finding their enemie to be so curst,
They all straine curt'sie who shall cope him first.

This dismall crie rings sadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to surprise her hart,
Who overcome by doubt, and bloodlesse feare,
With cold-pale weakenesse, nums ech feeling part,
Like soldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,
They basely flie, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,
Till cheering up her senses all dismayd,
She tels them tis a causlesse fantasie,
And childish error that they are affrayd,
Bids thē leave quaking, bids them feare no more,
And with that word, she spide the hunted boare.

Whose frothie mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milke, & blood, being mingled both togither,
A second feare through all her sinewes spred,
Which madly hurries her, she knowes not whither,
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But backe retires, to rate the boare for murther.

A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand wayes,
She treads the path, that she untreads againe ;
Her more then hast, is mated with delayes,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting,
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kenneld in a brake, she finds a hound,
And askes the wearie caitiffe for his maister,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainst venimd sores, the onely soveraigne plaister.
And here she meets another, sadly skowling,
To whom she speaks, & he replies with howling.

"Here, kenneld in a brake, she finds a hound."

When he hath ceast his ill resounding noise,
Another flapmouthd mourner, blacke, and grim,
Against the welkin, volies out his voyce,
Another, and another, answer him,
Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,
Shaking their scratcht-eares, bleeding as they go.

By this farre off, she heares some huntsman hallow,
A nourses song nere pleasd her babe so well,
The dyre imagination she did follow,
This sound of hope doth labour to expell,
For now reviving ioy bids her reioyce,
And flatters her, it is Adonis voyce.

As Faulcons to the lure, away she flies,
The grasse stoops not, she treads on it so light,
And in her hast, unfortunately spies,
The foule boares conquest, on her faire delight,
Which seene, her eyes are murdred with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or as the snaile, whose tender hornes being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shellie cave with paine,
And, there all smoothred up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
So at his bloodie view her eyes are fled,
Into the deep-darke cabbins of her head.

Where they resigne their office, and their light,
To the disposing of her troubled braine,
Who bids them still consort with ougly night,
And never wound the heart with lookes againe,
Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion, gives a deadly grone.

Whereat ech tributarie subiect quakes,
As when the wind imprisond in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earths foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror, doth mens minds confound:
This mutinie ech part doth so surprise,
That frõ their dark beds once more leap her eies.

And being opend, threw unwilling light,
Upon the wide wound, that the boare had trencht
In his soft flanke, whose wonted lillie white
With purple tears that his wound wept, had drẽcht.
No floure was nigh, no grasse, hearb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seemd with him to bleed.

SHAKSPERE'S *Venus and Adonis*, 1593.

From 'The Workes of Beniamin Jonson'

In autumne, at the Partrich makes a slight,[1]
And giv'st thy gladder guests the sight ;
And, in the winter, hunt'st the flying hare,
More for thy exercise, then fare ;
While all, that follow, their glad eares apply
To the full greatnesse of the cry :
Or hauking at the river, or the bush,
Or shooting at the greedie thrush,
Thou dost with some delight the day out-weare,
Although the coldest of the yeere !

The Forrest, 1616.

CHORUS.
Turne—Hunters then,
agen.
Hunting, it is the noblest exercise,
Makes men laborious, active, wise,
Brings health, and doth the spirits delight,
It help's the hearing, and the sight :
It teacheth arts that never slip
The memory, good horsmanship,
Search, sharpnesse, courage, and defence,
And chaseth all ill habits thence.
Turne Hunters then,
agen,
But not of men.
Follow his ample ;
And just example,
That hates all chace of malice, and of bloud :
And studies only wayes of good,
To keep soft Peace in breath.
Man should not hunt Mankind to death,
But strike the enemies of Man ;
Kill vices if you can :
They are your wildest beasts.
And when they thickest fall, you make the Gods true feasts.

Time Vindicated, 1640.

From 'Britannia's Pastorals'

Now as an *Angler* melancholy standing
Upon a greene bancke yeelding roome for landing,
A wrigling yealow worme thrust on his hooke,
Now in the midst he throwes, then in a nooke :

[1] feint.

Here puls his line, there throwes it in againe,
Mendeth his Corke and Baite, but all in vaine,
He long stands viewing of the curled streame ;
At last a hungry *Pike*, or well-growne *Breame*.
Snatch at the worme, and hasting fast away
He knowing it, a Fish of stubborne sway
Puls up his rod, but soft : (as having skill)
Wherewith the hooke fast holds the Fishes gill.
Then all his line he freely yeeldeth him,
Whilst furiously all up and downe doth swimme
Th' insnared Fish, here on the top doth scud,
There underneath the banckes, then in the mud ;
And with his franticke fits so scares the shole,
That each one takes his *hyde*, or starting hole :
By this the *Pike* cleane wearied, underneath
A *Willow* lyes, and pants (if Fishes breath)
Wherewith the *Angler* gently puls him to him,
And least his hast might happen to undoe him,
Layes downe his rod, then takes his line in hand,
And by degrees getting the Fish to land,
Walkes to another Poole : at length is winner
Of such a dish as serves him for his dinner :

. . . . . .

As when a *Greyhound* (of the rightest straine)
Let slip to some poore Hare upon the plaine ;
Hee for his prey strives ; t'other for her life,
And one of these or none must end the strife :
Now seemes the Dog by speede and good at bearing
To have her sure ; the other ever fearing,
Maketh a sodaine turne, and doth deferre
The Hound a while from so neere reaching her :
Yet being fetcht againe and almost tane
Doubting (since touch'd of him) she scapes her bane.

W. BROWNE, 1613.

From 'The Muses' Threnodie'

And yee my *Clubs*, you must no more prepare
To make you bals flee whistling in the aire,
But hing your heads, and bow your crooked crags,[1]
And dresse you all in sackcloth and in rags,
No more to see the Sun, nor fertile fields,
But closely keep you mourning in your bields,[2]
And for your part the trible to you take,

[1] necks. [2] shelters.

And when you cry make all your crags to crake,
And shiver when you sing alace for *Gall!*
Ah if our mourning might thee now recall!

. . . . . .

From thence to *Methven wood* we took our way,
Soone be *Aurora* fair did kyth the day;
And having rested there some little space,
Againe we did betake us to our chace,
Raising the Does and Roes forth of their dennes,
And watrie fowles out of the marrish fennes,
That if *Diana* had been in that place,
Would thought, in hunting we had stain'd her grace.

The Muses Threnodie or mirthful mournings on the death of Master Gall. EDW. ADAMSON, 1638.

Wild Beasts chased by Fire

The craftie Foxe which Numbers doth deceave,
To get, not be a Prey, shall be a Prey,
The Embrions Enemie, Womens that conceave,
As who might give him Death, their Birth to stay,
That ravenous Wolfe which Blood would alwayes have,
All then a Thought more quickly shall decay,
No Strength then stands, such Weaknesse went before,
Nor yet base Slight, meere Foolishnesse and more.

The Hart whose Hornes (as Greatnesse is to all)
Do seeme to grace, are Burdens to his Head,
With swift (though slender Legges) when Wounds appall,
Which cures himselfe where Nature doth him lead
And with great Eyes, weake Heart, oft Dangers thrall,
The warie Hare whose Feare oft Sport hath made,
Do seeke by Swiftnesse Death in vaine to shunne,
As if a Flight of Flanies could be outrunne.

The painted Panther which not fear'd doth gore,
Like some whose beauteous Face foule minds defame,
The Tiger Tigrish, past expressing more,
Since crueltie is noted by his Name,
The able Ounce, strong Beare, and fooming Bore,
(Mans Rebells since God did Man his proclaime)
Though fierce all faint and know not where to turne,
They see their old Refuge, the Forrests burne.

Doomesday, by SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER, (KNIGHT) EARL OF STIRLING, *The Third Houre*, 1614.

"And watrie fowles out of the marrish fennes."

Coursing

Whilst *Rockingham* was heard with these Reports to ring,
The Muse by making on tow'rds *Wellands* ominous Spring,
With *Kelmarsh* there is caught, for coursing of the Hare,
Which scornes that any place, should with her Plaines compare:
Which in the proper Tearmes the Muse doth thus report;
The man whose vacant mind prepares him to the sport,
The Finder sendeth out, to seeke out nimble *Wat*,
Which crosseth in the field, each furlong, every Flat,
Till he this pretty Beast upon the Forme hath found,
Then viewing for the Course, which is the fairest ground,
The Greyhounds foorth are brought, for coursing then in case,
And choycely in the Slip, one leading forth a brace;
The Finder puts her up, and gives her Coursers law.
And whilst the eager dogs upon the Start doe draw,
Shee riseth from her seat, as though on earth she flew,
Forc'd by some yelping Cute[1] to give the Greyhounds view,
Which are at length let slip, when gunning out they goe,
As in respect of them the swiftest wind were slow.
When each man runnes his Horse, with fixed eyes and notes
Which Dog first turnes the Hare, which first the other coats,[2]
They wrench her once or twice, ere she a turne will take,
Whats offred by the first, the other good doth make;
And turne for turne againe with equall speed they ply,
Bestirring their swift feet with strange agilitie:
A hardned ridge or way, when if the Hare doe win,
Then as shot from a Bow, she from the Dogs doth spin,
That strive to put her off, but when hee cannot reach her,
This giving him a Coat,[3] about againe doth fetch her
To him that comes behind, which seemes the Hare to beare;
But with a himble turne shee casts them both arrere:
Till oft for want of breath, to fall to ground they make her,
The Greyhounds both so spent, that they want breath to take her.
Here leave I whilst the Muse more serious things attends,
And with my Course at Hare, my *Canto* likewise ends.

Polyolbion, MICHAEL DRAYTON, 1622.

Beasts of Chase

Of all the Beasts which we for our veneriall name,
The Hart amongst the rest, the Hunters noblest game:
Of which most Princely Chase sith none did ere report,
Or by description touch, t' expresse that wondrous sport
(Yet might have well beseem'd th' ancients nobler Songs)
To our old *Arden* heere, most fitly it belongs:

[1] cur. [2] outruns. [3] pass.

Yet shall shee not invoke the Muses to her ayde ;
But thee *Diana* bright, a Goddesse and a mayd :
In many a huge-growne Wood, and many a shady Grove,
Which oft hast borne thy Bowe (great Huntresse) us'd to rove
At many a cruell beast, and with thy darts to pierce
The Lyon, Panther, Ounce, the Beare, and Tiger fierce ;
And following thy fleet Game, chaste mightie Forrests Queene,
With thy disheveld Nymphs attyr'd in youthfull greene,
About the Launds hast scowr'd, and Wastes both farre and neere,
Brave Huntresse : but no beast shall prove thy Quarries heere ;
Saue those the best of Chase, the tall and lusty Red,
The Stag for goodly shape, and statelinesse of head,

Is fitt'st to hunt at force. For whom, when with his hounds
The laboring Hunter tufts the thicke-unbarbed grounds
Where harbor'd is the Hart ; there, often from his feed
The dogs of him doe find ; or thorough skilfull heed.
The Huntsman by his slot, or breaking earth, perceaves,
Or entring of the thicke by pressing of the greaves
Where he hath gone to lodge. Now when the Hart doth heare
The often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret leyre,
He rouzing rusheth out, and through the Brakes doth drive,
As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive.
And through the combrous thicks, as fearefully he makes,
Hee with his branched head, the tender Saplings shakes,
That sprinkling their moyst pearle doe seeme for him to weepe ;

When after goes the Cry, with yellings lowd and deepe,
That all the Forrest rings, and every neighbouring place :
And there is not a hound but falleth to the Chase.
Rechating with his horne, which then the Hunter cheeres,
Whilst still the lustie Stag his high-palm'd head up-beares,
His body showing state, with unbent knees upright,
Expressing (from all beasts) his courage in his flight.
But when th' approaching foes still following he perceives,
That hee his speed must trust, his usuall walke he leaves ;
And or'e the Champaine flies : which when th' assembly find,
Each followes, as his horse were footted with the wind.
But beeing then imbost, the noble stately Deere
When he hath gotten ground (the kennell cast arere)
Doth beat the Brooks and Ponds for sweet refreshing soyle :
That serving not, then proves if he his sent can foyle,
And makes amongst the Heards, and flocks of shag-wooll'd Sheepe,
Them frighting from the guard of those who had their keepe.
But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,
Put quite out of his walke, the wayes and fallowes tryes.
Whom when the Plow-man meets, his teame he letteth stand
T' assaile him with his goad ; so with his hooke in hand,
The Shepheard him pursues, and to his dog doth halow :
When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and Huntsmen follow;
Untill the noble Deere through toyle bereav'd of strength,
His long and sinewy legs then fayling him at length,
The Villages attempts, enrag'd, not giving way
To any thing hee meets now at his sad decay.
The cruell ravenous hounds and bloody Hunters neer,
This noblest beast of Chase, that vainly doth but feare,
Some banke or quick-set finds : to which his hanch oppos'd,
He turnes upon his foes, that soone have him inclos'd.
The churlish throated hounds then holding him at bay,
And as their cruell fangs on his harsh skin they lay,
With his sharp-poynted head he dealeth deadly wounds,
The Hunter, comming in to helpe his wearied hounds,
He desperatly assailes ; untill opprest by force,
He who the Mourner is to his owne dying Corse,
Upon the ruthlesse earth his precious teares lets fall.

Polyolbion, MICHAEL DRAYTON, 1622.

'Muses Elizium'

Silvius. For my profession then, and for the life I lead
All others to excell, thus for my selfe I plead ;
I am the Prince of sports, the Forest is my Fee,
He's not upon the Earth for pleasure lives like me ;
The Morne no sooner puts her Rosye Mantle on,

But from my quyet Lodge I instantly am gone,
When the melodious Birds from every Bush and Bryer
Of the wilde spacious Wasts, make a continuall quire ;
The motlied Meadowes then, new vernisht with the Sunne
Shute up their spicy sweets upon the winds that runne,
In easly ambling Gales, and softly seeme to pace,
That it the longer might their lushiousnesse imbrace ;
I am clad in youthfull Greene, I other colours scorne,
My silken Bauldrick beares my Beugle, or my Horne,
Which setting to my Lips, I winde so lowd and shrill,
As makes the Ecchoes showte from every neighbouring Hill.
My Doghooke at my Belt, to which my Lyam's [1] tyde,
My Sheafe of Arrowes by, my Woodknife at my Syde,
My Crosse-bow in my Hand, my Gaffle [2] or [3] my Rack
To bend it when I please, or it I list to slack,
My Hound then in my Lyam,[1] I by the Woodmans art
Forecast, where I may lodge the goodly Hie-palm'd Hart,
To viewe the grazing Heards, so sundry times I use,
Where by the loftiest Head I know my Deare to chuse,
And to unheard him then, I gallop o'r the ground
Upon my wel-breath'd Nag, to cheere my earning Hound.
Sometime I pitch my Toyles the Deare alive to take,
Sometime I like the Cry, the deepe-mouth'd Kennell make,
Then underneath my Horse, I staulke my game to strike,
And with a single Dog to hunt him hurt, I like.
The Silvians are to me true subjects, I their King,
The stately Hart, his Hind doth to my presence bring,
The Buck his loved Doe, the Roe his tripping Mate,
Before me to my Bower, whereas I sit in State.
The Dryads, Hamadryads, the Satyres and the Fawnes
Oft play at Hyde and Seeke before me on the Lawnes,
The frisking Fayry oft when horned Cinthia shines
Before me as I walke dance wanton Matachynes,[4]
The numerous feathered flocks that the wild Forrests haunt
Their Silvan songs to me, in cheerefull dittyes chaunte.
The shades like ample Sheelds, defend me from the Sunne,
Through which me to refresh the gentle Rivelets runne,
No little bubling Brook from any Spring that falls
But on the Pebbles playes me pretty Madrigals.
I' th' morne I clime the Hills, where wholsome winds do blow
At Noone-tyde to the Vales, and shady Groves below,
T'wards Evening I againe the Chrystall Floods frequent,
In pleasure thus my life continually is spent.
As Princes and great Lords have Pallaces, so I
Have in the Forrests here, my Hall and Gallery

[1] Leash.
[2] The steel lever by which a crossbow was forced up the rack.
[3] Probably misprint for 'on.'
[4] A comic dance, representing a mock combat, was called a Matachin.

The tall and stately Woods; which underneath are Plaine,
The Groves my Gardens are, the Heath and Downes againe
My wide and spacious walkes, then say all what ye can,
The Forester is still your only gallant man.

. . . . . .

Halcius. No Forrester, it so must not be borne away,
But heare what for himselfe the Fisher first can say,
The Chrystall current Streames continually I keepe,
Where every Pearle-pav'd Foard, and every Blew-eyd deepe
With me familiar are; when in my Boate being set,
My Oare I take in hand, my Angle and my Net
About me; like a Prince my selfe in state I steer,
Now up, now downe the Streame, now am I here, now ther,
The Pilot and the Fraught my selfe; and at my ease
Can land me when I list, or in what place I please,
The Silver-scaled Sholes, about me in the Streames,
As thick as ye discerne the Atoms in the Beames,
Neare to the shady Banck where slender Sallowes grow,
And Willows their shag'd tops downe t'wards the water's bow
I shove in with my Boat to sheeld me from the heat,
Where chusing from my Bag, some prov'd especiall bayt,
The goodly well growne Trout I with my Angle strike,
And with my bearded Wyer I take the ravenous Pike,
Of whom when I have hould, he seldom breakes away
Though at my Lynes full length, soe long I let him play,
Till by my hand I finde him well-nere wearyed be,
When softly by degrees I drawe him up to me.
The lusty samon to, I oft with Angling take,
Which me above the rest most Lordly sport doth make,
Who feeling he is caught, such Frisks and bounds doth fetch,
And by his very strength my Line so farre doth stretch
And drawes my floating Corcke downe to the very ground,
And wresting of my Rod, doth make my Boat turne round.
I never idle am, some tyme I bayt my Weeles,
With which by night I take the dainty silver Eeles,
And with my Draughtnet then, I sweepe the streaming Flood,
And to my Tramell next, and Cast-net from the Mud,
I beate the Scaly brood, noe hower I idely spend,
But wearied with my worke I bring the day to end:
The Naijdes and Nymphes that in the Rivers keepe,
Which take into their care, the store of every deepe,
Amongst the Flowery flags, the Bullrushes and Reed,
That of the Spawne have charge (abundantly to breed)
Well mounted upon Swans, their naked bodys lend
To my discerning eye, and on my Boate attend,
And dance upon the Waves, before me (for my sake)
To th' Musick the soft wynd upon the Reeds doth make.
And for my pleasure more, the rougher Gods of Seas
From *Neptunes* Court send in the blew Neriades,

Which from his bracky Realme upon the Billowes ride
And beare the Rivers backe with every Streaming Tyde,
Those Billowes gainst my Boate, borne with delightfull Gales
Oft seeming as I rowe to tell me pretty tales,
Whilst Ropes of liquid Pearle still load my laboring Oares,
As streacht upon the Streame they stryke me to the Shores ;
The silent medowes seeme delighted with my Layes,
As sitting in my Boate I sing my Lasses praise,
Then let them that like, the Forrester up cry,
Your noble Fisher is your only man say I.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, 1630.

From 'Brittain's Ida'

His joy was not in musiques sweete delight,
(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning arte,)
Or dainty songs to daintier eares indite,
But through the plaines to chace the nimble hart
With well-tun'd hounds ; or with his certaine dart
The tusked boare or savage beare to wound :
Meane time his heart with monsters doth abound ;
Ah, Foole ! to seeke so farre what neerer might be found.

? PHINEAS FLETCHER, 1628.

'Beggars Bush'

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Good ev'n my honest friends.
Gerrard. Good ev'n good fellow
Hub. May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart,
A voice shall make the Forrest ring about him,
Get leave to live amongst ye? True as steel boys,
That knows all chases, and can watch all hours,
And with my quarter-staffe, though the Divell bid stand,
Deal such an almes, shall make him roar again?
Prick ye the fearfull hare through crosse wayes, sheep walks ;
And force the craftie Reynard climb the quick-sets ;
Rouze ye the loftie Stag, and with my bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn him,
'Till in his funeral tears he fall before me?
The *Polcat*, *Marterne*, and the rich skin'd *Lucerne*,
I know to chase the Roe, the wind out-stripping.
Isgrin himself in all his bloody anger,
I can beat from the bay ; and the wild sounder
Single ; and with my arm'd staff, turn the Boar
Spight of his fomy tushes ; and thus strike him,
Till he fall down my feast.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, 1661.

"Winde, jollie huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly."

From 'Perkin Warbeck'

ACT IV.

King Henry. I knew it should not misse.
He fondly angles who will hurle his bayte
Into the water, 'cause the Fish at first
Playes round about the line, and dares not bite.

J. FORD, 1634.

From 'The Sun's-Darling'

ACT III.

Winde, jollie Hunts-men your neat Bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lustie crie:
Spring up, you Faulconers, the Partridges freely,
then let your brave Hawks flie.
Horses amain
over ridg, over plain,
the Dogs have the Stag in chace;
'tis a sport to content a King.
So ho ho, through the skies
how the proud bird flies,
and soucing [1] kills with a grace,
Now the Deer falls, hark how they ring.

J. FORD and T. DECKER, 1656.

On a Tenis-court

Man is a *Tenis-court*: His Flesh, the *Wall*:
The Gamsters *God and Sathan*, Th' heart's the *Ball*:
The higher and the lower *Hazzards* are
Too bold *Presumption*, and too base *Despaire*:
The *Rackets*, which our restlesse *Balls* make flye,
Adversity, and sweet *Prosperity*:
The Angels keepe the *Court*, and marke the place,
Where the *Ball* fals, and chaulks out ev'ry *Chace*:
The *Line's* a Civill life, we often crosse,
Ore which, the *Ball* not flying, makes a *Losse*:
Detractors are like *Standers-by*, that bett
With Charitable men; Our *Life's* the *Sett*:
Lord, In this *Conflict*, in these fierce *Assaults*,
Laborious *Sathan* makes a world of *Faults*;
Forgive them Lord, although he nere implore
For favour; They'l be set upon our *score*:
O, take the *Ball*, before it come to th' ground,
For this base *Court* has many a *false Rebound*:
Strike, and strike hard, but strike above the *Line*;
Strike where thou please, so as the *Sett* be thine.

QUARLES (FRA), *Divine Fancies*, 1632.

[1] stooping.

Emblemes

Here's your right ground: Wagge gently ore this Black;
'Tis a short Cast; y'are quickly at the Jack:
Rubbe, rubbe an Inch or two; Two Crownes to one
On this Boules side; Blow winde; T'is fairely throwne
The next Boule's worse that comes; Come boule away;
Mammon, you know the ground un-tutor'd, Play;
Your last was gone; A yeard of strength, well spar'd,
Had touch'd the Block; your hand is still too hard.
Brave pastime, Readers, to consume that day,
Which; without pastime, flyes too swift away:
See how they labour; as if day and night
Were both too short, to serve their loose delight:
See how their curved bodies wreathe, and skrue
Such antick shapes as *Proteus* never knew:
One raps an oath; another deales a curse;
Hee never better bould; this, never worse:
One rubbes his itchlesse Elbow, shrugges, and laughs;
The tother bends his beetle-browes, and chafes,
Sometime they whoope; sometimes their Stigian cries
Send their Black-*Santos* to the blushing Skies;
Thus, mingling of Humors in a mad confusion,
They make bad Premises, and worse Conclusion:
But where's the Palme that Fortunes hand allowes
To bless the Victors honourable Browes?
Come, Reader, come; Ile light thine eye the way
To view the Prize, the while the Gamesters play;
Close by the Jack, behold Gill Fortune stands
To wave the game; See, in her partiall hands
The glorious Garland's held in open show,
To cheare the Ladds, and crowne the Conq'rers brow;
The world's the Jack; The Gamesters that contend,
Are *Cupid*, *Mammon*. That juditious Friend,
That gives the ground, is *Sathan*; and the Boules
Are sinfull Thoughts: The Prize, a Crowne for Fooles.
Who breathes that boules not? what bold tongue can say
Without a blush, he hath not bould to day?
It is the Trade of man; And ev'ry Sinner
Has plaid his Rubbers: Every Soule's a winner.
The vulgar Proverb's crost: Hee hardly can
Be a good Bouler and an Honest man.
Good God, turne thou my Brazil thoughts anew;
New soale my Boules, and make their Bias true:
I'le cease to game, till fairer Ground be given,
Nor wish to winne untill the Marke be Heaven.

FRA. QUARLES, 1635.

From 'Gondibert'

THE FIRST BOOK, CANTO THE SECOND

All were like Hunters clad in cheerfull green,
Young Natures Livery, and each at strife
Who most adorn'd in favours should be seen,
Wrought kindly by the Lady of his life.

These Martiall Favours on their Wasts they weare,
On which (for how they Conquest celebrate)
In an imbroader'd History appeare ;
Like life, the vanquish'd in their feates and fate.

And on these Belts (wrought with their Ladys care)
Hung Semyters of *Akons* trusty steele ;
Goodly to see, and he who durst compare
Those Ladies Eies, might soon their temper feele.

Cheer'd as the Woods (where new wak'd Quires they meet)
Are all ; and now dispose their choice Relays
Of Horse and Hounds, each like each other fleet ;
Which best when with themselves compar'd we prais ;

To them old Forrest Spys, the Harborers
With hast approach, wet as still weeping Night,
Or Deer that mourn their growth of head with tears,
When the defenceless weight does hinder flight.

And Doggs, such whose cold secrecy was ment
By Nature for surprise, on these attend ;
Wise temp'rate Lime-Hounds [1] that proclaim no scent ;
Nor harb'ring [2] will their mouths in boasting spend.

Yet vainlier farr then Traytors boast their prise
(On which their vehemence vast rates does lay,
Since in that worth their treasons credit lies)
These Harb'rers praise that which they now betray.

Boast they have lodg'd a Stagg, that all the Race
Out-runs of *Croton* Horse, or *Regian* Hounds ;
A Stagg made long since Royall in the Chace,
If Kings can honor give by giving wounds.

For *Aribert* had pierc't him at a Bay,
Yet scap'd he by the vigour of his Head ;
And many a sommer since has wonne the day,
And often left his *Regian* Foll'wers dead.

[1] hounds in leash. [2] marking the lie.

His spacious Beame [1] (that even the Rights outgrew)
From *Antlar* to his *Troch* had all allow'd
By which his age the aged Woodmen knew;
Who more than he were of that beauty prowd.

Now each Relay a sev'ral Station findes,
Ere the triumphant Train the Copps surrounds;
Relayes of Horse, long breath'd as winter windes,
And their deep Cannon Mouth'd experienc'd Hounds.

The Huntsmen (Busily concern'd in showe
As if the world were by this Beast undone,
And they against him hir'd as Nature's Foe)
In haste uncouple, and their Hounds outrunne.

Now winde they a Recheat, the rows'd Dear's knell;
And through the Forrest all the Beasts are aw'd;
Alarm'd by Ecchoe, Nature's Sentinel,
Which shews that Murdrous Man is come abroad.

Tirranique Man! Thy subjects Enemy!
And more through wantonness then need or hate;
From whom the winged to their Coverts flie;
And to their Dennes even those that laye in waite.

So this (the most successfull of his kinde,
Whose Foreheads force oft his Opposers prest,
Whose swiftness left Persuers shafts behinde)
Is now of all the Forrest most distrest!

The Heard deny him shelter, as if taught
To know their safety is to yield him lost;
Which shews they want not the results of thought,
But speech, by which we ours for reason boast.

We blush to see our politicks in Beasts,
Who Many sav'd by this one sacrifice;
And since through blood they follow interests,
Like us when cruel should be counted wise.

His Rivals that his fury us'd to fear
For his lov'd Female, now his faintness Shunne;
But were his season hot, and she but neer,
(O mighty Love!) his Hunters were undone.

From thence, well blown, he comes to the Relay;
Where Man's fam'd reason proves but Cowardise,
And only serves him meanly to betray;
Even for the flying, Man, in ambush lies.

[1] horns.

The Stag Hunt.

But now, at his last remedy to live,
(For ev'ry shift for life kinde Nature makes,
Since life the utmost is which she can give)
Coole *Adice* from the swoln Banke he takes.

But this fresh Bath the Doggs will make him leave;
Whom he sure nos'd as fasting Tygers found;
Their scent no North-east winde could e're deceave
Which dries the ayre, nor Flocks that foyle the Ground.

Swift here the Flyers and Persuers seeme;
The frighted Fish swim from their *Adice*,
The Doggs pursue the Deer, he the fleet, streme,
And that hasts swiftly to the *Adrian* Sea.

Refresh'd thus in this fleeting Element,
He up the stedfast Shore did boldly rise;
And soon escap'd their view, but not their scent;
That faithful Guide which even conducts their Eies.

This frail relief was like short gales of breath
Which oft at Sea a long dead calme prepare;
Or like our Curtains drawn at point of death,
When all our Lungs are spent, to give us ayre.

For on the Shore the Hunters him attend;
And whilst the Chace grew warm as is the day
(Which now from the hot *Zenith* does descend)
He is imbos'd, and weary'd to a Bay.

The Jewel, Life, he must surrender here;
Which the world's Mistris, Nature, does not give,
But like drop'd Favours suffers us to weare,
Such as by which pleas'd Lovers think they live.

Yet life he so esteems, that he allows
It all defence his force and rage can make;
And to the *Regian* Race such fury shows
As their last blood some unreveng'd forsake.

But now the Monarch Murderer comes in,
Destructive Man! whom Nature would not arme,
As when in madness mischief is foreseen
We leave it weaponless for fear of harme.

For she defencelesse made him that he might
Less readily offend; but Art armes all,
From single strife makes us in Numbers fight;
And by such art this Royall Stagg did fall.

He weeps till grief does even his Murd'rers pierce;
Grief which so nobly through his anger strove,
That it deserv'd the dignity of verse,
And had it words as humanly would move.

Thrice from the ground his vanquish'd Head he rear'd,
And with last looks his Forrest walks did view ;
Where Sixty Sommers he had rul'd the Heard,
And where sharp *Dittany* now vainly grew :

Whose hoary Leaves no more his wounds shall heale ;
For with a Sigh (a blast of all his breath)
That viewlesse thing call'd Life, did from him steale ;
And with their Bugle Hornes they winde his death.

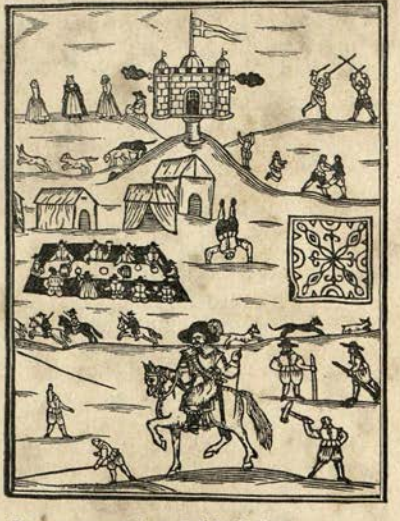
Gondibert: an heroick Poem, by Sir WILLIAM D AVENANT, 1651.

From an Eglogue by Thomas Randolph

COLLEN, THENOT

Collen. Last Evening Lad, I met a noble *Swayne*,
That spurr'd his spright-full *Palfrey* ore the playne :
His head with Ribbands crown'd, and deck't as gay,

COTSWOLD GAMES.



As any Lasse, upon her Bridall day
I thought (what easie faiths we *Sheepheards* prove ?)
This, not the Bull, had beene *Europaes* love.

I ask't the cause, they tould mee this was hee,
Whom this dayes Tryumph, crown'd with victory.
Many brave Steeds there were, some you should finde
So fleete, as they had bin sonnes of the winde.
Others with hoofes so swifte, beate are [1] the race,
As if some Engine shot'um to the place.
So many, and so well wing'd Steeds there were,
As all the broode of *Pegasus* had bin there,
Rider and horse could not distinguish'd bee,
Both seem'd conjoyn'd a *Centaures Progeny.*
A numerous troupe they were, yet all so light,
Earth never groon'd nor felt'um in their flight.
Such Royall pastimes *Cotswold* mountaines fill,
When Gentle swaines visit her glorious Hill:
Where with such packs of *Hounds*, they hunting go,
As *Cyrus* never woon'd his *Bugle* too;
Whose noise is musicall, and with full cries,
Beat's ore the Field's, and ecchoes through the skies.
Orion hearing, wish'd to leave his Spheare;
And call his *Dogge* from heaven, to sport it there.
Watt though he fled for life, yet joy'd withall,
So brave a *Dirge*, sung forth his Funerall.
Not *Syrens* sweetlier rill, *Hares*, as they flie
Looke backe, as glad to listen, loth to die.

Annalia Dubrensia. Upon the yeerely celebration of Mr. Robert Dovers Olimpick Games upon Cotswold-Hills, 1636.

From '*An Ode to* Mr. Anthony Stafford *to hasten him into the Country*'

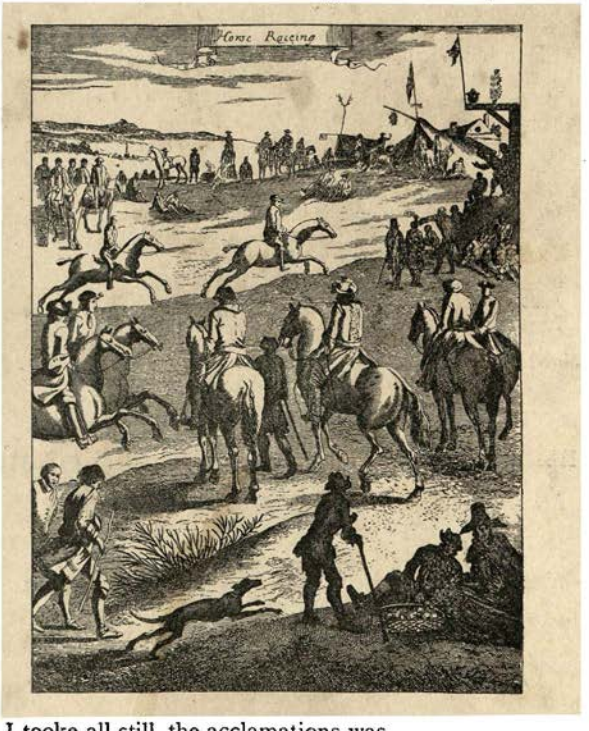
Ours is the skie,
Whereat what fowle we please our Hauke shall flye;
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty foxe, or timorous hare,
But let our hounds runne loose
In any ground they'l choose,
The Bucke shall fall,
The stagge and all:
Our pleasures must from their owne warrants bee,
For to my *Muse*, if not to mee,
I'me sure all game is free;
Heaven, Earth, are all but parts of her great Royalty.

T. RANDOLPH, *Poems, &c.*, 1638.

[1] *V.l.* ore = over.

'Hide Parke'

Great *John* at all adventure and grave *Jockey*,
Mounted their severall Mares, I shan'ot tell
The story out for laughing, ha, ha, ha,
But this in briefe *Jockey* was left behind,
The pitty and the scorne of all the oddes,
Plaid bout my eares like Cannon, but lesse dangerous.



I tooke all still, the acclamations was
For *Venture*, whose disdainefull Mare threw durt
In my old *Jockeys* face, all hopes forsaking us,
Two hundred peeces desperate, and two thousand
Oathes sent after them, upon the suddaine,
When we expected no such tricke, we saw
My rider that was domineering ripe,
Vault ore his Mare into a tender slough,

Where he was much beholding to one shoulder,
For saving of his necke, his beast recovered,
And he by this time somewhat mortified,
Besides mortified, hath left the triumph
To his Olympick Adversary, who shall
Ride hither in full pompe on his *Bucephalus*
With his victorious bagpipe.

JAMES SHIRLEY, 1637.

From 'Coopers Hill'

. . . . . .

There Faunus and Sylvanus keepe their Courts,
And thither all the horned hoast resorts,
To graze the rancker meade, that noble heard,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is reard
Natures great Masterpeece; to shew how soone
Great things are made, but sooner are undone,
Here have I seene the *King*, when great affaires
Give leave to slacken, and unbend his cares,
Attended to the Chase by all the flower
Of youth, whose hopes a Nobler prey devoure:
Pleasure with Praise, and danger, they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stagg now conscious of his fatall Growth,
At once indulgent to his feare and sloth,
To some darke covert his retreat had made,
Where nor mans eye, nor heavens should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of doggs, and men, his wakefull eare doth wound.
Rouz'd with the noyse, he scarse believes his eare,
Willing to think th' illusions of his feare
Had given this false Alar'm, but straight his view
Confirmes, that more than all he feares is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all Arts of ruine met;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heeles, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoyd, with that his Fate to meet:
But feare prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flyes, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his eare the cry;
Exulting, till he finds, their Nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed does recompense.
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrayes that safety which their swiftnesse lent.
Then tryes his friends, among the baser heard,
Where he so lately was obey'd, and fear'd,

His safety seeks : the heard, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flyes.
Like a declining Statesman, left forlorne
To his friends pitty, and pursuers scorne,
With shame remembers, while himselfe was one
Of the same heard, himselfe the same had done.
Thence to the coverts, and the conscious Groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs, and his loves ;
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the soyle, and all the heard his owne ;
And like a bold Knight Errant did proclaime
Combat to all, and bore away the Dame ;
And taught the woods to eccho to the streame
His dreadfull challenge, and his clashing beame.[1]
Yet faintly now declines the fatall strife ;
So much his love was dearer then his life.
Now every leafe, and every moving breath
Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety in despaire of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to beare
All their assaults, since 'tis in vaine to feare.
And now too late he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in Ignoble flight :
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himselfe by doggs, the doggs by men pursu'd :
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage, then his feare before ;
Finds that uncertaine waies unsafest are,
And Doubt a greater mischiefe then Despaire.
Then to the streame, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor Art availe, he shapes his course ;
Thinks not their rage so desperate t' assay,
An Element more mercilesse then they.
But feareless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst ; alas, they thirst for blood.
So towards a Ship the oarefin'd Gallyes ply,
Which wanting Sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreame despayre.
So fares the Stagg among th' inraged hounds,
Repells their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a Hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assailes, now those,
Though prodigall of life, disdaines to dy
By common hands ; but if he can descry
Some nobler foes approach, to him he calls,

[1] head of horns.

And beggs his Fate, and then contented falls.
So when the King a mortall shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to dy,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And staines the Chrystall with a Purple flood.

Coopers Hill. Written in the yeare 1640. Now Printed from a perfect Copy; And Corrected Impression. By JOHN DENHAM, Esq., 1655.

From 'The Falcon'

Fair Princesse of the spacious Air,
That hast vouchsaf'd acquaintance here,
With us are quarter'd below stairs,
That can reach Heav'n with nought but Pray'rs;
Who when our activ'st wings we try,
Advance a foot into the Sky.

Bright Heir t' th' Bird Imperial,
From whose avenging penons fall
Thunder and Lightning twisted Spun;
Brave Cousin-german to the Sun,
That didst forsake thy Throne and Sphere,
To be an humble Pris'ner here;
And for a pirch of her soft hand,
Resign the Royal Woods command.

How often would'st thou shoot Heav'ns Ark,
Then mount thy self into a Lark;
And after our short faint eyes call,
When now a Fly, now nought at all;
Then stoop so swift unto our Sence,
As thouwert sent Intelligence.

Free beauteous Slave, thy happy feet
In silver Fetters vervails[1] meet,
And trample on that noble Wrist
The Gods have kneel'd in vain t' have kist:
But gaze not, bold deceived Spye,
Too much oth' lustre of her Eye;
The Sun, thou dost out-stare, alas!
Winks at the glory of her Face.

Be safe then in thy Velvet helm,
Her looks are calms that do orewhelm,
Then the *Arabian* bird more blest,
Chafe in the spicery of her breast,
And loose you in her Breath, a wind
Sow'rs the delicious gales of *Inde*.

[1] rings on a hawk's feet.

But now a quill from thine own Wing
I pluck, thy lofty fate to sing ;
Whilst we behold the various fight,
With mingled pleasure and affright,
The humbler Hinds do fall to pray'r,
As when an Army's seen i' th' Air
And the prophetick Spannels run,
And howle thy *Epicedium.*

The *Heron* mounted doth appear
On his own Peg'sus a Lanceer,
And seems on earth, when he doth hut,
A proper Halberdier on foot ;
Secure i' th' Moore, about to sup,
The Dogs have beat his Quarters up

And now he takes the open air,
Drawes up his Wings with Tactick care ;
Whilst th' expert *Falcon* swift doth climbe,
In subtle Mazes serpentine ;
And to advantage closely twin'd
She gets the upper Sky and Wind,
Where she dissembles to invade,
And lies a pol'tick Ambuscade.

The hedg'd-in *Heron*, whom the Foe
Awaits above, and Dogs below,
In his fortification lies,
And makes him ready for surprize ;
When roused with a shrill alarm,
Was shouted from beneath, they arm.

The *Falcon* charges at first view
With her brigade of Talons ; through
Whose Shoots, the wary *Heron* beat,
With a well counterwheel'd retreat.
But the bold Gen'ral never lost,
Hath won again her airy Post ;
Who wild in this affront, now fryes,
Then gives a Volley of her Eyes.

The desp'rate *Heron* now contracts,
In one design all former facts ;
Noble he is resolv'd to fall
His, and his En'mies funerall,
And (to be rid of her) to dy
A publick Martyr of the Sky.

When now he turns his last to wreak
The palizadoes of his Beak ;
The raging foe impatient
Wrack'd with revenge, and fury rent,

Swift as the Thunderbolt he strikes,
Too sure upon the stand of Pikes,
There she his naked breast doth hit
And on the case of Rapiers' split.

But ev'n in her expiring pangs
The *Heron's* pounc'd within her Phangs,
And so above she stoops to rise
A Trophee and a Sacrifice ;
Whilst her own Bells in the sad fall
Ring out the double Funerall.

Ah Victory ! unhap'ly wonne,
Weeping and Red is set the Sun,
Whilst the whole Field floats in one tear,
And all the Air doth mourning wear :
Close hooded all thy kindred come
To pay their Vows upon thy Tombe ;
The *Hobby* and the *Musket* too,
Do march to take their last adieu.

The *Lanner* and the *Lanneret*,
Thy Colours bear as Banneret ;
The *Goshawk* and her *Tercel* rows'd,
With Tears attend thee as new bows'd,
All these are in their dark array
Led by the various *Herald-Jay.*

But thy eternal name shall live
Whilst Quills from Ashes fame reprieve,
Whilst open stands Renown's wide dore,
And Wings are left on which to soar ;
Doctor *Robbin*, the Prelate *Pye*,
And the poetick *Swan* shall dye,
Only to sing thy Elegie.

RICHARD LOVELACE, *Lucasta*, 1659.

A Horrible, Terrible, Troublesome, Historical Narration of a Duel ;

OR, THE RELATION OF A COCK-FIGHT FOUGHT AT WISBICH

. . . . . .

Into the Pit they're brought, and being there
Upon the Stage, the *Norfolk Chanticlere*
Looks stoutly at his ne're-before-seen Foe,
And, like a *Challenger*, began to crow
And clap his wings, as if he would display
His war-like *Colours*, which were *black* and *gray*.
Mean time the wary *Wisbich* walks and breaths
His active body, and in fury wreaths
His comely CREST, and, often looking down,
He beats his angry BEAK upon the ground.
This done they meet : not like that Coward breed
Of *Æsop's* ; these can better fight than feed.
They scorn the Dunghill ; 'tis their onely prize
To dig for *Pearls* within each others eyes.
They fought so nimbly that 'twas hard to know,
To th' skilfull, whether they did fight or no ;
If that the bloud which died the fatal floor,
Had not born witness of't. Yet fought they more ;
As if each wound were but a Spur to prick
Their fury forward. Lightning's not more quick
Or red, than were their eyes. 'Twas hard to know
Whether 'twas bloud or anger made them so :

. . . . . .

But now the Tragick part! After this fit
When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it,
And *Wisbich* lay a dying, so that none,
Though sober, but might venture seven to one,
Contracting, *like a dying Taper*, all
His strength, intending with the blow to fall,
He struggles up, and having taken wind,
Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.
And now *poor Norfolk*, having lost his eyes

Fights guided onely by *Antipathies*
With him, alas! the Proverb is not true,
The blowes his eyes ne're saw, his heart must rue.
At last by chance he stumbling on his Foe,
Not having any strength to give a blow,
He falls upon him with his wounded head,
And makes his *Conqueror's* wings his feather-bed.

1660.

From 'The Genteel Recreation'

. . . . . .

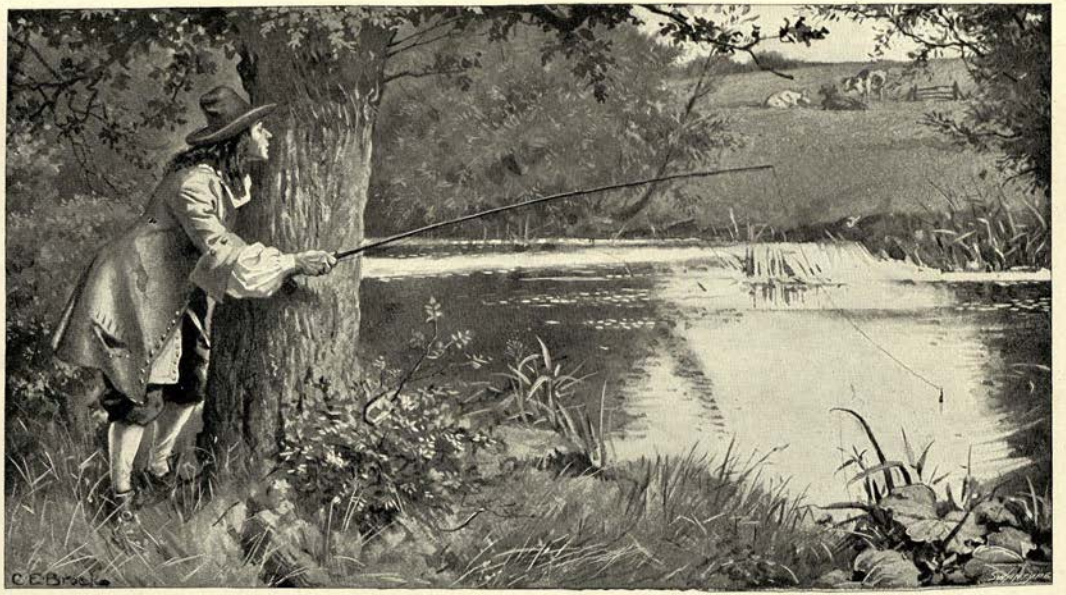
Then sometime in a dusky evening late:
A *grey Snail* from the ground I take,
And gently o'r the stream I troul.
'Tis safe, 'tis sure to try with all,
If but some Rain the day before did fall,
For Muddy streams a little vext,
With falling showers decoy him best:

LIBRA
OF TH
BOMB
BRAN
OF TI
ROYAL ASIATI

Or, to take a *Beetle* always brown,
That Boys from off the Apple-Trees knock down,
Which in an Evening late when all the Stars,
To Heavens black Cannopy withdraws.
You may be sure good sport to find,
If but the following precepts well you mind,

Four Wings he has, two scaly, two of softest down
But with his tail your largest hook encrown
Ne'r hurt him, all his Wings he will expand,
And Sing a Murmuring Tune the Trouts can understand,
Who greedy of so sweet a prey,
Leap straight and bear the Songster quite away.
When with a sudden touch I feel him rove,
I soon injoy my wishes and my Love,
Try this but once, you'll quickly find it true,
And neatly after this same slight[1] persue.
But let no noise the wary Trout offend,
By stiring ground or reeds, least vain your wishes end,
. . . . . .
No sooner was compleat my Fishing Geer,
But that I chanc'd to spie unto me steer.
Two *Carps* that were of mighty size,
My heart e'n leapt to make of one a prize;
As they came Sailing careless on their way,
A well scour'd worm I in their course convay.
The water there not two foot deep,
Besides so clear,
That all their motions plainly did appear,
Behind a shady Oak conceal'd I stood,
And with a wary eye observ'd the flood,
And all their motions as they mov'd,
Thus while they nearer drew,
My hopes I still renew,
They'd nible at my bait,
Tho after curse me for my sly deceit;
And quickly plainly cou'd descry,
That one had something pleasing to his eye,
He seem'd to smile and with expanded Jaws,
Hug'd his good luck and silent gave Applause.
Till with a gentle touch I hook'd him streight,
While he stood wondring whence should come deceit,
Under the Luster of so fair a bait;
He never seem'd, or scorn'd to run,
But with a sudden yerk his tail did turn,
And then as suddenly my Joys were gone,
For my new strand gave way and broke,
But what's become of worm and hook,
For both I'm sure he fairly took.
Vext, no, we Anglers often loose our prize,
Compleat let all our Tackling be, and most precise,
For Fishes prove sometimes more wise than we,
As by this late ensample all may see,
. . . . . .

[1] feint.



"Behind a shady Oak, conceal'd I stood."

'Tis pity for to part the *Carp* and he,
Since muddy Ponds with both do well agree ;
One bait doth both delight,
A worm that's red and bright,
Excells a Thousand trifling things,
That bungling Anglers to small purpose brings,
To scare the Fish away :
Both yield sweet pleasure, both delight,
Tho both contrary ways do bite,
And also play,
Carps eager gape and draw the flote downright,
Then when he's hung he runs with all his might
Nor water beats he with his tail,
Till life and strength together fail ;
The *Tench* he only gently sucks the worm,
And several ways the floting flote will turn,
Until the hook within his Jaws doth lie,
Angler forbear, for that once done to th' reeds he'll ply,
Thinking his prey for to secure and speedy dye.
One gentle touch he'll beat the water with his tail,
Imploring help, no help can then prevail,

. . . . . .

Soon from the River then withdraw,
Unto some *Farm*, and turn the rotten straw.
For *Worms*, a Ruby head and body white,
Are certain signs the *Roach* at them will bite,
Get but a few, you need no more to fear,
But you'll have sport if any *Roach* are there,
I seldom find them at this bait precise ;
And some I've ta'en with other *Fishes eyes.*
One time my baits were spent,
I thoughtfull was for more,
When Fortune favour'd my Intent,
And soon supply'd my store ;
A sudden fancy in my Nodle came,
Which I resolved then to try,
Do you but make experience of the same,
You may succeed as well as I,
The Glaring *Oculus*, great Loves misterious bait,
That leads the World in errour, Topsy turns a state,
Which Monarch's more adore, and brighter shines,
Then all the Glittering stones adorn their Diadems :
This was my fancy, and I well may say,
Eyes were my Guide the Fishes to betray,
For some I took, *Jove* pardon my Intent,
To make the blind decoy the Innocent ;
Wonder no more, 'tis certain true and just,
Necessity begot Invention first.

. . . . . .

If but one Inch, or rather on the ground,
Your *Bradling* tail, as you the water sound ;
For he'll ne'er rise, try all the Art you can,
To take a bait that's from the ground a span.
A *Bradling*, that his chiefest Love,
A *Gentle*, sometimes will him move.
So will the *Straw-worm*, from his house drawn clear,
Shew you the pleasure that in Rivers are.
A pliant Rod,
No sturdy Goad,

That Rustick People use,
Gives more delight,
When *Gudgeons* bite,
Then all their vain Ostentious shews.
A Hook that's fine,
And Taper Line,
Two or three hairs below,
May well suffice,
Unto the wise,
When they to Angling go.

The Genteel Recreation, or, The Pleasure of Angling. A Poem with a Dialogue Between Piscator and Corydon. By JOHN WHITNEY a lover of the Angle.
1700.

From 'Epistle the Thirteenth

TO MY HONOURED KINSMAN, JOHN DRYDEN, . . .

. . . With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You seek the champion[1] sports, or sylvan chace:
With well-breath'd beagles you surround the wood,
Ev'n then, industrious of the common good:
And often have you brought the wily fox
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks;
Chas'd even amid the folds; and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murd'rous deed.
This fiery game your active youth maintain'd;
Not yet by years extinguish'd, tho restrain'd:
You season still with sports your serious hours:
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.
The hare in pastures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;
And, after all his wand'ring ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Just as the setting meets the rising sun,
Thus princes ease their cares; but happier he,
Who seeks not pleasure thro necessity,
Than such as once on slipp'ry thrones were plac'd;
And chasing, sigh to think themselves are chas'd.
So liv'd our sires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.
The first physicians by debauch were made:
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade,
Pity the gen'rous kind their cares bestow
To search forbidden truths; (a sin to know:)
To which if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain.
In vain the leech would interpose delay;
Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey.
What help from art's endeavors can we have?
Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save:
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and peoples ev'ry grave;
And no more mercy to mankind will use,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's muse.
Would'st thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish whole,
Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy soul.
By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood:
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.

[1] open country.

Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend ;
God never made his work, for man to mend.

The Miscellaneous Works of John Dryden, 1760.

From 'Health ; an Eclogue

. . . Come, country Goddess, come ; nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.
Call'd by thy lively voice, she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace ;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train :

FEASANT HAWKING.
The Feasant Cock the woods doth most frequent .
Where Spaniells Spring & pearch him by the Sent .
And when in Flight the Hawk wt quickned Speed
With's beake & Savage talens makes him bleede .

Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.
Let Sloth lye soft'ning till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the sult'ry town,

"When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest."

Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxurious ease:
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkenell'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where stags thro' tangled thickets tread,
And shake the saplings with their branching head;
I make the faulcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus thro' change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from ev'ry change. . . .

The Works, in Verse and Prose, of Dr. Thomas Parnell, 1767.

From 'Henry and Emma'

A Poem upon the Model of the 'Nut-Brown Maid'.

TO CLOE

. . . When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears:
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey;
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake;
And shews the path her steed may safest take;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd;
And blows her praises in no common sound.
A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise, and stoop at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and sorrow is exprest,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast. . .

Poetical Works of Matthew Prior, 1779.

Selections from 'The Chace'

'My hoarse-sounding Horn
Invites thee to the Chace, the Sport of Kings;
Image of War, without its Guilt.'

HARE HUNTING

BOOK II

The Horn sonorous calls; the Pack awak'd
Their Mattins chant, nor brook my long Delay:
My Courser hears their Voice; see there with Ears
And Tail erect, neighing he paws the Ground!
Fierce Rapture kindles in his red'ning Eyes,
And boils in ev'ry Vein. As captive Boys
Cow'd by the ruling Rod, and haughty Frowns
Of Pedagogues severe, from their hard Tasks
If once dismiss'd, no Limits can contain
The Tumult rais'd, within their little Breasts
But give a Loose to all their frolick Play.
So from their Kennel rush the joyous Pack;
A thousand wanton Gayeties express
Their inward Extasy, their pleasing Sport
Once more indulg'd, and Liberty restor'd.
The rising Sun that o'er th' Horizon peeps,
As many Colours from their glossy Skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various Bow
When *April* Show'rs descend. Delightful Scene!
Where all around is gay, Men, Horses, Dogs,
And in each smiling Countenance appears
Fresh-blooming Health, and universal Joy.

HUNTSMAN, lead on! behind the clust'ring Pack
Submiss attend, hear with respect thy Whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harsher Voice obey:
Spare not the stragling Cur, that wildly roves,
But let thy brisk Assistant on his Back
Imprint thy just Resentments, let each Lash
Bite to the Quick, 'till howling he return
And whining creep amid the trembling Crowd.

HERE on this verdant Spot, where Nature kind,
With double Blessings crowns the Farmer's Hopes;
Wher Flow'rs autumnal Spring, and the rank Mead
Affords the wand'ring Hares a rich Repast;
Throw off thy ready Pack. See, where they spread
And range around, and dash the glitt'ring Dew.

If some stanch Hound, with his authentick Voice,
Avow the recent Trail, the justling Tribe
Attend his Call, then with one mutual Cry,
The welcome News confirm, and echoing Hills
Repeat the pleasing Tale. See how they thread
The Brakes, and up yon Furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager Haste; then o'er the fallow'd Ground
How leisurely they work, and many a Pause
Th' harmonious Consort breaks; 'till more assur'd
With Joy redoubled the low Vallies ring.
What artful Labyrinths perplex their Way!
Ah! there she lies; how close! she pants, she doubts
If now she lives; she trembles as she sits,
With Horror seiz'd. The wither'd Grass that clings
Around her Head, of the same russet Hue
Almost deceiv'd my Sight, had not her Eyes
With Life full-beaming her vain Wiles betray'd.
At Distance draw thy Pack, let all be hush'd,
No Clamour loud, no frantick Joy be heard,
Lest the wild Hound run gadding o'er the Plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding Voice.
Now gently put her off; see how direct
To her known *Muse*[1] she flies! Here Huntsman bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly Hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,
And seem to plough the Ground! then all at once
With greedy Nostrils snuff the fuming Steam
That glads their flutt'ring Hearts. As Winds let loose
From the dark Caverns of the blust'ring God,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy Lawn.
Hope gives them Wings, while she's spur'd on by Fear.
The Welkin rings, Men, Dogs, Hills, Rocks, and Woods
In the full Consort join. Now my brave Youths,
Stripp'd for the Chace, give all your Souls to Joy!
See how their Coursers, than the Mountain Roe
More fleet, the verdant Carpet skim, thick Clouds
Snorting they breath, their shining Hoofs scarce print
The Grass unbruis'd; with Emulation fir'd
They strain to lead the Field, top the barr'd Gate,
O'er the deep Ditch exulting Bound, and brush
The thorny-twining Hedge: The Riders bend
O'er their arch'd Necks; with steady Hands, by turns
Indulge their Speed, or moderate their Rage.
Where are their Sorrows, Disappointments, Wrongs,
Vexations, Sickness, Cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting Winds lag far behind.

[1] gap in the hedge.

HUNTSMAN ! her Gate observe, if in wide Rings
She wheel her mazy Way, in the same Round
Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten Track.
But if she fly, and with the fav'ring Wind
Urge her bold Course ; less intricate thy Task :
Push on thy Pack. Like some poor exil'd Wretch
The frighted Chace leaves her late dear Abodes,
O'er Plains remote she stretches far away,
Ah ! never to return ! For greedy Death
Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his Prey.

HARK ! from yon Covert, where those tow'ring Oaks
Above the humble Copse aspiring rise,
What glorious Triumphs burst in ev'ry Gale
Upon our ravish'd Ears ! The Hunters shout,
The clanging Horns swell their sweet-winding Notes,
The Pack wide-op'ning load the trembling Air
With various Melody ; from Tree to Tree
The propagated Cry, redoubling Bounds,
And winged Zephirs waft the floating Joy
Thro' all the regions near : Afflictive Birch
No more the School-boy dreads, his Prison broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his Master's Call.
The weary Traveller forgets his Road,
And climbs th' adjacent Hill ; the Ploughman leaves
Th' unfinish'd Furrow ; nor his bleating Flocks
Are now the Shepherd's Joy ; Men, Boys, and Girls
Desert th' unpeopled Village ; and wild Crowds
Spread o'er the Plain, by the sweet Frenzy seiz'd.
Look, how she pants ! and o'er yon op'ning Glade
Slips glancing by ; while at the further End,
The puzling Pack unravel Wile by Wile
Maze within Maze. The Covert's utmost Bound
Slyly she skirts ; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very Track, so lately stain'd
By all the steaming Crowd, seems to pursue
The Foes she flies. Let Cavillers deny
That Brutes have Reason ; sure 'tis something more,
'Tis Heav'n directs, and Stratagems inspires,
Beyond the short Extent of humane Thought.
But hold—— I see her from the Covert break ;
Sad on yon little Eminence she sits ;
Intent she listens with one Ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new Course to take,
And how t' escape the fierce blood-thirsty Crew,
That still urge on, and still in Vollies loud,
Insult her Woes, and mock her sore Distress.
As now in louder Peals, the loaded Winds
Bring on the gath'ring Storm, her Fears prevail ;
And o'er the Plain, and o'er the Mountain's Ridge,

Away she flies ; nor Ships with Wind and Tide,
And all their Canvass Wings skud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial Train, your Courage try,
And each clean Courser's Speed. We scour along,
In pleasing Hurry and Confusion tost ;
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient Pack
Hang on the Scent unweary'd, up they climb,
And ardent we pursue ; our lab'ring Steeds
We press, we gore ; till once the Summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breath awhile ;
Then like a foaming Torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the Vale.

Happy the Man, who with unrival'd Speed
Can pass his Fellows, and with Pleasure view
The struggling Pack ; how in the rapid Course
Alternate they preside, and justling push
To guide the dubious Scent ; how giddy Youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser Age reprov'd ;
How nigard of his Strength, the wise old Hound
Hangs in the Rear, 'till some important Point
Rouse all his Diligence, or 'till the Chace
Sinking he finds ; then to the Head he springs
With Thirst of Glory fir'd, and wins the Prize.
Huntsman, take heed ; they stop in full career.
Yon crowding Flocks, that at a Distance gaze,

Have haply foil'd the Turf. See ! that old Hound,
How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful Sense ; draw yet a wider Ring.
Hark ! now again the Chorus fills. As Bells
Sally'd a while at once their Peal renew,
And high in Air the tuneful Thunder rolls.
See, how they toss, with animated Rage
Recov'ring all they lost !—— That eager Haste
Some doubling Wile foreshews.—— Ah ! yet once more
They're check'd,—hold back with Speed—on either Hand
They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'Tis Right,
Away they Spring ; the rustling Stubbles bend
Beneath the driving Storm. Now the poor Chace
Begins to flag, to her last Shifts reduc'd.
From Brake to Brake she flies, and visits all
Her well-known Haunts, where once she rang'd secure,
With Love and Plenty blest. See ! there she goes,
She reels along, and by her Gate betrays
Her inward Weakness. See, how black she looks !
The Sweat that clogs th' obstructed Pores, scarce leaves
A languid Scent. And now in open View
See, see, she flies ! each eager Hound exerts
His utmost Speed, and stretches ev'ry Nerve
How quick she turns ! Their gaping Jaws eludes,
And yet a Moment lives ; 'till round inclos'd
By all the greedy Pack, with infant Screams
She yields her Breath, and there reluctant dies.

FOX HUNTING

BOOK III

For these nocturnal Thieves, Huntsman, prepare
Thy sharpest Vengeance. Oh ! how glorious 'tis
To right th' oppress'd, and bring the Felon vile
To just Disgrace ! E'er yet the Morning peep,
Or Stars retire from the first Blush of Day,
With thy far-ecchoing Voice alarm thy Pack,
And rouse thy bold Compeers. Then to the Copse,
Thick with entangling Grass, or prickly Furze
With Silence lead thy many-colour'd Hounds
In all their Beauty's Pride. See ! how they range
Dispers'd, how busily this Way and that,
They cross, examining with curious Noise
Each likely Haunt. Hark ! on the Drag I hear
Their doubtful Notes, preluding to a Cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with ev'ry Mouth.
As straggling Armies, at the Trumpet's Voice,
Press to their Standard ; hither all repair,

And hurry thro' the Woods ; with hasty Step
Rustling, and full of Hope ; now driv'n on Heaps
They push, they strive ; While from his Kennel sneaks
The conscious Villain. See ! he skulks along,
Slick at the Shepherd's Cost, and plump with Meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the Wicked here below.
Tho' high his Brush he bear, tho' tipt with white
It gayly shine ; yet e're the Sun declin'd
Recall the Shades of Night, the pamper'd Rogue
Shall rue his Fate revers'd ; and at his Heels
Behold the just Avenger, swift to seize
His forfeit Head, and thirsting for his Blood.

Heavens ! what melodious Strains ! how beat our Hearts
Big with tumultuous Joy ! the loaded Gales
Breath Harmony ; and as the Tempest drives
From Wood to Wood, thro' ev'ry dark Recess
The Forest thunders, and the Mountains shake.
The Chorus swells ; less various, and less sweet
The trilling Notes, when in those very Groves,
The feather'd Choristers salute the Spring,
And ev'ry Bush in Consort joins ; or when
The Master's Hand, in modulated Air,
Bids the loud Organ breath, and all the Pow'rs
Of Musick in one Instrument combine,
An universal Minstrelsy. And now
In vain each Earth he tries, the Doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the Covert safe ;
He pants the purer Air. Hark ! what loud Shouts
Re-eccho thro' the Groves ! he breaks away,
Shrill Horns proclaim his Flight. Each straggling Hound
Strains o'er the Lawn to reach the distant Pack.
'Tis Triumph all and Joy. Now, my brave Youths,
Now give a Loose to the clean gen'rous Steed ;
Flourish the Whip, nor spare the galling Spur ;
But in the Madness of Delight, forget
Your Fears. Far o'er the rocky Hills we range,
And dangerous our Course ; but in the Brave
True Courage never fails. In vain the Stream
In foaming Eddies whirls ; in vain the Ditch
Wide-gaping threatens Death. The craggy Steep,
Where the poor dizzy Shepherd crawls with Care,
And clings to ev'ry Twig, gives us no Pain ;
But down we sweep, as stoops the Falcon bold
To pounce his Prey. Then up th' opponent Hill,
By the swift Motion slung, we mount aloft.
So Ships in Winter-Seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy Wave ; then toss'd on high
Ride on the Billows, and defy the Storm.

What Lengths we pass! where will the wand'ring Chace
Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as Swallows skim
The new-shorn Mead, and far more swift we fly.
See my brave Pack! how to the Head they press,
Justling in close Array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning Mouths
The vollied Thunder breaks. So when the Cranes
Their annual Voyage steer, with wanton Wing
Their Figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From Cloud to Cloud rebounds. How far behind
The Hunter-Crew, wide-straggling o'er the Plain!

FOX HVNTING.
With Eger Hounds the Fox is hard pursu'd ·
Till him they Earth whose Subtile shifts renewd
Theire noble chase and shew'd them Princely Sport
Whose Death the Countrey pleases as the Court ·

The panting Courser now with trembling Nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goreing Spur,
Makes many a faint Effort: He snorts, he foams;
The big round Drops run trickling down his Sides,
With Sweat and Blood distain'd. Look back and view
The strange Confusion of the Vale below,
Where sow'r Vexation reigns; see, yon poor Jade,
In vain th' impatient Rider frets and swears
With galling Spurs harrows his mangled Sides;
He can no more: His stiff unpliant Limbs
Rooted in Earth, unmov'd, and fix'd he stands,
For ev'ry cruel Curse returns a Groan,

And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without Grief
Can view that pamper'd Steed, his Master's Joy,
His Minion, and his daily Care, well cloath'd,
Well-fed with ev'ry nicer Cate ; no Cost,
No Labour spar'd ; who, when the flying Chace
Broke from the Copse, without a Rival led
The num'rous Train : Now a sad Spectacle
Of Pride brought low, and humbled Insolence,
Drove like a pannier'd Ass, and scourg'd along.
While these with loosen'd Reins, and dangling Heels,
Hang on their reeling Palfreys, that scarce bear
Their Weights ; another in the treach'rous Bog
Lies flound'ring half ingulph'd. What biteing Thoughts
Torment th' abandon'd Crew ! old Age laments
His Vigour spent : The tall, plump, brawny Youth
Curses his cumb'rous Bulk ; and envies now
The short Pygmean Race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud insulting Leer. A chosen few
Alone the Sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleasing Toils. Here, Huntsman, from this Height
Observe yon Birds of Prey ; if I can judge,
'Tis there the Villain lurks ; they hover round
And claim him as their own. *Was I not right?*
See ! there he creeps *along ; his Brush he drags,*
And sweeps the Mire impure; *from his wide Jaws*
His Tongue unmoisten'd hangs ; *Symptoms too sure*
Of sudden Death. *Hah ! yet he flies, nor yields*
To black Despair. But one Loose more, and *all*
His Wiles are vain. Hark ! thro' yon Village now
The rattling Clamour rings. The Barns, the Cots
And leafless Elms return the joyous Sounds
Thro' ev'ry Homestall, and thro' ev'ry Yard,
His midnight Walks, panting, forlorn, he flies ;
Thro' ev'ry Hole he sneaks, thro' ev'ry Jakes
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior Stench to lose his own :
But faithful to the Track, th' unerring Hounds
With Peals of ecchoing Vengeance close pursue.
And now distress'd, no shelt'ring Covert near
Into the Hen-roost creeps, whose Walls with Gore
Distain'd attest his Guilt. There, Villain, there
Expect thy Fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
The Pack inquisitive, with Clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling Prize ; and on his Blood
With greedy Transport feast. In bolder Notes
Each sounding Horn proclaims the Felon dead :
And th' assembled Village shouts for Joy.
The Farmer who beholds his mortal Foe
Stretch'd at his Feet, applauds the glorious Deed,

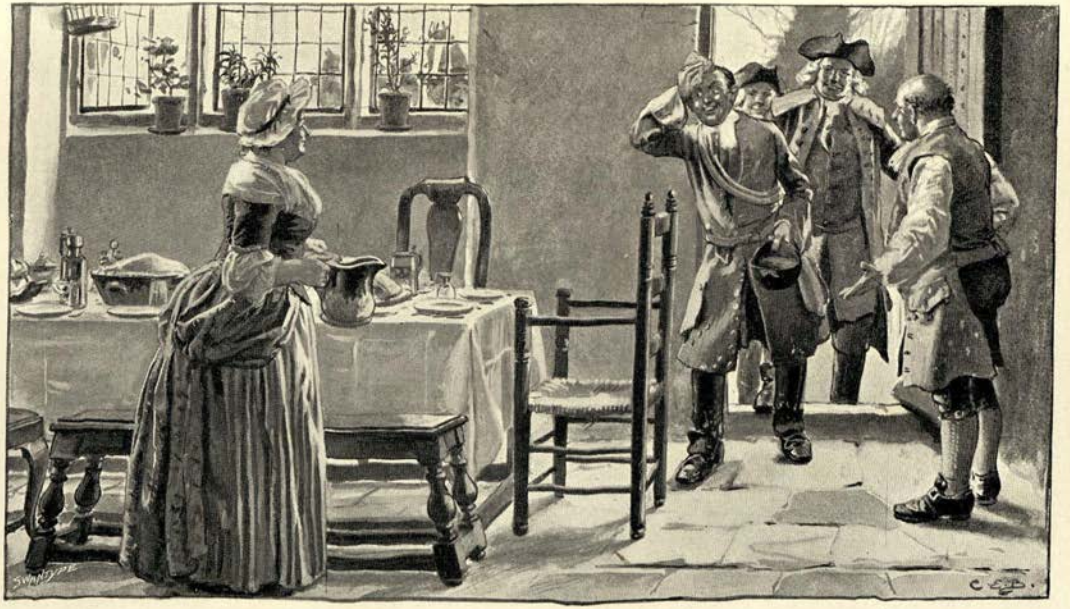
And grateful calls us to a short Repast:
In the full Glass the liquid Amber smiles,
Our native Product. And his good old Mate
With choicest Viands, heaps the lib'ral Board,
To crown our Triumphs, and reward our Toils.

OTTER HUNTING

BOOK IV

One Labour yet remains, celestial Maid!
Another Element demands thy Song.
No more o'er craggy Steeps, thro' Coverts thick
With pointed Thorn, and Briers intricate,
Urge on with Horn and Voice the painful Pack:
But skim with wanton Wing th' irriguous Vale,
Where winding Streams amid the flow'ry Meads
Perpetual glide along; and undermine
The cavern'd Banks, by the tenacious Roots
Of hoary Willows arch'd; gloomy Retreat
Of the bright scaly kind; where they at Will,
On the green wat'ry Reed their Pasture graze,
Suck the moist Soil, or slumber at their Ease,
Rock'd by the restless Brook, that draws aslope
Its humid Train, and laves their dark Abodes.
Where rages not Oppression? Where, alas!
Is Innocence secure? Rapine and Spoil
Haunt ev'n the lowest Deeps; Seas have their Shark
Rivers and Ponds inclos'd, the rav'nous Pike;
He in his Turn becomes a Prey; on him
Th' amphibious Otter feasts. Just is his Fate
Deserv'd: But Tyrants know no Bounds; nor Spears
That bristle on his Back, defend the Perch
From his wide greedy Jaws; nor burnish'd Mail
The yellow Carp; nor all his Arts can save
Th' insinuating Eel, that hides his Head
Beneath the slimy Mud; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted Trout, the River's Pride,
And Beauty of the Stream. Without Remorse,
This midnight Pillager ranging around,
Insatiate swallows all. The Owner mourns
Th' unpeopled Rivulet, and gladly hears
The Huntsman's early Call, and sees with Joy
The jovial Crew, that march upon its Banks
In gay Parade, with bearded Lances arm'd.

This subtle Spoiler of the Beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient Alders shade
The deep still Pool; within some hollow Trunk



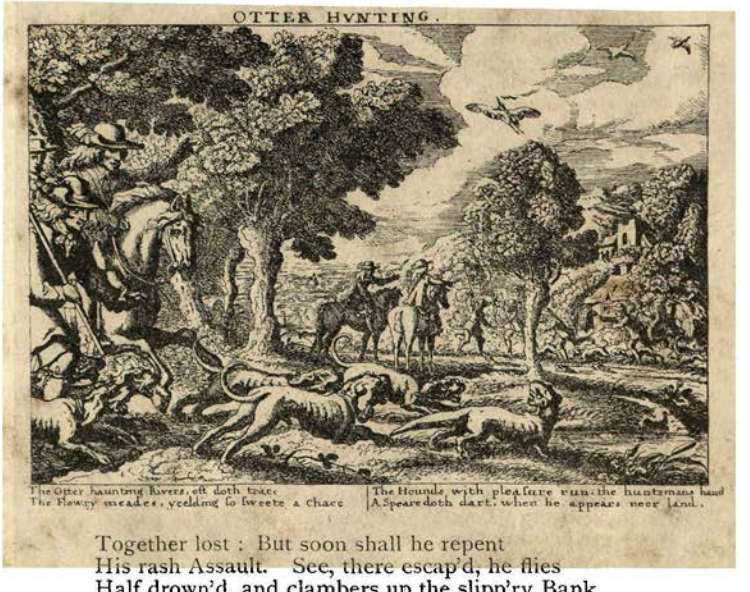
"Grateful calls us to a short repast."

Contrives his wicker Couch ; Whence he surveys
His long Purlieu, Lord of the Stream, and all
The finny Shoals his own. But you, brave Youths,
Dispute the Felon's Claim ; try ev'ry Root,
And ev'ry reedy Bank ; encourage all
The busy-spreading Pack, that fearless plunge
Into the Flood, and cross the rapid Stream.
Bid Rocks, and Caves, and each resounding Shore,
Proclaim your bold Defiance ; loudly raise
Each chearing Voice, 'till distant Hills repeat
The Triumphs of the Vale. On the soft Sand
See there his Seal impress'd ! and on that Bank
Behold the glitt'ring Spoils, half-eaten Fish,
Scales, Fins, and Bones, the Leavings of his Feast
Ah ! on that yielding Sag-bed, see, once more,
His Seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy Marsh
The sly Goose-footed Proler bends his Course,
And seeks the distant Shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager Pack ; and trail him to his Couch.
Hark ! the loud Peal begins, the clam'rous Joy,
The gallant Chiding, loads the trembling Air.

Ye *Naiads* fair, who o'er these Floods preside,
Raise up your dripping Heads above the Wave,
And hear our Melody. Th' harmonious Notes
Float with the Stream ; and ev'ry winding Creek
And hollow Rock, that o'er the dimpling Flood
Nods pendant ; still improve from Shore to Shore
Our sweet reiterated Joys. What Shouts !
What Clamour loud ! What gay heart-chearing Sounds
Urge thro' the breathing Brass their mazy Way !
Not Quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier Strains
The dancing Billows ; when proud *Neptune* rides
In Triumph o'er the Deep. How greedily
They snuff the fishy Steam, that to each Blide [1]
Rank-scenting Clings ! See ! how the Morning Dews
They sweep, that from their Feet besprinkling drop
Dispers'd, and leave a Track oblique behind.
Now on firm Land they range ; then in the Flood
They plunge tumultuous ; or thro' reedy Pools
Rustling they work their Way : no Holt escapes
Their curious Search. With quick Sensation now
The fuming Vapour stings ; flutter their Hearts,
And Joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry Mouth,
In louder Symphonies. Yon hollow Trunk,
That with its hoary Head incurv'd, salutes
The passing Wave ; must be the Tyrant's Fort
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,

[1] 2nd edit. blade.

While others at the Root incessant Bay :
They put him down. See, there he dives along !
Th' ascending Bubbles mark his gloomy Way.
Quick fix the Nets, and cut off his Retreat
Into the shelt'ring Deeps. Ah, there he Vents !
The Pack plunge headlong, and protended Spears
Menace Destruction. While the troubled Surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly Kind
Affrighted, hide their Heads. Wild Tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he Vents !
See, that bold Hound has seiz'd him ; down they sink,


OTTER HVNTING.
The Otter haunting Rivers, oft doth trace
The Flowry meades, yeelding so sweete a Chace
The Hounds with pleasure run the huntsmans hand
A Speare doth dart, when he appears neer land.

Together lost : But soon shall he repent
His rash Assault. See, there escap'd, he flies
Half drown'd, and clambers up the slipp'ry Bank
With Ouze and Blood distain'd. Of all the Brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long Use,
This artful Diver best can bear the Want
Of vital Air. Unequal is the Fight,
Beneath the whelming Element. Yet there
He lives not long ; but Respiration needs
At proper Intervals. Again he vents ;
Again the Crowd attack. That Spear has pierc'd
His Neck ; the crimson Waves confess the Wound.
Fix'd is the bearded Lance, unwelcome Guest;

Where-e'er he flies ; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts ; sure Guide to ev'ry Foe.
Inly he groans, nor can his tender Wound
Bear the cold Stream. Lo ! to yon sedgy Bank
He creeps disconsolate ; his num'rous Foes
Surround him, Hounds, and Men. Pierc'd thro' and thro,'
On pointed Spears they lift him high in Air ;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain :
Bid the loud Horns, in gayly-warbling Strains,
Proclaim the Felon's Fate ; he dies, he dies.

WILLIAM SOMERVILE, 1735.

From 'Windsor Forest'

Ye vig'rous Swains ! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the thickest woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the Partridge feeds,
Before his Lord the ready Spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds,
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey ;
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field, beset,
Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When *Albion* sends her eager sons to war,
Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's sight, the host lie down
Sudden, before some unsuspecting town,
The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
And high in air *Britannia's* standard flies.
See ! from the brake the whirring Pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings.
Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah ! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
Nor yet, when moist *Arcturus* clouds the sky
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare.
(Beasts, taught by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)
With slaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves ;

Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky.
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous Plovers feel the leaden death;
Oft, as the mounting Larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.
In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply;
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of *Tyrian* die,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains.
Now *Cancer* glows with *Phœbus'* fiery car;
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war;
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rowze the fleet hart, and chear the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain,
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And 'ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See! the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush thro' the thickets, down the vallies sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed . . .

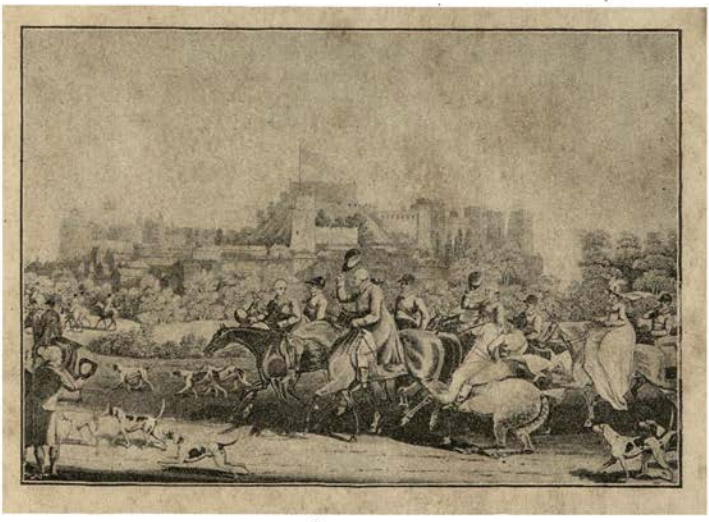
ALEXANDER POPE, 1713.

From 'Health': A Poem

But active *Hilaris* much rather loves,
With eager Stride to trace the Wilds and Groves;
To start the Covy, or the bounding Roe,
Or work destructive *Reynard's* Overthrow:
The Race delights him, Horses are his Care,
And a stout ambling Pad his easiest Chair.
Sometimes to firm his Nerves he'll plunge the Deep,
And with expanded Arms the Billows sweep:
Then on the Links, or in the Estler Walls,
He drives the Gowff, or strikes the Tennis Balls,
From Ice with Pleasure he can brush the Snow,
And run rejoycing with his Curling Throw;

Or send the whizzing Arrow from the String,
A manly Game which by itself I sing.
Thus chearfully he'll walk, ride, dance or game,
Nor mind the Northern Blast, or Southern Flame.
East Winds may blow, and sullen Fogs may fall,
But his hale Constitution's Proof to all.
He knows no Change of Weather by a Corn,
Nor minds the black, the blew or ruddy Morn.

ALLAN RAMSAY, *Poems*, 1728.



From 'Rural Sports'

You, who the Sweets of Rural Life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful Hurry of the Town ;
'Midst *Windsor* Groves your easie Hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, your self and Muse enjoy.
Soft flowing *Thames* his mazy Course retains,
And in suspence admires thy charming Strains ;
The River-Gods and Nymphs about thee throng,
To hear the *Syrens* warble in thy Song.
But I, who ne'er was bless'd from Fortune's Hand,
Nor brighten'd Plough-shares in Paternal Land,
Have long been in the noisie Town immur'd,
Respir'd it's Smoak, and all it's Toils endur'd,
Have courted Bus'ness with successless Pain,
And in Attendance wasted Years in vain ;

Where News and Politicks amuse Mankind,
And Schemes of State involve th' uneasie Mind;
Faction embroils the World; and ev'ry Tongue
Is fraught with Malice, and with Scandal hung:
Friendship, for Sylvan Shades, does Courts despise,
Where all must yield to Int'rest's dearer Ties;
Each Rival *Machiavel* with Envy burns,
And Honesty forsakes them All by turns;
Whilst Calumny upon each Party's thrown,
Which Both abhor, and Both alike disown.
Thus have I, 'midst the brawls of factious Strife,
Long undergone the Drudgery of Life;
On Courtiers Promises I founded Schemes,
Which still deluded me, like golden Dreams;
Expectance wore the tedious Hours away,
And glimm'ring Hope roll'd on each lazy Day.
Resolv'd at last no more Fatigues to bear,
At once I both forsook the Town and Care;
At a kind Friend's a calm *Asylum* chose,
And bless'd my harrass'd Mind with sweet Repose,
Where Fields and Shades, and the refreshing Clime,
Inspire the Sylvan Song, and prompt my Rhime.
My Muse shall rove through flow'ry Meads and Plains,
And Rural Sports adorn these homely Strains,
And the same Road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the *Mantuan* Swain, and You.

Now did the Spring her Native Sweets diffuse,
And feed the chearful Plains with wholesome Dews;
A Kindly Warmth th' approaching Sun bestows,
And o'er the Year a verdant Mantle throws;
The jocund Fields their gaudiest Liv'ry wear,
And breath fresh Odours through the wanton Air;
The gladsome Birds begin their various Lays,
And fill with warbling Songs the blooming Sprays;
No swelling Inundation hides the Grounds,
But crystal Currents glide within their Bounds;
The sporting Fish their wonted Haunts forsake,
And in the Rivers wide Excursions take;
They range with frequent Leaps the shallow Streams,
And their bright Scales reflect the daz'ling Beams.
The Fisherman does now his Toils prepare,
And Arms himself with ev'ry watry Snare,
He meditates new Methods to betray,
Threat'ning Destruction to the finny Prey.

When floating Clouds their spongy Fleeces drain,
Troubling the Streams with swift-descending Rain,
And Waters, tumbling down the Mountain's Side,
Bear the loose Soil into the swelling Tide;

Then, soon as Vernal Gales begin to rise
And drive the liquid Burthen through the Skies,
The Fisher strait his Taper Rod prepares,
And to the Neighb'ring Stream in haste repairs;
Upon a rising Border of the Brook
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous Hook
A twining Earth-worm he draws on with Care,
With which he neatly hides the pointed Snare.
Now Expectation chears his Eager thought,
His Bosom glows with Treasures yet uncaught,
Before his Eyes a Banquet seems to stand,
The kind Effects of his industrious Hand.

Into the Stream the twisted Hair he throws,
Which gently down the murm'ring Current flows;
When if or Chance or Hunger's pow'rful Sway
Directs a ranging Trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the tortur'd Bait,
And shoots away with the fallacious Meat.
The trembling Rod the joyful Angler eyes,
And the strait Line assures him of the Prize;
With a quick Hand the nibbled Hook he draws,
And strikes the barbed Steel within his Jaws:
The Fish now flounces with the startling Pain,
And, plunging, strives to free himself, in vain:
Into the thinner Element he's cast,
And on the verdant Margin gasps his Last.

He must not ev'ry Worm promiscuous use,
Judgment will tell him proper Bait to chuse;
The Worm that draws a long immod'rate Size
The Trout abhors, and the rank Morsel flies;
But if too small, the naked Fraud's in sight,
And Fear forbids, while Hunger does invite.
Their shining Tails when a deep Yellow stains,
That Bait will well reward the Fisher's Pains:
Cleanse them from Filth, to give a tempting Gloss,
Cherish the sully'd Animals with Moss;
Where they rejoice, wreathing around in Play,
And from their Bodies wipe their native Clay.

But when the Sun displays his glorious Beams,
And falling Rivers flow with Silver Streams,
When no moist Clouds the radiant Air invest,
And *Flora* in her richest State is drest,
Then the disporting Fish the Cheat survey,
Bask in the Sun, and look into the Day.
You now a more delusive Art must try,
And tempt their Hunger with the Curious Fly;
Your wary Steps must not advance too near,
Whilst all your Hope hangs on a single Hair;

Upon the curling Surface let it glide,
With Nat'ral Motion from thy Hand supply'd,
Against the Stream now let it gently play,
Now in the rapid Eddy roll away;
The sporting Fish leaps at the floating Bait,
And in the dainty Morsel seeks his Fate.
Thus the nice *Epicure*, whom Lux'ry sways,
Who ev'ry Craving of his Taste obeys,
Makes his false Appetite his only Care,
In poignant Sauce disguises all his Fare;
And whilst he would his vicious Palate please,
In ev'ry Bit sucks in a new Disease;
The Cook destroys with his compounding Art,
And dextrously performs the Doctor's Part.

To frame the little Animal, provide
All the gay Hues that wait on Female Pride,
Let Nature guide thee; sometimes Golden Wire
The glitt'ring Bellies of the Fly require;
The Peacock's Plumes thy Tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear Purchase of the Sable's Tail.
Each gaudy Bird some slender Tribute brings,
And lends the growing Insect proper Wings,
Silks of all Colours must their Aid impart,
And ev'ry Fur promote the Fisher's Art.
So the gay Lady, with Expensive Care,
Borrows the Pride of Land, of Sea, and Air;
Furs, Pearls, and Plumes, the Painted Thing displays,
Dazles our Eyes, and easie Hearts betrays.

Mark well the various Seasons of the Year,
How the succeeding Insect Race appear;
In this revolving Moon one Colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle Trout disdains.
Oft' have I seen a skillful Angler try
The various Colours of the treach'rous Fly;
When he with fruitless Pain hath skim'd the Brook,
And the coy Fish rejects the skipping Hook,
He shakes the Boughs that on the Margin grow,
Which o'er the Streams a waving Forrest throw;
When if an Insect falls, (his certain Guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling Tide;
Examines well his Form with curious Eyes,
His gaudy Colours, Wings, his Horns and Size,
Then round his Hook a proper Fur he winds,
And on the Back a speckled Feather binds,
So just the Properties in ev'ry part,
That even Nature's Hand revives in Art.
His new-form'd Creature on the Water moves,
The roving Trout th' inviting Snare approves,

Upon his Skill successful Sport attends,
The Rod, with the succeeding Burthen, bends ;
The Fishes sail along, and in Surprize
Behold their Fellows drawn into the Skies ;
When soon they rashly seize the deadly Bait,
And Lux'ry draws them to their Fellow's Fate.

When a brisk Gale against the Current blows,
And all the watry Plain in Wrinkles flows,
Then let the Fisherman his Art repeat,
Where bubbling Eddys favour the Deceit.
If an huge scaly Salmon chance to spy
The wanton Errors of the swimming Fly,
He lifts his Silver Gills above the Flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful Food ;
Then plunges down with the deceitful Prey,
And bears with Joy the little Spoils away.
Soon in smart Pains he feels the dire Mistake,
Lashes the Waves, and beats the foamy Lake,
With sudden Rage he now aloft appears,
And in his Look convulsive Anguish bears ;
And now again, impatient of the Wound,
He rolls and wreathes his shining Body round ;
Then headlong shoots himself into the Tide,
And trembling Fins the boiling Waves divide ;
Now Hope and Fear the Fisher's Heart employ,
His smiling Looks glow with depending Joy,
He views the trembling Fish with eager Eyes,
While his Line stretches with th' unwieldly Prize ;
Each Motion humours with his steady Hands,
And a slight Hair the mighty Bulk commands ;
Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his Strength,
The Fish athwart the Streams unfolds his Length.
He now, with Pleasure, views the gasping Prize
Gnash his sharp Teeth, and roll his Blood-shot Eyes,
Then draws him t'wards the Shore, with gentle Care,
And holds his Nostrils in the sick'ning Air :
Upon the burthen'd Stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quiv'ring Fins, and panting dies
So the Coquet th' unhappy Youth ensnares,
With artful Glances and affected Airs,
Baits him with Frowns, now lures him on with Smiles,
And in Disport employs her practis'd Wiles ;
The Boy at last, betray'd by borrow'd Charms,
A Victim falls in her enslaving Arms.

If you'd preserve a num'rous finny Race,
Let your fierce Dogs the Rav'nous Otter chase ;
Th' amphibious Creature ranges all the Shores,
Shoots through the Waves, and ev'ry Haunt explores :

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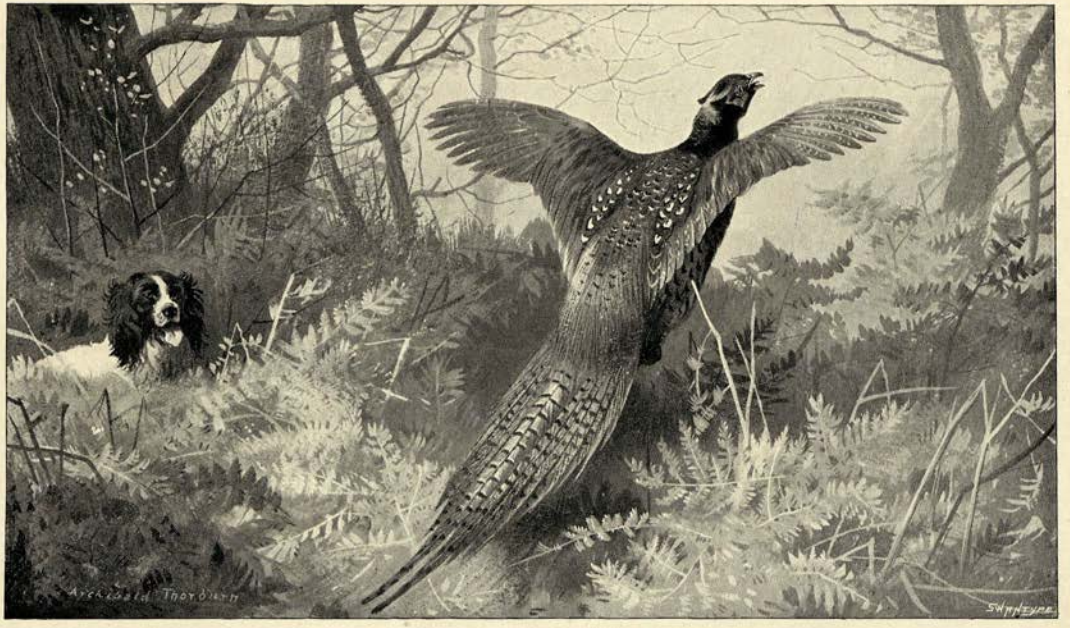
Or let the Gin his roving Steps betray,
And save from hostile Jaws the scaly Prey.

. . . . . .

As in successive Toil the Seasons roll,
So various Pleasures recreate the Soul;
The setting Dog, instructed to betray,
Rewards the Fowler with the Feather'd Prey.
Soon as the lab'ring Horse with swelling Veins,
Hath safely hous'd the Farmer's doubtful Gains,
To sweet Repast th' unwary Partridge flies,
At Ease amidst the scatter'd Harvest lies,
Wandring in Plenty, Danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the Slav'ry of entangling Nets.
The subtle Dog now with sagacious Nose
Scowres through the Field, and snuffs each Breeze that blows,
Against the Wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong Gale directs him to the Prey;
Now the warm Scent assures the Covey near,
He treads with Caution, and he points with Fear;
Then least some Sentry Fowl his Fraud descry,
And bid his Fellows from the Danger fly,
Close to the Ground in Expectation lies,
Till in the Snare the flutt'ring Covey rise.
Thus the sly Shaper sets the thoughtless 'Squire,
Who to the Town does aukwardly aspire:
Trick'd of his Gold, he Mortgages his Land,
And falls a Captive to the Bailiff's Hand.
Soon as the blushing Light begins to spread,
And rising *Phœbus* gilds the Mountain's Head,
His early Flight th' ill-fated Partridge takes,
And quits the friendly Shelter of the Brakes:
Or when the Sun casts a declining Ray,
And drives his Chariot down the Western way,
Let your obsequious Ranger search around,
Where the dry Stubble withers on the Ground:
Nor will the roving Spy direct in vain,
But num'rous Coveys gratifie thy Pain.
When the Meridian Sun contracts the Shade,
And frisking Heifers seek the cooling Glade;
Or when the Country floats with sudden Rains,
Or driving Mists deface the moist'ned Plains;
In vain his Toils th' unskillful Fowler tries,
Whilst in thick Woods the feeding Partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting Verse the Gun forbear,
But what's the Fowler's be the Muse's Care;
The Birds that in the Thicket seek their Food,
Who love the Covert, and frequent the Wood,

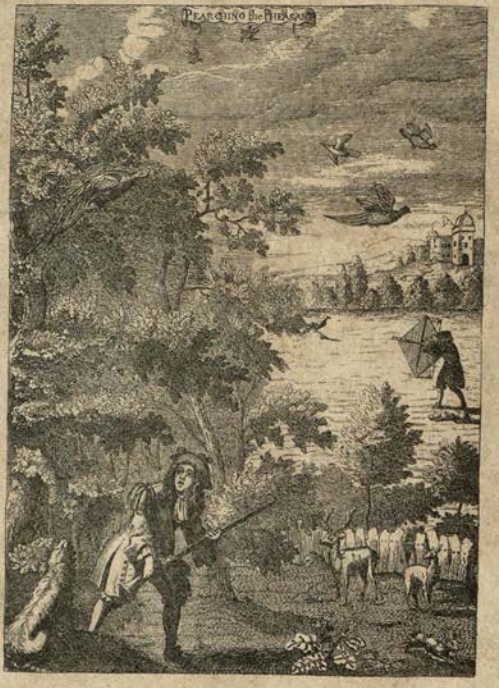


"Leaves his close haunt and to some tree repairs."

Despise the Net : But still can never shun
The momentary Lightning of the Gun.
The Spaniel ranges all the Forrest round,
And with discerning Nostril snuffs the Ground ;
Now rushing on, with barking Noise alarms,

And bids his watchful Lord prepare to Arms ;
The dreadful Sound the springing Pheasant hears,
Leaves his close Haunt, and to some Tree repairs :
The Dog, aloft the painted Fowl, surveys,
Observes his Motions, and at distance Bays.

His noisie Foe the stooping Pheasant eyes,
Fear binds his Feet, and useless Pinions ties,
Till the sure Fowler, with a sudden Aim,
From the tall Bough precipitates the Game.
So the pale Coward from the Battel flies,
Soon as a Rout the Victor Army cries;
With clashing Weapons Fancy fills his Ear,
And Bullets whistle round his bristled Hair;



Now from all Sides th' imagin'd Foe draws nigh,
He trembling stands, nor knows which Way to fly;
'Till Fate behind aims a disgraceful Wound,
And throws his gasping Carcass to the Ground
But if the Bird, to shun the dreadful Snare,
With quiv'ring Pinions cuts the liquid Air;
The scatt'ring Lead pursues th' unerring Sight,
And Death in Thunder overtakes his Flight.

The tow'ring Hawk let future Poets sing,
Who Terror bears upon his soaring Wing:
Let him on high the frighted Hern survey,
And lofty Numbers paint their Airy Fray.
Nor shall the mounting Lark the Muse detain,
That greets the Morning with his early Strain;
How, 'midst his Song, by the false Glass betray'd,
(That fatal Snare to the fantastick Maid,)
Pride lures the little Warbler from the Skies,
Where folding Nets the Captive Bird surprize.

The Greyhound now pursues the tim'rous Hare,
And shoots along the Plain with swift Career;
While the sly Game escapes beneath his Paws,
He snaps deceitful Air with empty Jaws;
Enrag'd, upon his Foe he quickly gains,
And with wide Stretches measures o'er the Plains;
Again the cunning Creature winds around,
While the fleet Dog o'ershoots, and loses Ground;
Now Speed he doubles to regain the Way,
And crushes in his Jaws the screaming Prey.
Thus does the Country various Sports afford,
And unbought Dainties heap the wholesome Board.

But still the Chase, a pleasing Task, remains;
The Hound must open in these rural Strains.
Soon as *Aurora* drives away the Night,
And edges Eastern Clouds with rosie Light,
The wakeful Huntsman, with the chearful Horn,
Summons the Dogs, and greets the rising Morn:
Th' enliven'd Hounds the welcome Accent hear,
Start from their Sleep, and for the Chase prepare.
Now o'er the Field a diff'rent Route they take,
Search ev'ry Bush, and force the thorny Brake;
No bounding Hedge obstructs their eager Way,
While their sure Nostril leads them to the Prey;
Now they with Joy th' encreasing Scent pursue,
And trace the Game along the tainted Dew;
A sudden Clamour rings throughout the Plain,
And calls the Straglers from their fruitless Pain,
All swiftly to the welcome Sound repair,
And join their Force against the skulking Hare.
Thus when the Drum an idle Camp alarms,
And summons all the scatt'ring Troops to Arms;
The Soldiers the commanding Thunder know,
And in one Body meet th' approaching Foe.
The tuneful Noise the sprightly Courser hears,
He paws the Turf, and pricks his rising Ears:
The list'ning Hare, unsafe in longer Stay,

With wary Caution steals unseen away ;
But soon his treach'rous Feet his Flight betray.
The distant Mountains eccho from afar,
And neighb'ring Woods resound the flying War ;
The slackned Rein admits the Horse's Speed,
And the swift Ground flies back beneath the Steed.
Now at a Fault the Dogs confus'dly stray,
And strive t' unravel his perplexing Way ;
They trace his artful Doubles o'er and o'er,
Smell ev'ry Shrub, and all the Plain explore,
'Till some stanch Hound summons the baffled Crew,
And strikes away his wily Steps anew.
Along the Fields they scow'r with jocund Voice,
The frighted Hare starts at the distant Noise ;
New Stratagems and various Shifts he tries,
Oft' he looks back, and dreads a close Surprise ;
Th' advancing Dogs still haunt his list'ning Ear,
And ev'ry Breeze augments his growing Fear :
'Till tir'd at last, he pants, and heaves for Breath ;
Then lays him down, and waits approaching Death.
Nor should the Fox shun the pursuing Hound,
Nor the tall Stag with branching Antlers crown'd ;
But each revolving Sport the Year employ,
And fortifie the Mind with healthful Joy.

Rural Sports. A poem subscribed to Mr. Pope by MR. GAY, 1713.

The Hound *and the* Huntsman

Impertinence at first is born
With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn ;
Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres !
The morning wakes, the huntsman sounds,
At once rush forth the joyful hounds.
They seek the wood with eager pace,
Through bush, through brier explore the chase.
Now scatter'd wide, they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what industry, what pains !
What universal silence reigns !
Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his babbling throat ;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent ; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.
The Huntsman to the clamour flies ;
The smacking lash he smartly plies.

His ribs are welk'd, with howling tone
The Puppy thus express'd his moan.
I know the musick of my tongue
Long since the Pack with envy stung ;
What will not spite ? These bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts.
When puppies prate, the Huntsman cry'd,
They show both ignorance and pride :
Fools may our scorn, not envy raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue,
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish nose confest.
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.

The Works of Mr. John Gay, 1727.

From 'The Spleen'

Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood ;
But after no field-honours itch
Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal-fires inclines the head,
Hygea's sons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry awake the morn :
These see her from her dusky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,
With roral[1] wash redeem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,
And mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance, as she flies
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the Hark-away,
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
From lungs robust field-notes resound.
Then as St. George the dragon slew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view,
While all the spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and valleys ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green ;
Some, hilly walks ; all, exercise ;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies :

The Spleen. MATTHEW GREEN, 1737.

[1] dewy.

From 'The Seasons'

SPRING

Now when the first foul Torrent of the Brooks,
Swell'd by the vernal Rains, is ebb'd away;
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd Stream
Descends the billowy Foam: now is the Time,
While yet the dark-brown Water aids the Guile,
To tempt the Trout. The well-dissembled Fly,
The Rod fine-tapering with elastic Spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary Steed the floating Line,
And all thy slender watry Stores prepare.
But let not on thy Hook the tortur'd Worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonising Folds;
Which by rapacious Hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding Breast
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining Wretch,
Harsh Pain and Horror to the tender Hand.

When, with his lively Ray, the potent Sun
Has pierc'd the Streams, and rous'd the finny Race,
Then, issuing chearful, to the Sport repair;
Chief should the Western Breezes curling play,
And light o'er Ether bear the shadowy Clouds.
High to their Fount, this Day, amid the Hills,
And Woodlands warbling round, trace up the Brooks
The Next, pursue their rocky-channel'd Maze,
Down to the River, in whose ample Wave
Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious Point, where with the Pool
Is mix'd the trembling Stream, or where it boils
Around the Stone, or from the hollow'd Bank,
Reverted, plays in undulating Flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive Fly;
And, as you lead it round the artful Curve,
With Eye attentive mark the springing Game.
Strait as above the Surface of the Flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by Hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle Twitch, the barbed Hook;
Some lightly tossing to the grassy Bank,
And to the shelving Shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their Force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless Prey scarce bends your pliant Rod,
Him, piteous of his Youth, and the short Space
He has enjoy'd the vital Light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the Stream

The speckled Infant throw. But should you lure
From his dark Haunt, beneath the tangled Roots
Of pendant Trees, the Monarch of the Brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest Art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the Fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled Water speaks his jealous Fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded Sun
Passes a Cloud, he desperate takes the Death,
With sudden Plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd Line;
Then seeks the farthest Ooze, the sheltering Weed,
The cavern'd Bank, his old secure Abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the Pool,
Indignant of the Guile. With yielding Hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious Course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the Stream, exhaust his idle Rage;
Till floating broad upon his breathless Side,
And to his Fate abandon'd, to the Shore
You gayly drag your unresisting Prize.

AUTUMN

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
The gun thick-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the muse to sing the RURAL GAME.
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, watchful, and every way
Thro' the rough stubble turn'd the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their useless wings, intangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Tho' born triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them else disperst,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

. . . . . .

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid Hare!
Shook from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furz,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
The thistly lawn; the thick, intangled broom;

Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain-brook.
Vain is her best precaution ; tho' she sits
Conceal'd, with folded ears, unsleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in ;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,

In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep,
In scatter'd, sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once :
The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn,

Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chace ; and the loud hunter's shout ;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.
The Stag, too, singled from the herd, where long
He reign'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, fear-arrous'd,
Gives all his swift, aereal soul to flight.
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening, murderous cry behind.
Deception short ! tho' fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,

He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood.
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the tract
Hot-steaming, up behind him comes again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild-openings to the golden day ;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He went to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides :
Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd, alarm'd

With quick consent, avoid th' infectious maze.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant soul, inspire no more
The fainting course; but wrenching, breathless toil
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
And puts his last, weak refuge in despair,
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair, jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous checquer'd sides with gore.

. . . . . .

These Britain knows not; give ye Britons, then
Your sportive fury, pityless, to pour

Loose on the sly destroyer of the flock.
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
And as you ride the torrent to the banks
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echo tost;
Then snatch the mountains by their woody tops;
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,

In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game.
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
At once tore, mercyless. Thrice happy he!
At hour of dusk, while the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd: the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

The Seasons. JAMES THOMSON, 1730.

The Goff

CANTO I

Goff, and the *Man*, I sing, who, em'lous, plies
The jointed club; whose balls invade the skies;
Who from *Edina's* tow'rs, his peaceful home,
In quest of fame o'er *Letha's* plains did roam.
Long toil'd the hero, on the verdant field,
Strain'd his stout arm the weighty club to wield.

CANTO II

Now at that hole the Chiefs begin the game,
Which from the neighb'ring *thorn-tree* takes its name;
Ardent they grasp the ball-compelling clubs,
And stretch their arms t' attack the little globes.

. . . . . .

Then great *Castalio* his whole force collects
And on the orb a noble blow directs.
Swift as a thought the ball obedient flies,
Sings high in air, and seems to cleave the skies;
Then on the level plain its fury spends;
And *Irus* to the Chief the welcome tidings sends.
Next in his turn *Pygmalion* strikes the globe:
On th' upper half descends the erring club;
Along the green the ball confounded scours;
No lofty flight the ill-sped stroke impow'rs.
Thus, when the trembling hare descries the hounds,
She from her whinny mansion swiftly bounds;
O'er hills and fields she scours, outstrips the wind;
The hound and huntsmen follow far behind.

CANTO III

Mean while the Chiefs for the last hole contend,
The last great hole, which should their labours end.
For this the Chiefs exert their skill and might,
To drive the balls, and to direct their flight.
Thus two fleet coursers for the Royal plate,
(The others distanc'd,) run the final heat;
With all his might each gen'rous racer flies,
And all his art each panting rider tries,
While show'rs of gold and praises warm his breast,
And gen'rous emulation fires the beast.

. . . . . .

A mighty blow *Pygmalion* then lets fall;
Straight from th' impulsive engine starts the ball
Answ'ring its master's just design, it hastes,
And from the hole scarce twice two clubs length rests.
Ah! what avails thy skill, since Fate decrees
Thy conqu'ring foe to bear away the prize?
Full fifteen clubs length from the hole he lay,
A wide cart-road before him cross'd his way;
The deep-cut tracks th' intrepid Chief defies,
High o'er the road the ball triumphing flies,
Lights on the green, and scours into the hole:
Down with it sinks depress'd *Pygmalion's* soul.
Seiz'd with surprize th' affrighted hero stands,
And feebly tips the ball with trembling hands;
The creeping ball its want of force complains,
A grassy tuft the loit'ring orb detains:
Surrounding crowds the victor's praise proclaim,
The ecchoing shore resounds *Castalio's* name.

The Goff. An Heroi-Comical Poem in 3 *Cantos*, 1743.

From 'The Fox-Chase'

Young Marcus with the lark salutes the morn—
'Saddle your horses; huntsman, wind your horn.'
We start, we rise at the enlivening sound—
The woods all ring—and wind the horn around:
We snatch a short repast within the hall;
'To horse! To horse!'—We issue at the call.

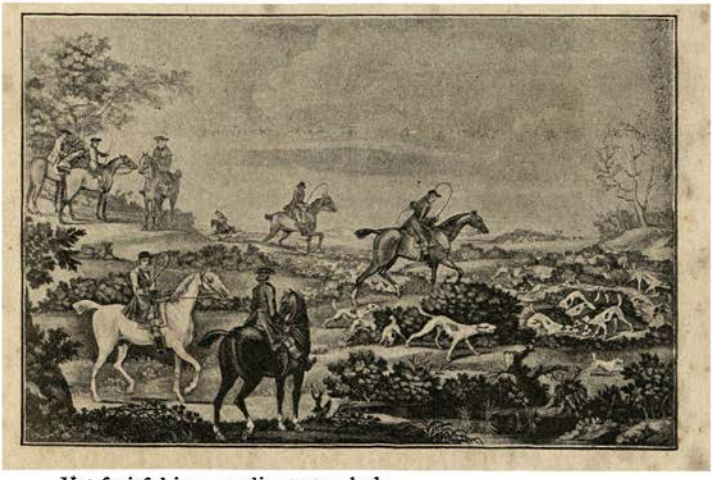
. . . . . .

Trueman, whom for sagacious nose we hail
The Chief, first touch'd the scarce-distinguish'd gale;
His tongue was doubtful, and no hound replies:
'Haux!—Wind him!—Haux!'—the tuneful huntsman cries.
At once the list'ning pack asunder spread,
With tail erect, and with inquiring head:

With busy nostrils they foretaste their prey,
And snuff the lawn-impearling dews away.

. . . . . .

The huntsman calls, and chears his circling hounds.
Now up, now down, now 'cross the stream he beats—
'Haux!—wind him!—haux!—Fox, find him!' he repeats,
Now round and round a fruitless search he plies,
And now a tour of wider circuit tries.
But no intelligence rewards his care;
No note confess'd the fox was ever there—
As though some opening gulph has gorg'd our prey,
Or sudden power had snatch'd him quite away.
But Reynard, hotly push'd, and close pursu'd,



Yet fruitful in expedients to elude,
When to the bourn's refreshing bank he came,
Had plung'd, all reeking, in the friendly stream.
The folding waves his failing pow'rs restore,
And close the gates of every fuming pore.
Then down the channel, over flats and steeps,
He steals, and trots—or wades, or swims, or creeps:
Till, where the pebbled shores the surges break,
He quits his feet, and launches on the lake.

. . . . . .

With half a pack, and scarcely half a train,
We dare all dangers, and all toil disdain;
The dogs near faint, yet still on slaughter bent,
With tongues abrupt avow the burning scent;

The pendant cliffs audaciously essay,
And trot, or crawl, or climb their desperate way.
While, slanting, we avoid the headlong deep,
Yet bend, press on, and labour up the steep.
Where the brow beetling from the mountain sprung
With stunted thorn and shaggy rocks o'erhung,
Beneath whose base a sanded bench, with shade
Of furze and tangling thicket was o'erlaid,
Reynard his palace kept, his regal seat,
His fort of sure resource and last retreat;
The rest were but the mansions of a night,
For casual respite, or for fresh delight.

. . . . . .

To this dread fort, with many a hard essay,
We win with peril our o'er-labour'd way;
At length our journey, not our work is done,
The way indeed, but not the fort is won.
Here had the felon earth'd;—with many a hound
And many a horse we gird his hold around:
The hounds 'fore heaven their accusation spread,
And cry for justice on his caitiff head.
Meanwhile, with cutlasses, we clear each bush
Of platted black-thorn, and of stubborn brush,
Remove the covert of befriending right,
And on the cavern's entrance pour the light.—
Aghast, and trembling in the burst of day,
With haggard eyes the shrinking savage lay;
In vain he glares his desperate glance around,
No scape—no stratagem—no hope is found!
He dies!—he dies! the echoing hills reply,
And the loud triumph rends the vaulted sky.

The Poetical Works of Henry Brooke, 1792.

From 'The Art of Preserving Health'

. . . The chearful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting steed,
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful track. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer;
And thro' its deepest solitudes awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength; a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The chrystal rivulet, that o'er

"Or viewed afoot at midnight Ball."

A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry. Such, thro' the bounds
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such
The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the stream
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song: Tho' not a purer stream,
Thro' meads more flow'ry, or more romantic groves,
Rolls toward the western main. Hail sacred flood!
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd:
Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod sollicite to the shore
The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

. . . Some love the manly foils;
The tennis some; and some the graceful dance.
Others, more hardy, range the purple heath,
Or naked stubble; where from field to field
The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight;
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: And there are
Whom still the meed of the green archer charms.
He chuses best, whose labour entertains
His vacant fancy most: The toil you hate
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

Art of Preserving Health. JOHN ARMSTRONG, 1744.

Translation

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A FRENCH PRINT REPRESENTING PERSONS SKATING

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the skaiters play;
O'er treacherous pleasure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

Poems. S. JOHNSON, 1789.

A fragment of a Poem on Hunting by Thomas Tickell

'Dona cano divûm, lætas venantibus artes,
Auspicio, Diana, tuo——' GRATIUS.

Horses and hounds, their care, their various race,
The numerous beasts, that range the rural chace,
The huntsman's chosen scenes, his friendly stars,
The laws and glory of the sylvan wars,
I first in British verse presume to raise ;
A venturous rival of the Roman praise.
Let me, chaste Queen of Woods, thy aid obtain,
Bring here thy light-foot nymphs, and sprightly train :
If oft, o'er lawns, thy care prevents the day
To rouse the foe, and press the bounding prey,
Woo thine own Phœbus in the task to join,
And grant me genius for the bold design.
In this soft shade, O sooth the warrior's fire,
And fit his bow-string to the trembling lyre ;
And teach, while thus their arts and arms we sing,
The groves to echo, and the vales to ring.

. . . . .

Thy care be first the various gifts to trace,
The minds and genius of the latrant [1] race.
In powers distinct the different clans excel,
In sight, or swiftness, or sagacious smell ;
By wiles ungenerous some surprize the prey,
And some by courage win the doubtful day.
Seest thou the gaze-hound ! how with glance severe
From the close herd he marks the destin'd deer !
How every nerve the greyhound's stretch displays,
The hare preventing in her airy maze ;
The luckless prey how treacherous tumblers gain,
And dauntless wolf-dogs shake the lion's mane ;
O'er all, the blood-hound boasts superior skill,
To scent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill !
His fellows' vain alarms rejects with scorn,
True to the master's voice, and learned horn.
His nostrils oft, if ancient fame sing true,
Trace the sly felon through the tainted dew ;
Once snuff'd, he follows with unalter'd aim,
Nor odours lure him from the chosen game ;
Deep-mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he views,
Springs on relentless, and to death pursues.

[1] barking.

Some hounds of manners vile (nor less we find
Of fops in hounds, than in the reasoning kind)
Puff'd with conceit run gladding o'er the plain
And from the scent divert the wiser train;
For the foe's footsteps fondly snuff their own,
And mar the music with their senseless tone;
Start at the starting prey, or rustling wind,
And, hot at first, inglorious lag behind.
A sauntering tribe! may such my foes disgrace!
Give me, ye gods, to breed the nobler race.
Nor grieve thou to attend, while truths unknown
I sing, and make Athenian arts our own.

Dost thou in hounds aspire to deathless fame?
Learn well their lineage and their ancient stem.
Each tribe with joy old rustic heralds trace,
And sing the chosen worthies of their race;
How his sire's features in the son were spy'd,
When Die was made the vigorous Ringwood's bride.
Less sure thick lips the fate of Austria doom,
Or eagle noses rul'd almighty Rome.
Good shape to various kinds old bards confine,
Some praise the Greek, and some the Roman line;
And dogs to beauty make as differing claims,
As Albion's nymphs, and India's jetty dames.

Immense to name their lands, to mark their bounds,
And paint the thousand families of hounds :
First count the sands, the drops where oceans flow,
Or Gauls by Marlborough sent to shades below.
The task be mine, to teach Britannia's swains,
My much-lov'd country, and my native plains.
Such be the dog, I charge, thou mean'st to train,
His back is crooked, and his belly plain,
Of fillet stretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
A tapering tail, that nimbly cuts the wind ;
Truss-thigh'd, straight-ham'd, and fox-like form'd his paw,
Large-leg'd, dry-sol'd, and of protended claw.
His flat, wide nostrils snuff the savory steam,
And from his eyes he shoots pernicious gleam ;
Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
With ears and chest that dash the morning dew :
He best to stem the flood, to leap the bound,
And charm the Dryads with his voice profound ;
To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
And crown the sylvan hero's plenteous board. . . .

Works of Eng ish Poets . . . by Samuel Johnson, 1779.

From 'The History of Manchester'

But can you waft across the British tide,
And land undangered on the farther side,
O what great gains will certainly redound
From a free traffick in the British hound !
Mind not the badness of their forms or face :
That the sole blemish of the generous race.
When the bold game turns back upon the spear,
And all the Furies wait upon the war,
First in the fight the whelps of Britain shine,
And snatch, Epirus, all the palm from thine.

(GRATIUS FALISCUS).

Would you chace the deer,
Or urge the motions of the smaller hare,
Let the brisk greyhound of the Celtic name
Bound o'er the glebe and shew his painted frame.
Swift as the wing that sails adown the wind,
Swift as the wish that darts along the mind,
The Celtic greyhound sweeps the level lea,
Eyes as he strains, and stops the flying prey.
But should the game elude his watchful eyes,
No nose sagacious tells him where it lies.

(GRATIUS FALISCUS).

A small bold breed and steady to the game
Next claims the tribute of peculiar fame !
Train'd by the tribes on Britain's wildest shore,
Thence they their title of Agasses bore.
Small as the race that useless to their lord
Bask on the hearth and beg about the board,
Crook-limbed and black-eyed, all their frame appears
Flanked with no flesh and bristled rough with hairs ;
But shod each foot with hardest claws is seen,
The sole's kind armour on the beaten green ;
But fenced each jaw with closest teeth is found,
And death sits instant on th' inflicted wound.
Far o'er the rest he quests the secret prey,
And sees each track wind opening to his ray :
Far o'er the rest he feels each scent that blows
Court the live nerve and thrill along the nose.

(OPPIAN).

The History of Manchester. JOHN WHITAKER, 1771.

From 'Farringdon Hill'

First to the north direct your roving eyes,
Where fair *Oxonia's* verdant hills arise,
There *Burford's* downs invite the healthful chace,
Or urge the emulous courser to the race,
While as with agile limbs the ascent they scale,
Rush down the steep, or sweep across the vale,
Exulting hope, by turns, and chilling fear,
In the pale cheek, and eager eye appear,
Each generous fire in every heart is lost,
By fortune favour'd, or by fortune cross'd ;
Flies every virtue, withers every grace,
And all the selfish passions take their place ;
Blest plains ! which all the good to *Oxford* yield,
That *Granta* reaps from fam'd *Newmarket's* field.

. . . . . .

Soon shall the yellow wealth whose swelling grains
The stalk low bending hardly now sustains,
Stored in the barn with jocund labor, yield
To every rural sport the uncumber'd field.
The pointer then shall o'er the stubbled vale
Range unconfined, and catch the tainted gale :
The hound's quick scent, or greyhound's eager view
O'er the smooth plain the timid hare pursue ;
Then swelling on the burthen'd breeze afar,

Shall burst the tumult of the woodland war ;
While rush the daring youth with breathless speed
To see the wily fox unpityed bleed.
Let not the *Muse* the jocund labor chide,
Or from the chace her eyes indignant hide :
Though gentle *Shenstone* thought the hunter's throat
Drown'd with its clamorous strain, the lyric note :
Though pensive *Thomson* indolently laid
Beneath the silver willows trembling shade,
Baiting with cruel art the treacherous hook,
To lure the guileless inmates of the brook :
Blame, as his hands the barbed weapon draw
From the mute wretches agonizing jaw,
Those who in manly sport with frantic joy,

The rapid tenants of the wood destroy :
Yet has the warbling lyre in many a strain
Described the active pleasures of the plain ;
The moral bard of *Windsor's* royal groves,
Sings of the hunter and his toil approves ;
Even he whose verse to mortal eyes has given
The wrath of angels, and the wars of heaven ;
Joyful has listen'd to the hounds, and horn,
Rousing with chearful peal the slumbering morn :
Nor shall with brow averse the rural *Muse*
To *Somerville* the Poet's meed refuse,
Whose skilful notes each sylvan pastime trace,
And teach the various mazes of the chace ;

Whence livelier thoughts, and lighter spirits rise,
Strength knits the limbs and health adorns the eyes,
Glows in the ruddy cheek a purer blood,
And rolls the tide of life a sprightlier flood.

Farringdon Hill. A Poem. H. J. PYE, 1774.

The Lady of the Lake

CANTO FIRST

THE CHASE

I

The Stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II

As chief who hears his warder call,
'To arms! the foemen storm the wall,'—
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, e'er his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

III

Yelled on the view the opening pack,
Rock glen and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.

An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered an hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
An hundred voices joined the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe,

The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where 'tis told
A giant made his den of old;

For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his path-way hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stayed per-force,
Was fain to breathe his faultering horse ;
And of the trackers of the deer
Scarce half the lessening pack was near ;
So shrewdly, on the mountain side,
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

V

The noble Stag was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wandered o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copse-wood gray,
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue.
Fresh vigour with the hope returned,
With flying foot the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

VI

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more ;
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air ;
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,—
For twice, that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar ;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost Horseman rode alone.

VII

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel ;
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The labouring stag strained full in view.

Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toiled the blood-hounds staunch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

VIII

The hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barred the way;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound, and death-halloo,
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew;
But, thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosach's wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There while, close couched, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

IX

Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more;
Then, touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
'I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine;

That highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant grey!'

X

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they pressed,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast;
And on the hunter hied his pace,
To join some comrades of the chase;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

CANTO FOURTH

XXV

THE PROPHECY

The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,
Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

It was a stag, a stag of ten,[1]
Bearing his branches sturdily;
He came stately down the glen,
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

It was there he met with a wounded doe,
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warned him of the toils below,
O so faithfully, faithfully!

He had an eye, and he could heed,
Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed . . .
Hunters watch so narrowly.

[1] Having ten branches on his antlers.

CANTO SIXTH

XXIV

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle grey-hound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forests green,
With bended bow and blood-hound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sun-beams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing ;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew ;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee, . . .
That life is lost to love and me !

The Lady of the Lake: a Poem. WALTER SCOTT, 1810.

From 'Marmion'

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND

. . . 'Here, in my shade,' methinks he'd say,
'The mighty stag at noontide lay :
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,
(The neighbouring dingle bears his name,)
With lurching step around me prowl,
And stop against the moon to howl ;
The mountain boar, on battle set;
His tusks upon my stem would whet ;

While doe and roe, and red-deer good,
Have bounded by through gay green-wood.
Then oft, from Newark's riven tower,
Sallied a Scottish monarch's power:
A thousand vassals mustered round,
With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound;
And I might see the youth intent,
Guard every pass with cross-bow bent;
And through the brake the rangers stalk,
And falc'ners hold the ready hawk;
And foresters, in green-wood trim,
Lead in the leash the gaze-hounds grim,
Attentive, as the bratchet's[1] bay
From the dark covert drove the prey,
To slip them as he broke away.
The startled quarry bounds amain,
As fast the gallant grey-hounds strain;
Whistles the arrow from the bow,
Answers the harquebuss below;
While all the rocking hills reply,
To hoof-clang, hound, and hunters' cry,
And bugles ringing lightsomely.'

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH

When dark December glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away;
When short and scant the sun-beam throws,
Upon the weary waste of snows,
A cold and profitless regard,
Like patron on a needy bard;
When sylvan occupation's done,
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,
And hang, in idle trophy, near,
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear;
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,
And greyhound with his length of limb,
And pointer, now employed no more,
Cumber our parlour's narrow floor;
When in his stall the impatient steed
Is long condemned to rest and feed;
When from our snow-encircled home,
Scarce cares the hardiest step to roam,
Since path is none, save that to bring
The needful water from the spring;
When wrinkled news-page, thrice con'd o'er
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,
And darkling politician, crossed,

[1] Slow-hound.

Inveighs against the lingering post,
And answering house-wife sore complains
Of carriers' snow-impeded wains :
When such the country cheer, I come,
Well pleased, to seek our city home ;
For converse, and for books, to change
The Forest's melancholy range,
And welcome, with renewed delight
The busy day, and social night.

Marmion: a Tale of Flodden Field. WALTER SCOTT, 1808.

From 'The Excursion'

. . . 'A blessed lot is yours !'
He said, and with that exclamation breathed
A tender sigh ;—but, suddenly the door
Opening, with eager haste two lusty Boys
Appeared—confusion checking their delight.
—Not Brothers they in feature or attire,
But fond Companions, so I guessed, in field,
And by the river-side—from which they come,
A pair of Anglers, laden with their spoil.
One bears a willow-pannier on his back,
The Boy of plainer garb, and more abashed
In countenance,—more distant and retired.
Twin might the Other be to that fair Girl
Who bounded tow'rds us from the garden mount.
Triumphant entry this to him !—for see,
Between his hands he holds a smooth blue stone,
On whose capacious surface is outspread
Large store of gleaming crimson-spotted trouts ;
Ranged side by side, in regular ascent,
One after one, still lessening by degree
Up to the dwarf that tops the pinnacle.
Upon the Board he lays the sky-blue stone
With its rich spoil ;—their number he proclaims ;
Tells from what pool the noblest had been dragged ;
And where the very monarch of the brook,
After long struggle, had escaped at last—
Stealing alternately at them and us
(As doth his Comrade too) a look of pride.
And, verily, the silent Creatures made
A splendid sight together thus exposed ;
Dead—but not sullied or deformed by Death,
That seemed to pity what he could not spare.

But oh! the animation in the mien
Of those two Boys! Yea in the very words
With which the young Narrator was inspired,
When, as our questions led, he told at large
Of that day's prowess! Him might I compare,
His look, tones, gestures, eager eloquence,
To a bold Brook which splits for better speed,
And, at the self-same moment, works its way
Through many channels, ever and anon
Parted and reunited: his Compeer
To the still Lake, whose stillness is to the eye
As beautiful, as grateful to the mind.

W. WORDSWORTH, 1814.

Skating

And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,
I heeded not their summons: happy time
It was indeed for all of us—for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home. All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once

Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round!

The Prelude. W. WORDSWORTH, 1850.

From 'The Two Foscari'

ACT I. SCENE I.

How many a time have I
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more daring,
The wave all roughen'd; with a swimmer's stroke
Flinging the billows back from my drench'd hair,
And laughing from my lip the audacious brine,
Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er
The waves as they arose, and prouder still
The loftier they uplifted me; and oft,
In wantonness of spirit, plunging down
Into their green and glassy gulfs, and making
My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen
By those above, till they wax'd fearful; then
Returning with my grasp full of such tokens
As show'd that I had search'd the deep: exulting,
With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep
The long-suspended breath, again I spurn'd
The foam which broke around me, and pursued
My track like a sea-bird.—I was a boy then.

The Two Foscari: a Tragedy. Lord BYRON, 1821.

From 'Don Juan'

CANTO XIII

The mellow Autumn came, and with it came
  The promised party, to enjoy its sweets.
The corn is cut, the manor full of game;
  The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats
In russet jacket:—lynx-like is his aim,
  Full grows his bag, and wonder*ful* his feats.
Ah nutbrown Partridges! Ah brilliant Pheasants!
And ah, ye Poachers!——'Tis no sport for peasants.

. . . . . .

The gentlemen got up betimes to shoot,
  Or hunt: the young, because they liked the sport—
The first thing boys like, after play and fruit:
  The middle-aged, to make the day more short;
For *ennui* is a growth of English root,
  Though nameless in our language:—we retort

The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep can not abate.

. . . . . .

Then there were billiards ; cards too, but *no* dice ;—
  Save in the Clubs no man of honour plays ;—
Boats when 'twas water, skaiting when 'twas ice,
  And the hard frost destroy'd the scenting days :
And angling too, that solitary vice,
  Whatever Isaac Walton sings or says :
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

Don Juan. Lord BYRON, 1823.

From 'The Deformed Transformed'

PART III. SCENE I.

Chorus

But the hound bayeth loudly,
  The Boar's in the wood,
And the Falcon longs proudly
  To spring from her hood :
On the wrist of the Noble
  She sits like a crest,
And the air is in trouble
  With birds from their nest.

CÆSAR

Oh ! Shadow of glory !
  Dim image of war !
But the chace hath no story,
  Her hero no star,
Since Nimrod, the Founder
  Of empire and chace,
Who made the woods wonder
  And quake for their race.
When the Lion was young,
  In the pride of his might,
Then 'twas sport for the strong
  To embrace him in fight ;
To go forth, with a pine
  For a spear, 'gainst the Mammoth,
Or strike through the ravine
  At the foaming Behemoth ;
While man was in stature
  As towers in our time,
The first born of nature,
  And, like her, sublime !

The Deformed Transformed. Lord BYRON, 1824.

From 'Œdipus Tyrannus'

ACT II. SCENE II.

MINOTAUR

My name's JOHN BULL; I am a famous hunter,
And can leap any gate in all Bœotia,
Even the palings of the royal park,
Or double ditch about the new enclosures;
And if your Majesty will deign to mount me,
At least till you have hunted down your game,
I will not throw you.

IONA TAURINA

(*During this speech she has been putting on boots and spurs, and a hunting cap, buckishly cocked on one side, and tucking up her hair, she leaps nimbly on his back.*)

Hoa! hoa! tallyho! tallyho! ho! ho!
Come, let us hunt these ugly badgers down,
These stinking foxes, these devouring otters,
These hares, these wolves, these anything but men.
Hey, for a whipper-in! my loyal pigs,
Now let your noses be as keen as beagles,
Your steps as swift as greyhounds, and your cries
More dulcet and symphonious than the bells
Of village-towers, on sunshine holiday;
Wake all the dewy woods with jangling music.
Give them no law (are they not beasts of blood?)
But such as they gave you. Tallyho! ho!
Through forest, furze, and bog, and den, and desart,
Pursue the ugly beasts! tallyho! ho!

Full Chorus of IONA *and the* SWINE

Tallyho! tallyho!
Through rain, hail, and snow,
Through brake, gorse, and briar,
Through fen, flood, and mire,
We go! we go!

Tallyho! tallyho!
Through pond, ditch, and slough,
Wind them, and find them,
Like the Devil behind them,
Tallyho! tallyho!

Exeunt, in full cry.

Œdipus Tyrannus; or Swellfoot the Tyrant: a Tragedy.
P. B. SHELLEY, 1820.

From 'The Love Chase'

ACT II. SCENE III.

CONSTANCE. . . . Worthy sir,
Souls attract souls, when they're of kindred vein.
The life that you love, I love. Well I know,
'Mongst those who breast the feats of the bold chase,
You stand without a peer ; and for myself
I dare avow 'mong such, none follows them
With heartier glee than I do.
WILDRAKE. Churl were he
That would gainsay you, madam !
CONSTANCE—*courtesying*. What delight
To back the flying steed, that challenges
The wind for speed !—seems native more of air
Than earth !—whose burden only lends him fire !—
Whose soul in his task, turns labour into sport !
Who makes your pastime his ! I sit him now !
He takes away my breath !—He makes me reel !
I touch not earth—I see not—hear not—All
Is ecstacy of motion !
WILDRAKE. You are used,
I see, to the chase.
CONSTANCE. I am, Sir ! Then the leap,
To see the saucy barrier, and know
The mettle that can clear it ! Then your time
To prove you master of the manage. Now
You keep him well together for a space,
Both horse and rider braced as you were one,
Scanning the distance—then you give him rein,
And let him fly at it, and o'er he goes
Light as a bird on wing.
WILDRAKE. 'Twere a bold leap,
I see, that turn'd you, madam,
CONSTANCE. Sir, you're good !
And then the hounds, sir. Nothing I admire
Beyond the running of the well-train'd pack.
The training's every thing ! Keen on the scent !
At fault none losing heart !—but all at work !
None leaving his task to another !—answering
The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or cheer
As steed his rider's rein ! Away they go !
How close they keep together !—What a pack !
Nor turn nor ditch nor stream divides them—as
They moved with one intelligence, act, will !
And then the concert they keep up !—enough
To make one tenant of the merry-wood,

To list their jocund music!
WILDRAKE. You describe
The huntsman's pastime to the life!
CONSTANCE. I love it!
To wood and glen, hamlet and town, it is
A laughing holiday!—Not a hill-top
But's then alive!—Footmen with horsemen vie,
All earth's astir, roused with the revelry
Of vigour, health, and joy!—Cheer awakes cheer,
While Echo's mimic tongue, that never tires,
Keeps up the hearty din! Each face is then
Its neighbour's glass—where gladness sees itself,
And, at the bright reflection, grows more glad!
Breaks into tenfold mirth!—laughs like a child!
Would make a gift of its heart, it is so free!
Would scarce accept a kingdom, 'tis so rich!
Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew
That life was life before!

The Love Chase. JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, 1837.

INTRODUCTION

TO POEMS, SONGS, AND BALLADS

If there was a difficulty in selecting the most interesting extracts from among the many allusions to sport in verse, the work of deciding which songs and ballads should be included or rejected is no light one.

The impression that a person must be a song-writer if capable of placing a capital letter before every five or six words, and ending those lines with terminations which rhyme more or less accurately, is common; but we must study songs of sport to realise fully the *reductio ad absurdum* of such a proposition. Gleaned from all sources, collections, magazines, newspapers and manuscripts, under the heading of every conceivable sport, we have more than ten thousand songs ranging over the last 450 years. Many of these are but variations of the same verses reproduced over and over again; in the first edition they are often amusing on account of their quaintness, but the intended improvements have slowly abolished the one small charm they had, till the end of perfection leaves us in possession of pure and unadulterated trash.

It is not easy to determine what fiend first made Auror a the patron saint of hunting songs, but it may be fairly taken for granted that in one out of three cases she will be found mixed up in the first two lines. Sometimes she is coming

forth or about to appear; perhaps she may be summoning someone, and even displaying her charms or having them neglected; in fact, doing a hundred and one possible and impossible things which enable the writer to work in such rhymes as dawn, thorn, lawn, and horn in this way :—

> Aurora, fair goddess of dawn,
> Is gilding the point of a thorn
> And, roused by the sound of our horn,
> Displays all her charms on the lawn.

No sooner, however, have we settled that Aurora is, and has for some reason the right to be, considered our patron saint, than we begin to be doubtful, for we find that Phœbus and Sol run her very closely; for while Aurora is appearing, Phœbus is spreading his beams over the streams, or mounting his car under a star, whilst Diana is eager for war. Sol, on the other hand, seems to be a lower-minded being of the same kind, who is usually either doffing his nightcap, squinting, winking his eye, or rousing himself from somebody's lap—for preference Hebe's. We have, it is true, for a change now and then a visit from Cynthia or Hesperus, but this as a rule is only when the poet likes a little rugged scansion.

The following four lines, taken at random, will give a fair idea (allowing for variations) of the commencement of some two thousand songs :—

> Fain longer would indolent Phœbus recline,
> Neglecting Aurora's bright charms,
> But the hale glowing troop of Diana combine
> To rouse him from Sleep's languid arms.

It is little exaggeration to say that in one collection of over four hundred sporting songs, from which we have selected about one per cent., Aurora and Phœbus have each close on one hundred appearances, Sol rather fewer, and the minor deities in proportion. Moreover, the compilers of such interesting collections, not satisfied with five or six versions of one song, not infrequently have printed word for word the same verses twice over, as if it were impossible to have too much of so good a thing.

Having given just a rough idea of the kind of songs we do not intend to reproduce, we will now again turn to the still large collection before us.

The oldest of these songs are probably to be found in the Roxburghe and various collections of ballads belonging to the British Museum and other libraries. The way in which these stray leaflets or broad-sheets have been preserved and bound together is too well known and too lengthy a matter to go into here; for the sake, however, of those who have not had the opportunity of seeing some of the originals, we reproduce one here. Most of these ballads, however, are much older in all probability than the paper on which they are printed, many having been handed down either in writing or by word of mouth, and as they were reproduced every few years, it is quite possible that some of the earlier editions have long been extinct. The woodcuts on the top of many of them are very quaint, and were often used quite indiscriminately; for instance, if the printer had no hunting scene, he would place a couple of lovers above 'The Fox Hunt;' or, *vice versâ*, the fox and hounds over a love song; sometimes even, if the blocks got broken or defaced, a part of one engraving and a part of another over either or both. These so-called illustrated songs were very popular in their day, being sold for a low price about the streets and in the various shops. They doubtless would have been even more prized if there had been a greater number of people able to read them.

It must be borne in mind that these ballads are seldom dated, and as many of them have been collected in recent years, the only clue to when they were composed must either be sought from the print, paper, illustration, or in the matter itself. The Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, who is the greatest authority on this subject, has done much by the most patient research to throw a light on the darkness, and we are indebted to him both for his works and his kindly personal assistance. Nevertheless, we have often, after trying every means available, been obliged to rely on very slight evidence, more especially in those songs

which are obviously much older than the first known editions. Instead, therefore, of giving dates which often have been or would be mere guesswork, it will be our endeavour

Princely Diverſion, or the Jovial Hunting Match,

ONE Valentine's Day in the Morning,
bright *Phœbus* began to appear,
Sir Wm Cook winding his Horn
And was going a hunting the hare,
Says Handford uncouple our *Beagles*,
And let them go queſting along
For looſe her or win her, we muſt go to *dinner*
Or elſe they will think me long,

Says Handford I pray now forbare ſir
And talk not of Dinner ſo ſoon
For i've not been a hunting this Year
And how can you give over by Noon
Black *Sloven ſhall warm your bay Robin*
And make him go Smoacking along,
Bonny Dick ſhall not Gallop ſo quick
If we light of a Hare that is ſtrong,

Well *Handford* ſaid the good Eſquire,
I mean to ſhow you a trick
I value not hedges nor Ditches
But i'll let you know bonny *Dick*
Then hie for the *Cloſom-Bow-Field*,
We ſhall get her Ten thouſand to one,
There's Wonder, lays hard upon Thunder
Away, o'er away ſhe is gone,

The Morning was pleaſant all over
So bright and ſo clear was the *Sky*.
We made all the Woods for to roar,
With the Noiſe of our ſweet harmony.
It was for the ſpace of three Hours
We held all our Hórſes to ſpeed
Black ſloven held hard to bay Robin
But Yet could not do the deed,

It was about Nine in the morning
We founded our firſt paſſing Bell
ſir William pray put up your horn
For another Freſh *Hare* will do well.
Well *Handford* ſaid the good Eſquire
What think you of my bonny *Dick*
doe's think thou can make him to tire
or not for to Gallop ſo quick,

Faith Maſter *I* needs muſt Confeſs,
That i fear i was boaſting to ſoon
But hie for another freſh *Hare*
And your Dick ſhould have dinn'd by noon
Well *Handford* have at your black ſloven
I'll make him in Purple to Ride
And if he does offer to tire
I'll certainly Liquor your hide

to arrange the songs in the order of their apparent age, and to give the name of the collection from which they have been taken.

We have tried, as mentioned in the Introduction, to trace back each piece and to give the earliest rendering, thereby disregarding the many stages through which it has passed. It is possible sometimes to find eight distinct variations, and as the first is not always the best verse, some of our friends will appear here in old garments that seem to fit them rather awkwardly. The extraordinary liberties that have been taken in the past with the works of fairly well-known writers will be incredible to those who have not studied the subject. Many editors and printers seem to have considered it part of their duty to improve the work on which they were engaged, till often in a hundred years hardly a vestige of the original remains. It may be interesting to give an example. On looking over one of the magazines issued seventy years ago, a passage quoted from an author whose works were known to us seemed unfamiliar ; we traced it, however, by a note to an edition printed about 1720, and found that, though differing slightly on account of a few misprints, it was fairly accurate. We then turned to the original work, but still failed to identify it. After going through four other intervening reprints, we discovered a clue, and were able at last to fit some of the lines in their places ; the others had been simply added from time to time. One of the worst of these faults is the habit of altering the names of persons referred to in the text to suit the date of the reprint, in which way a poet who died in the sixteenth century may be found praising the excellent horsemanship of some king born in the seventeenth.

It will easily be seen, since this was done openly when the poet was known, how careful we require to be in judging a ballad with neither date nor name. The mention of Queen Elizabeth as ruling at the time may seem conclusive evidence, but unless we know how many names had preceded hers, it can at best be only suggestive.

It is somewhat strange that, considering how popular any collection of sporting songs has always proved, no attempt ever seems to have been made to bring out even an approximately

representative edition. Those that we have, excepting one or two on Fishing, are out of date ; but that is their least fault, for no pains whatever seems to have been taken with any of them either in the selection or arrangement. The songs are seldom of historical interest, and the few which show signs of it have been printed in such a comparatively modern and garbled form that half their value is lost. One would almost suppose these works to have been compiled from the refuse, carelessly swept together, of a sporting editor's waste-paper basket.

In most editorial work there is a fairly solid, if uneven, groundwork on which to build ; but not so here, and we trust in some way to remedy the defect. That our collection can be perfect is impossible ; well nigh as easy would it be to compile an accurate dictionary of a language at the first attempt. In the mass of chaff some good grain is certain to have slipt through, besides which the limitations of space have obliged us to leave out much excellent work that we should have been glad to include. Information possessed by others is, moreover, not always procurable. For example, there is or was a song on football written by Somervile. This we know, but every attempt to obtain it has so far proved unavailing, though we have reason to believe that in some private collection a copy still exists, and probably there are others hidden away. It is often a difficult matter, when a book or pamphlet is not in any of the well-known public libraries, to find it, and a good many works on sporting literature are unfortunately not in any of these splendid collections. The British Museum does not contain even a complete edition of the 'Sporting Magazine,' although three or four perfect sets have been sold in the last twenty years. Now, however, these defects are being rapidly remedied by the energy of those in authority, and even whilst collecting material for this work we discovered nearly two hundred volumes on various subjects which have since been bought by the Trustees and added to our national library.

Whilst speaking of the British Museum, it would be un-

gracious not to express our indebtedness to Dr. Garnett and Mr. Fletcher for the invariable courtesy and assistance we have received from them, as well as from many others in the Reading-room. Also to Professor Colvin and his assistants in the Print-room, for the facilities granted us, whilst reproducing many of their rare and valuable illustrations, and for information on sporting prints, &c.

It may be surprising to some of our readers that we have included so little that has been written of recent years. In some, but not many, cases the law of copyright has prevented us from doing so, and we acknowledge with gratitude the kind permission which we have obtained to print some of the poems, without which the book could hardly have been considered complete. But possibly from the reason suggested in the Introduction, there has been little of note written for some time on sport; our modern verse-writers seem to have been too busy either love-making, philosophising, or groaning over the misfortunes of life, to deign to descend to these trivial joys; but signs are not wanting of a more healthy tone, and some of our leading critics, who do much to turn the tide of public feeling, have certainly assisted in the slaughter of the effeminates. They may not yet have discovered a poet who is capable of describing a perfectly healthy and well-balanced being, but they have expressed a distaste (shared by many) for having only those minds which are nourished by diseased bodies dissected for their intellectual entertainment.

At the conclusion of what we may term the more serious portion of our work will be found, under the heading of 'Humorous Songs and Parodies,' a number of songs which will, we trust, afford amusement. We have especially endeavoured to collect some pieces written in close imitation of the style of those poets whose works have not been produced here.

Unfortunately the wit of bygone days was too often of a kind which does not harmonise with the present rules of taste, and, therefore, little of this part of the book is of value historically; but we think that the veteran sportsman will find

much in it that will entertain him, while to the novice we can highly recommend it as a safe form of inoculation. A small and comparatively painless dose of this satire taken into the system will probably save him many hours of feverish humiliation not easily forgotten. As the insects that sting are better known and remembered than the many other species of flies, a few cutting lines (even though we apply them only to our neighbours) sink in and have more effect than many careful rules; for these rules are at critical moments often forgotten, whilst the satire, having been learnt by heart for the use of someone else, is ever present. How often do we see some comparative novice turn with the scorn called forth by a remembrance of 'Handley Cross' upon one who speaks of a *dog* in the hunting field! It might, in fact, be given as a cockney sporting riddle, 'When is a dog not a dog?' with answer, 'When it's a hound.' It will, I fancy, surprise not a few of these would-be authorities to find that this absurdity was as unknown even among so-called sportsmen prior to this century as it is by sportsmen at the present time. We do not say that Mr. Surtees is to blame, but that the novice, having heard the term dog used as a word of reproach to indicate that every dog is not to be called a hound, has fallen into the mistake of supposing that therefore a hound is not to be called a dog. We have touched on this matter here on account of the frequent mention of dogs in hunting verse, and to prevent any of our readers from making the mistake, of which a superficial writer recently was guilty, to suppose that anyone who so expressed himself was not qualified by experience to write on the subject. The true sportsman was and is as little afraid of calling a hound a dog as the true gentleman would be of calling a lady a woman.

Among the extracts we have so many that refer to various sports that it was impossible to subdivide them under special headings, but in the songs this difficulty rarely occurs, and for the sake of convenience it has seemed better to keep them as far as possible separate, so that anyone interested in a special

subject shall be able to indulge his inclination without let or hindrance.

Hunting and Fishing, being the most ancient, will necessarily take pre-eminence. With regard to Hawking, we have felt compelled to curtail the space as much as possible ; for though we are glad to say that it is far from being an obsolete sport, yet, on account of the many difficulties now encountered in its enjoyment, it is open to few, and therefore of less general interest ; still, we feel sure that those who care to

follow this amusement will already have seen that it has not been neglected.

It must be admitted with reluctance that Shooting has not been very satisfactorily dealt with in verse. We have plenty of material ; but, alas ! the pudding is heavy and the plums few. The gun seems to have had as deadly effect upon life in the verse as upon life in the victim ; for, whereas in the days of archery many lines and lives escaped extinction,

the invention of powder seems to have been equally fatal to both. Over and over again have we struck some new lode which, considering its thickness, promised to contain unlimited ore ; but, alas ! how often the title has proved but a decoy nugget dropped on barren clay ! Many of these curiosities we possess, and as they are likely to find their way into the British Museum, anyone interested in the subject will be able to read them at his leisure, but we could hardly, even on acccount of their rarity, inflict them on the public.

Judging from the works of early writers, it does not seem that the games which we now include as sports were regarded by them with the same reverence. Golf, goff, bandy ball, or cambuca, as some think it was first called, seems to have been the most ancient. The ball employed was very similar to the one used until about fifty years ago, being made of leather stuffed with feathers ; and the game seems to have been always played in much the same way, either by two or four players. A variation of the game was played on the ice in Holland ; a good illustration of which is reproduced on p. 145. Though this pastime is mentioned in prose as early as the reign of Edward II., we have not been able to find any verse on the subject before the end of the sixteenth century, and it is usually only referred to in songs on other subjects, as in the following verse from 'And to each pretty lass we will give a green gown' :

> Thus all our life long we are frolick and gay,
> And instead of Court-revels, we merrily play
> At Trap, at Rules,[1] and at Barly-break[2] run ;
> At Goff, and at Foot-ball, and when we have done
> These innocent sports, we'l laugh and lie down
> *And to each pretty Lass*
> *We will give a green Gown.*
>
> *Westminster Drollery*, 1671.

Or again, as in the 'Satyre on the Familie of Stours,' perhaps one of the oldest :

[1] any kind of frolic.

[2] a sort of prisoners' base.

He *jure postliminii* did transub
Himself to ball, the Parliament to club,
Which will him hold when right teased at one blow,
Or els Sir Patrick will be the shinnie goe.

Maidment: a Book of Scotish Pasquils, 1568–1715. 1868.

It was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that this game, with many others, became fashionable; for until then, with one or two exceptions, all such recreations were looked down upon as being fitted only either to prepare youths for what were considered the manlier sports of hunting and hawking, or else as a pastime for the common people, as can be noticed in such references as this on football:—

The sturdie plowmen lustie, strong and bold,
Overcometh the winter with driving the foote-ball,
Forgetting labour and many a grievous fall.

Ship of Fools, 1508.

The consequence is that we are rather badly off for old songs on games; but we have nevertheless been able to gather together some which will be found worthy of attention; among them there is one on billiards, which, as far we know, is here reprinted for the first time after a lapse of two hundred years. If we are right in thinking that these verses have been lost sight of, their reproduction is of considerable importance; for they fully explain how the game was played in the sixteenth century. The old method has for long been a matter of discussion, and even Strutt (the most painstaking of all writers on our subject) seems to have been unable to understand it. The verses, however, strengthen his view that billiards was at first but a table variation of mace bowls.

A few words are now due to those who in various parts of the country have for years been diligent collectors of sporting songs, some giving their attention to one branch and some to another. To you, most dangerous of all critics, the several joints of our harness will be revealed. Lying well guarded in the armour of the specialist, with the sharp-pointed weapon of local knowledge to thrust at the general traveller, we

can hardly expect to escape you unwounded. Had we sought in all your private libraries, visited all your favourite haunts, or hunted with each local pack, and thus tried to discover its special bards, we know still that you would have been too many for us. From some secret hiding-place would have been drawn those harmless-looking weapons, a more ancient version of some song, a ballad of infinite superiority to anything here produced (and of which only twenty copies were printed), or worse still, some evidence to prove us in the wrong as to our dates, names, &c. Do we not ourselves possess such valued weapons, and know the joy of handling them? Are they not piled away and carefully labelled, ready when the appointed time shall come, or already rusty with the blood of the victim? Thus, when from the secure retreat of our speciality, and the well-known haunts in which we deem ourselves invincible, we have dared to wander over your preserves, our courage wavers, and fain would we ask for terms of peace, yet refrain. In such not really unfriendly warfare is error, not man, defeated, and if one or two of us get a mortal wound through our presumption, there are plenty as good and better to take our place and drive the ball of information gaily on its way.

But, after all, what have we to do with the critic? How easy is it to carp, how hard to be natural and happy; to cast off, if only for the time, all trouble and care, and sit quietly down and enjoy ourselves! A much brighter life would be ours if some blest spirit placed in our too prominent nostrils the ring of wisdom—we should find the earth pleasanter to lie upon from our inability to grub beneath the surface in our ceaseless search for error. Therefore, with relief we turn to you, our brother sportsmen; for to you, and to you only, is this book offered. If, after a good day's sport, you are not too weary to turn over a few pages, may what we have here collected recall the previous pleasant hours; or if from some misfortune you are debarred for a short time (and may such times be few) from participating in the delight of action, we hope these pages may bring back some of the pleasure of which otherwise you might

be altogether deprived. When we cannot live in the present there is surely a joy to be found in turning to the past, and to those whose imagination is not dead what a field of suggestion is open here! The petty annoyances of the moment can be forgotten as we glide lightly over the years that are gone, and, half dreaming, find ourselves gaily riding forth in novel costume with the merry sportsmen of the past. We hail the jovial country squire, and as he chats to us time is forgotten. He may not be quite so enlightened in some things (thank Heaven!) as the modern School Board child; he has never heard of railways, of telegraphs, of heredity or hypnotism; but he can tell us something about country life as it was, and not as it is often represented to have been by the town-living jaundiced dilettante. His grammar may be a little shaky, and the songs he gives us after dinner not always quite up to the metrical standard acquired by modern songsters; but what a breath of good, honest, healthy life seems to pervade the atmosphere in which we find him! Does he propound such pleasing riddles as 'Is life worth living?' Not a bit of it! Having found out unconsciously Punch's answer, he has never even been troubled with the question, and would consider anyone who asked it a fool. 'Life worth living!' you seem to hear him say. 'Man alive, don't you know the hounds meet to-morrow, and the wind's backing to the south? Get to bed! We shall have to be off before sunrise, and you can answer the question yourself when you hear the first "Tally-ho!"' Dear old bygone days! With all our modern improvement, have we bettered you? Are we really so much wiser and nobler and happier than our ancestors? It is easy to see their faults. What would they think of ours? It is easy to jeer at their folly, but would they have nothing to laugh at were they with us once again?

May the day be far distant when we have become so logical that none can find fault with us; so wise that simple pleasure seems foolishness; so sensible that we die either of despair or dulness. As the work of a genius is always more open to attack than that of the dealer in elegant platitudes, so are the

exuberant pleasures of health than the morbid moralisings of distemper, for one is the deformity of that which is truthful, the other is truthful only of deformity. Alas ! to many it seems more righteous to speak accurately and thereby tell a lie, than by a false or exaggerated statement to convey a truth.

Against such attacks has sport and all that pertains to it to contend ; yet has it nought to fear ; the healthy reaction which follows all non-fatal disease is still working. Though time may change many things, and the conditions of life must alter, yet will the children of Britain remain at heart what they have always proved themselves to be, true sportsmen.

POEMS, SONGS, AND BALLADS

HUNTING

Sonet

Who, so list to hount, I knowe where is an hynde.
But, as for me *halas*, I may no more.
The vayne travaill, hath weried me so sore.
I am of them, that furdest cume behinde.
Yet may I, by no meanes, my weried mynde
Drawe from the Deer; but as she fleeth afore
Faynting I followe, I leve of therefore,
Sins in a nett I seke to hold the wynde.
Who list her hunt, I put him owte of doubte
As well, as I may spend his tyme in vain.
And, graven with Diamondes, in letters plain,
There is written, her faier neck rounde abowte,
Noli me tangere, for Cæsars I am,
And wylde for to holde, though I seme tame.

Sir THOMAS WYATT, from a MS. formerly in possession of Dr. Nott.

From 'A Briefe Discourse of the true (but neglected) use of Charactring the Degrees, etc'

A HUNTS UP. (John Bennet.)

The *hunt* is up, sing merrily wee,
The *hunt* is up, sing merrily wee, the *hunt* is up,
The *Birds* they sing, the Deare they fling,
hey nony nony nony no,
The *Hounds* they crye, the *Hunters* they flye,
hey tro li lo, tro lo li lo, hey tro lo li lo li li lo.
CHO. The *hunt* is up, ut supra.

The *Woods* resounds
To heere the *Hounds*,
hey, nony nony-no :
The *Rocks* resport
This merry sport,
hey, trolilo trololilo.
CHO. The *hunt* is up, the *hunt* is up,
Sing merrily wee the *hunt* is up.
Then hye apace
Unto the *chase*
hey nony, nony nony—no.
Whilst every thing
Doth sweetly sing,
hey troli-lo trololy—lo.
The *hunt* is up, the *hunt* is up,
Sing merrily wee the *hunt* is up.

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT, Bachelor of Musicke, 1614.

To Diana

Queene and *Huntresse*, chaste, and faire,
Now the *Sunne* is laid to sleepe,
Seated, in thy silver chaire,
State in wonted manner keepe :
Hesperus intreats thy light,
Goddesse, excellently bright.

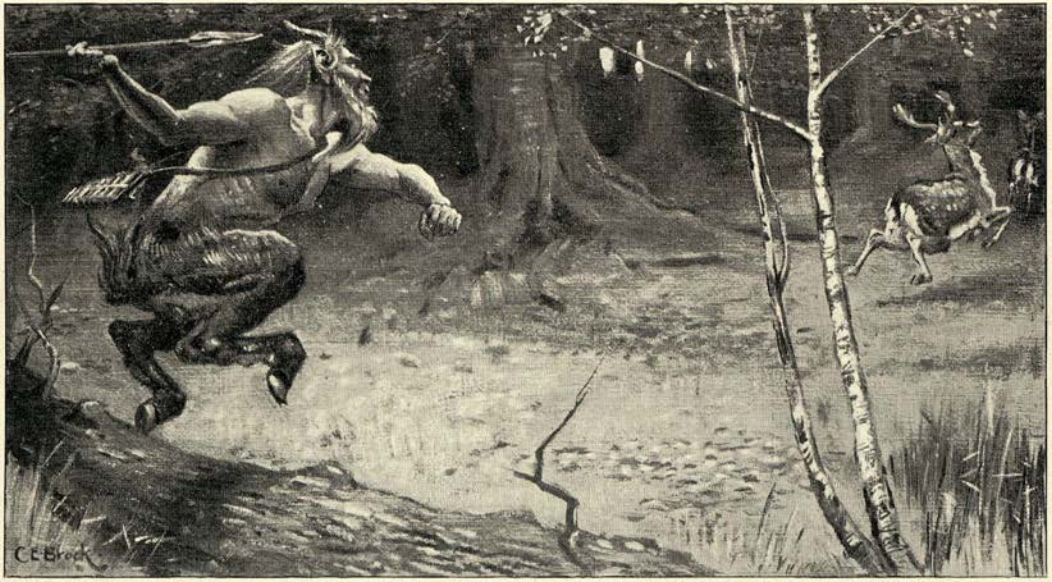
Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare it selfe to interpose ;
Cynthias shining orbe was made
Heaven to cleere, when day did close :
Blesse us then with wished sight,
Goddesse, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearle apart,
And thy cristall-shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddesse, excellently bright,

Cynthia's Revells. The Workes of Beniamin Jonson, 1616.

Hymne to Pan

1. Of *Pan* we sing, the best of singers *Pan*
That taught us swaines, how first to tune our layes,
And on the pipe more aires then *Phœbus* can.
CHO. Heare O you groves, and hills resound his praise.
2. Of *Pan* we sing, the best of Leaders, *Pan*



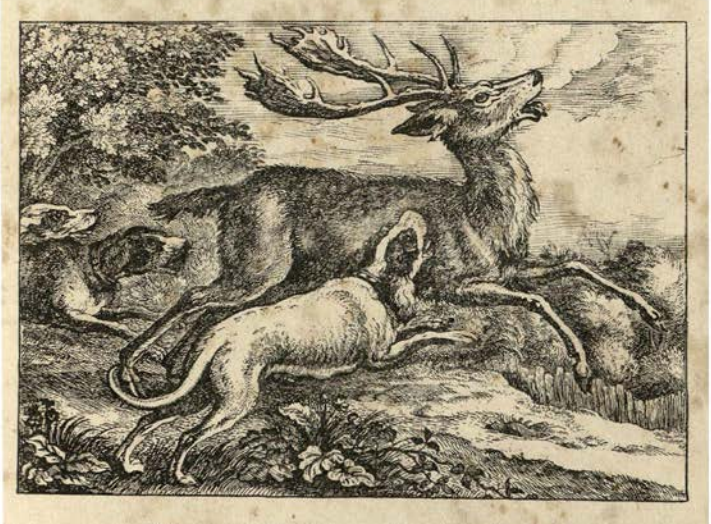
"The best of hunters, Pan."

That leads the Nayad's, and the Dryad's forth,
And to their daunces more then *Hermes* can.
CHO. Hear O you groves, and hills resound his worth.
3. Of *Pan* we sing, the best of Hunters, *Pan*.
That drives the Heart to seeke unused wayes,
And in the chace more then *Sylvanus* can,
CHO. Heare O you groves, and hills resound his praise.
4. Of *Pan* we sing, the best of Shepherds, *Pan*,
That keepes our flocks, and us, and both leads forth
To better pastures then great *Pales* can;
CHO. Heare O you groves, and hills resound his worth.
And while his powers, and praises thus we sing,
The Valleys let rebound, and all the rivers ring.

Pans Anniversarie. The Workes of Beniamin Jonson, 1640.

On the Head of a Stag

So we some antique *Hero's* strength
Learn by his launces, weight and length;
As these vast beams expresse the beast,



Whose shadie browes alive they drest.
Such game while yet the world was new,
The mighty *Nimrod* did pursue.

What Huntsman of our feeble race,
Or dogs dare such a monster chase?
Resembling with each blow he strikes
The charge of a whole troop of Pikes:
O fertile head which every yeare
Could such a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring
So soon, so hard, so huge a thing;
Which might it never have been cast
Each years growth added to the last:
These lofty branches had supply'd
The earth's bold sons prodigous pride:
Heaven with these engines had bin scal'd
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

The Workes of Edmond Waller, 1645.

The Fox Chase

The sun has just peep'd his head o'er the hills,
While the ploughboy he whistles cross the fields,
And the birds they are singing so sweet on each spray
Says the huntsman to his dogs, 'tally ho! hark away!'

CHORUS

Tally ho! hark away, tally ho! hark away,
Tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, hark away.

Come, come, my brave sportsmen, and make no delay,
Quick, saddle your horses, and let's brush away,
For the fox is in view, and is kindled with scorn,
Come along, my brave sportsmen, and join the shrill horn,
Tally ho, &c.

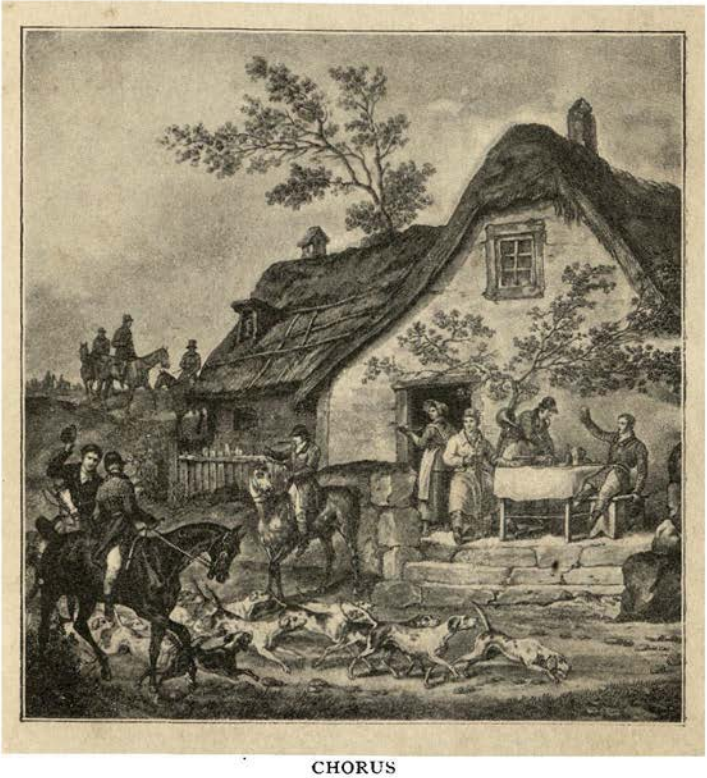
He led us a chase, more than fifty long miles,
Over hedges, over ditches, over gates, and over stiles,
Little David came up with his musical horn,
We shall soon overtake him, for his brush drags along.
Tally ho, &c.

We followed him in chase, six hours full cry,
Tally ho, hark away, for now he must die,
Now we'll cut off his brush, with a hallooing noise,
And drink good success to fox-hunting boys.
Tally ho, &c.

Crampton Ballads.

Three Jovial Huntsmen

There were three jovial huntsmen,
A hunting they would go,
To see whether they'd find sly Reynard,
Among the woods and groves.



CHORUS

With a hoop, hoop, hoop, and a hallow,
All in this merry train,
To my ran tan too, to my chevy, chevy chase,
Away to the royal bar,
With my ugle, ugle, ugle, and the blast of the bugle horn,
To my ri fal de ra, to my diddle don,
And it's through the woods we'll run, brave boys.

The first was an old woman,
A combing down her locks,
She said she saw bold Reynard
Among the geese and ducks. *Chorus.*

The next was a miller,
A grinding in his mill,
He said he saw bold Reynard,
Approaching yonder hill.

The next it was a blind man,
As blind as blind could be,
He said he heard bold Reynard
Running up yonder tree.

The next it was a Parson,
He was dressed in black,
He said he saw bold Reynard
Tied to the huntsman's back.

With a hoop, hoop, hoop, and a hallow,
All in this merry train,
To my ran tan too, to my chevy chase
Away to the Royal Bar,
With my ugle, ugle, and the blast of the bugle horn,
To my ri fal de ra, to my diddle, diddle don,
And it's through the woods we'll run, brave boys.

Ballad.

Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky

Southerly wind and a cloudy sky,
Proclaims a hunting morning,
Before the sun rise, we nimbly fly,
Dull sleep and a downy bed scorning.
To horse my boys, to horse away,
The chase admits of no delay,
On horseback we've got, together we'll trot.
On horseback we've got, together we'll trot.
Leave off your chat, see if the cover appear,
The hound that strikes first, cheer him without fear.
Drag on him, ah wind him, my steady good hound,
Drag on him, ah wind him, the cover resounds.

How completely the cover and furze they draw,
Who talks of Bany or Meynell,
Young Lasher he flourishes now thro' the shaw,
And Saucebix roars out in his kennel.
Away we fly as quick as thought,
The new sown ground soon makes them fault,

Cast round the sheep's train, cast round, cast round,
Try back the deep lane, try back, try back.
Hark, I hear some hounds challenge in yonder spring sedge,
Comfort Bitch hits it off in that old thick hedge.
Hark forward, hark forward, have at him my Boys,
Hark forward, hark forward, zounds don't make a noise.

A stormy sky overcharged with rain,
Both hounds and huntsmen opposes.
In vain on your mettle, you try boys in vain,
But down you must go to your noses.
Each moment the sky now grows worse,
Enough to make a parson curse ;
Prick thro' the plow'd ground, prick through, prick through,
Well hunted good hounds, well hunted, well hunted.
If we can but get on, we shall soon make him quake,
Hark, I hear some hounds challenge in the midst of the brake,
Tally ho, tally ho, there across the green plain,
Tally ho, tally ho, boys have at him again.

Prick thro' the plow'd ground

Thus we ride, whip and spur, for a two hours chace,
Our horses go panting and sobbing,
Young Mad Cap and Riot, begin now the race.
Ride on, Sir, and give him some mobbing.
But hold alas, you'll spoil our sport,
For thro' the Hounds you'll head him short,

Clap round him dear pack, clap round, clap round,
Hark, Drummer, hark back, hark back, hark back.
He's jumping and dodging in every bush,
Little Riot has fasten'd her teeth in his brush.
Whoo' hoop, whoo' hoop, he's fairly run down,
Whoo' hoop, whoo' hoop, he's fairly run down.

Crampton Ballads.

The Hunting of the Hare

WITH HER LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

As 'twas perform'd on Bamstead downs
By Cony-catchers and their hounds.
To a pleasant new Tune.
[*Of all the sports the world doth yield.*]

Of all delights that Earth doth yeeld,
Give mee a pack of hounds in field :
Whose eccho shall throughout the sky
Make *Jove* admire our harmony,
and wish that he a mortal were
to view the pastime we have here.

I will tell you of a rare scent,
Where many a gallant horse was spent
On *Bamstead-Downs* a Hare we found
Which led us all a smoaking round ;
o're hedge and ditch away she goes,
admiring her approaching foes.

but when she found her strength to wast
She parleyed with the hounds at last :
Kind hounds, quoth she, forbear to kill
A harmless Hare that neer thought ill,
and if your Master sport do crave,
I'll lead a scent as he would have.

[HUNTSMAN]

Away, away, thou art alone,
Make haste, I say, and get thee gone,
Wee'l give thee law for half a mile
To see if thou canst us beguile,
but then expect a thund'ring cry,
made by us and our harmony.

[HARE]

Now since you set my life so sleight,
I'l make black sloven turn to white :
And *Yorkshire* Gray that runs at all,

I'le make him wish he were in stall,
or Sorrel he that seems to flye,
I'le make him supple e're he dye.

Let *Barnards* Bay do what he can,
Or *Barrons* Bay that now and than,
Did interrupt mee on my way,
I'le make him neither jet nor play,
or constant *Robin* though he lye,
at his advantage, what care I.

Will Hatton he hath done mee wrong,
He struck mee as I run along,
And with one pat made mee so sore,
That I ran reeling to and fro ;
but if I dye his Master tell,
that fool shall ring my passing bell.

[HUNTSMAN]

Alas poor Hare it is our nature,
To kill thee, and no other creature,
For our Master wants a bit,
And thou wilt well become the spit,
he'l eat thy flesh, we'l pick thy bone,
this is thy doom, so get thee gone.

[HARE]

Your Master may have better chear,
For I am dry, and butter is dear,
But, if he please to make a friend,
He'd better give a puddings end,
for I being kill'd the sport he'l lack,
and I must hang on the Hunts-man's back.

[HUNTSMAN]

Alas poor Hare we pity thee,
If with our nature 'twould agree,
But all thy doubling shifts I fear,
Will not prevail, thy death's so near
then make thy Will, it may be that,
may save thee, or I know not what.

[THE HARE MAKES HER WILL]

Then I bequeathe my body free,
Unto your Masters courtesie :
And if he please my life to grant,
Ile be his game when sport is scant :
but if I dye each greedy Hound,
divides my entrals on the ground.

Item, I do give and bequeathe,
To men in debt (after my death)
My subtle scent, that so they may,
Beware of such as would betray,
them to a miserable fate
by blood-hounds from the *Compter gate*.

Item, I do a turn-coat give
(That he may more obscurely live)
My swift and sudden doublings which,
Will make him politick and rich,
though at the last with many wounds
I wish him kill'd by his own hounds.

Item, I give into their hands,
That purchase Dean & Chapters lands,
My wretched jealousies and fears,
Mixt with salt of Orphans tears.
that long vexations may persever,
to plague them and their heirs for ever.

Before I dye (for breath is scant)
I would supply mens proper want,
And therefore I bequeath(e) unto,
The Scrivener (give the Devil his due)
that Forgeth, Swears, and then forswears
(to save his credit) both my Ears.

I give to some Sequestred man,
My skin to make a jacket on:
And I bequeathe my feet to they,
That shortly mean to run away,
When truth is Speaker, False-hood's dumb,
Foxes must flye when Lions come.

To Fidlers (for all Trades must live)
To serve for strings, my guts I give:
For Gamesters that do play at rut,
And love the sport, I give my skut:
but (last of all in this sad dump)
To *Tower Hill* I bequeathe my Rump.

[HUNTSMAN]

Was ever Hounds so basely crost,
Our Masters call us off so fast,
That we the scent have almost lost,
And they themselves must rule the rost,
therefore kind Hare wee'l pardon you.
Thanks gentle Hounds, and so adue.

"When Bucks a' hunting go.'

[HARE]

And since your Master hath pardon'd me
I'le lead you all to *Banbury*,
Whereas *John Turner* hath a Room,
To entertain all Guests that come
to laugh and quaff in Wine and Beer
a full carouse to your Careere.

Roxburghe Ballads, May, 1660.

When Bucks a Hunting go

How sweet is the horn that sounds in the morn
When bucks a hunting go,
When bucks a hunting go,
While all my fancy dwells upon Nancy,
I'll sing tally oh!

The Fox jump'd over the gate so high,
And the hounds all after him go,
The hounds all after him go,
While all my fancy dwells upon Nancy,
I'll sing tally oh!

How happy is my wife and I,
When that we homeward go,
When that we homeward go,
While all my fancy dwells upon Nancy,
I'll sing tally oh!

Now since it's so, let's merry be,
We will drink before we go,
We will drink before we go,
While all my fancy dwells upon Nancy,
I'll sing tally oh!

Ballad.

The Dusky Night

The dusky night rides down the sky
And ushers in the morn,
The hounds all make a jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
Then a hunting we will go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws,
Her arms to make him stay,
My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows,
You cannot hunt to day.
But a hunting we will go, &c.

The uncavern'd fox, like lightning flies,
His cunning's all awake,
Again the race he eager tries,
His forfeit life's the stake.
When a hunting we will go, &c.

Rous'd even echo huntress turns,
And madly shouts her joy,
The sportsman's breast enraptur'd burns,
The chace can never cloy.
Then a hunting we will go, &c.

Despairing mark he seeks the tide,
His heart [1] must now prevail,
Hark! shouts the miscreant's death betide,
His speed, his cunning fail.
Then a hunting we will go, &c.

For oh! his strength to faintness worn,
The hounds arrest his flight,
Then hungry homewards we return,
To feast away the night.
Then a hunting we will go, &c.

Ballad.

Hark Forward's the Cry

Hark forward! away, my brave boys to the chase,
To the joys that sweet exercise yield;
The bright ruddy morning breaks on us apace,
And invites to the sports of the field.
Hark forward's the cry, and cheerful the morn,
Then follow the hounds and merry-toned horn.

No music can equal the hounds in full cry,
Hark! they open—they haste away;
O'er hill, dale, and valley, with vigour we fly,
While pursuing the sports of the day.
Hark forward's the cry, &c.

With the sports of the field no joys can compare,
To pleasure's light footsteps we trace;
We run down dull sloth, and we distance old care,
Rosy health we o'ertake in the chase.
Hark forward's the cry, &c.

Ballad.

[1] *V.l.* art.

White Hare

It's near Maxfield town boys as I heard them tell,
There once was a white hare, that used there to dwell,
She's been hunted by greyhounds and beagles as fair,
But never one amongst them could come near this white hare.
With my fal de ral, &c.

Oh ! then squire Strutford hearing of the news,
Says he we'll kill this white hare any day we choose,
With ten couple beagles and a few gentlemen,
It's we will go a hunting O then and O then.

Then they came to the place where this white hare used to lie,
They uncoupled the beagles and began for to try,
They uncoupled the beagles and beat the bushes round,
But never was a white hare in that field to be found.

It's Jemmy the huntsman, and Tom the whipper-in,
Go look in yonder fern-side and see if she be in,
With that she took a jump boys and off she ran,
It's yonder she is going, don't you see her gentlemen ?

The footmen did run and the horsemen did ride,
Such hallowing and shouting on every side,
Such hallowing and shouting I never knew,
As though she'd been running all the time through.

The horsemen and footmen they all drew nigh,
Thinking that this white hare was going to die,
She slipt out of the holly bush, she thought to run away,
But cruel and careless which caused her to stay.

'Twas twenty good beagles that caused her to die,
There was not one amongst them above a foot high,
The number of dogs there's not to be found,
Nor ever better hunting upon the English ground.

Ballad.

The Hunting Song

The Sun from the East tips the Mountains with Gold,
And the Meadows all spangled with Dew-drops, behold
How the Lark's early Matin proclaims the new Day,
And the Horn's chearful Summons rebukes our Delay ;
With the Sports of the Field there's no pleasure can vie,
While Jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, the Hounds in full Cry.

Let the Drudge of the Town make Riches his Sport,
And the Slave of the State hunt the Smiles of the Court,
Nor care or Ambition nor patience annoy,
But Innocence still gives Zest to our joy,
With the Sports of the Field, &c.

Mankind all are Hunters in various Degree,
The Priest hunts a Living, the Lawyer a Fee ;
The Doctor a Patient, the Courier a place,
They often like us are flung out with Disgrace.
With the Sports of the Field, &c.

The Cit hunts a Plum : the Soldier hunts Fame,
The Poet a Dinner, the Patriot a Name,
And the artful Coquette, tho she seems to refuse,
Yet in Spite of her Airs she her Lover pursues.
With the Sports of the Field, &c.

Let the Bold and the Busy, hunt Glory and Wealth,
All the Blessing we ask is the Blessing of Health ;
With Hounds and with Horns thro' the Woodlands to roam,
And tired Abroad find Contentment at Home.
With the Sports of the Field there's no Pleasure can vie,
While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, the Hounds in full Cry.

Sweet Polly's Garland.

Princely Diversion, or the Jovial Hunting Match

One Valentine's Day in the Morning,
Bright *Phœbus* began to appear,
Sir Wm Cook winding his Horn
And was going a hunting the hare,
Says *Handford* uncouple our *Beagles*,
And let them go questing along
For loose her or win her, we must go to *dinner*
Or else they will think me long,

Says *Handford* i pray now forbare si(r)
And talk not of Dinn(e)r s(o) soon,
For i've not been a hunting this Year
And how can you give over by Noon.
Black *Sloven shall warm your bay Robin*
And make him go Smoacking along,
Bonny Dick shall not gallop so quick
If we light on a Hare that is strong,

Well *Handford* said the good Esquire,
I mean to show you a trick
I value not hedges nor Ditches
But i'll let you know bonny Dick
Then hie for the *Closom-Bow-Field*,
We shall get her Ten thousand to one,
There's Wonder, lays hard upon Thunder
Away, o'er away she is gone.

The Morning was pleasant all over
So bright and so clear was the Sky
We made all the Woods for to roar,
With the Noise of our sweet harmony
It was for the space of three Hours
We held all our Horses to speed
Black sloven held hard to bay Robin
But Yet could not do the deed,

It was about Nine in the morning
We sounded our first passing Bell,
Sir William pray put up your horn
For another Fresh Hare will do wel
Well *Handford* said the good Esquire
What think you of my bonny *Dick*
doe's think thou can make him to tire
or not for to Gallop so quick,

Faith Master I needs must Confess,
That i fear i was boasting to soon
But hie for another fresh Hare
And your Dick should have dinn'd by noon
Well *Handford* have at your black sloven
I'll make him in Purple to Ride
And if he does offer to tire
I'll certainly Liquor your hide

You serve him righ(t) well says Jack Wilson
for he has [been] taunting at me
i never was beat in the fi(e)ld
so for a fresh Hare let us see
for here is some Closes of Corn
see we(l)l at your place e'ery one
Then Master pray pull out your horn,
for away, o'er away, she is gone

Young B(l)ue b(e)ll he cry'd is before
And she cry'd it all over the Lane
And after her 12 Couple more
thus they rattl(e)d it over the Plain
Bonny Dick play'd with his Bridle,
and went at a desperate rate
Come *Handford* —— take you you're idle
Must i open [for] you the Gate

O, your humble Servant good Master,
But I will not die in your debt
You shall find black sloven go faster
for now he begins for to sweet
Theres Wonder and thunder and dido
And merry-lass sweetly runs on,
There's Younger old Ranter *Trantaive*
But *Beauty* she leads the vain :

She headed them stoutly and bravely :
Just up into *Suttons* close field,
Black sloven began to grow heavy
And made a fair offer to yield
Jack Wilson came swinging before
so well did bay Robin maintain,
And after him bonny *Dick* scour'd
black sloven was spur'd in vain

but had the Luck and good chance,
for to go now and then by the string
she led us a delicate dance,
but as we came by the Last ring.
A fresh *Hare duce take* her was started
We ne'er was so vexed before
And e'ey we could make 'Em forsake her
We run her two Miles or more

And then we left *Sir William Cooke*
for to Ponder upon the old hare
Who presently lept o'er a brook,
And a desperate leap i declare
he had not got past a mile
the Cunning old Gipsy he spy'd
Was making back to her old sile,
then away, o'er away he cry'd.

Away o'er away my brave boys
and merrily winded his horn
o(u)r beagles all tos'd up their heads
and they soon made a speedy return
and drawing just up to the point.
Where this Cunning young Gipsy had r(un ?)
You never saw better Dogs hunt
For life underneath the Sun.

Now there was Tantive and Ranter
They sounded their last passing bell
And Wilson made moan unto Handford
A Cup of Old-Hock will do well
And Handford cry'd Master ride faster
For now i begin to grow cool
With Swet all my cloaths are as wet
As if i had been in some Pool

Were not those 2 dainty fine Pusses
They held us from 7 to one
We scour'd thro' Hedges and Bushes
So merrily we run on
And as for the praise of these Hounds
And horses too that Gallop so free
My Pen would not bring it to sound,
If time would allow it to be .

Now Gallants i bid you farewell
For i fear your Patience i've try'd
And hie for a Glass of good Ale,
That Peotry may be admir'd
And here's a good health to the Sportman
That hunts with the horn and the hound
I hope you'l all pledge for the future,
And so let this health go round.

Roxburghe Ballads.

[*Note by J. W. Ebsworth.*—Date of W. Olney's issue 1702 at latest. This is a Derbyshire Ditty, known as 'The Trusley Hunting-Song, and accredited to Tom Handford, the poet-blacksmith of Trusley, seven miles from Derby, an occasional whipper-in to Squire Coke (here called Cooke), who died in 1716, the last William Coke of Trusley. He had Tom's portrait painted and hung up in the Servants' Hall at Trusley, with this inscription: 'This is Tom Handford,—Don't you know it? He was both Blacksmith and Poet.']

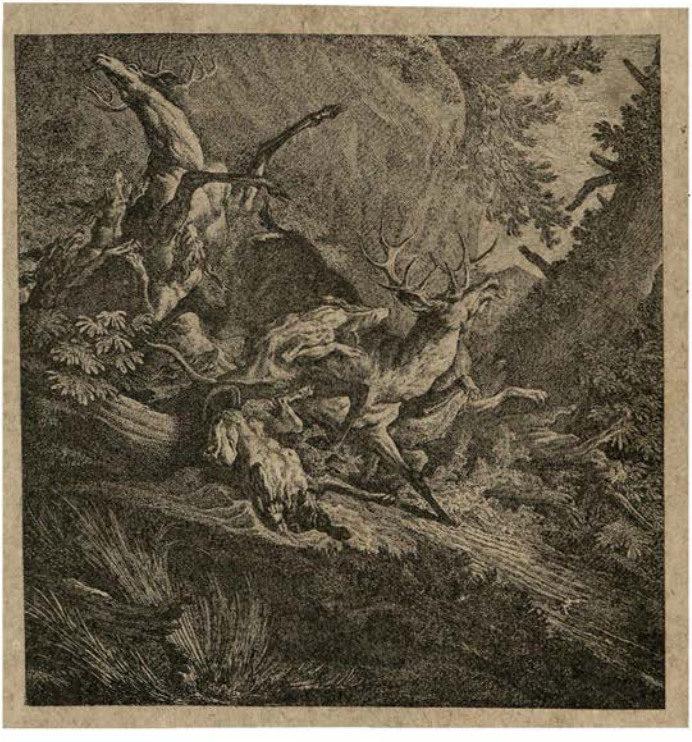
The Death of the Stag

The op'ning morn dispels the night,
Her beauties to display,
The sun breaks forth in glory bright,
And hails the new-born day:
Diana like, behold me then
The silver arrow wield,
And call on horses, dogs, and men,
Arise and take the field.
With a hey ho chivy,
Hark forward tantivy!
Arise, bold hunters, cheerly rise,
This day a stag must die.

O'er mountains, vallies, hills, and dales,
The fleet-foot coursers fly,
Nor heed whate'er the sport assails
Resolved a stag shall die!
Roads, trees, and hedges, seem to move,

Such joys does hunting yield ;
While health a handmaid deigns to prove,
When huntsmen take the field.
With a hey ho chivy, &c.

Thus virgins are by man pursued,
And beauty made his aim,
Till by his wily craft subdued,
He hunts for other game ;



And since e'en life is but a race,
We run till forced to yield ;
Yo, ho, tantivy, join the chase,
Arise and take the field,
With a hey ho chivy, &c.

Ballad.

Air

DIANA. With Horns and with Hounds, I waken the Day ;
And hye to my Woodland-Walks away ;
I tuck up my Robe, and am buskin'd soon,
And tie to my Forehead a wexing Moon.
I course the fleet Stag, unkennel the Fox,
And chace the wild Goats o'er Summits of Rocks,
With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the Sky,
And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

CHO. *With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the Sky,*
And Eccho turns Hunter, and doubles the Cry.

The Secular Masque, JOHN DRYDEN, 1749.

A Hunting Song

With early horn salute the morn,
That gilds this charming place ;
With cheerful cries bid echo rise
And join the jovial chase.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The chrystal floods,
Return the enliv'ning sound.

Ballad.

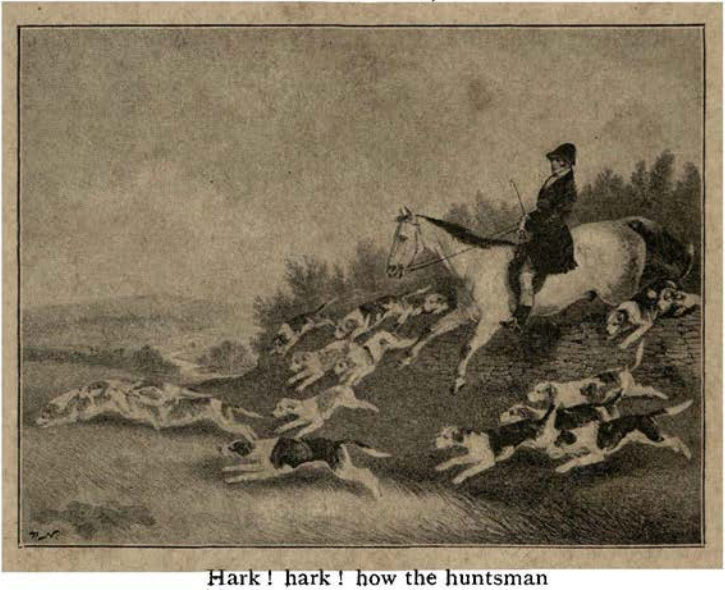
Jolly Huntsman

A NEW SONG

The hounds are all out,
And the morning does peep,
How can you, you sluggardly sot,
How can you, how can you,
Lie snoring in bed,
Whilst we all on horseback have got,
My brave boys,
Whilst we, &c.

I cannot get up,
For my over night's cup,
So terribly it lies on my head ;
Besides my wife cries,
My dear do not rise,
But stay a bit longer in bed,
My dear boys,
But stay a bit, &c.

Come on with your boots,
And saddle your mare,
Don't make any longer delay,
The cry of the hounds,
And the sight of the hare,
Will chace all your vapours away,
My brave [boys]
Will chace, &c.



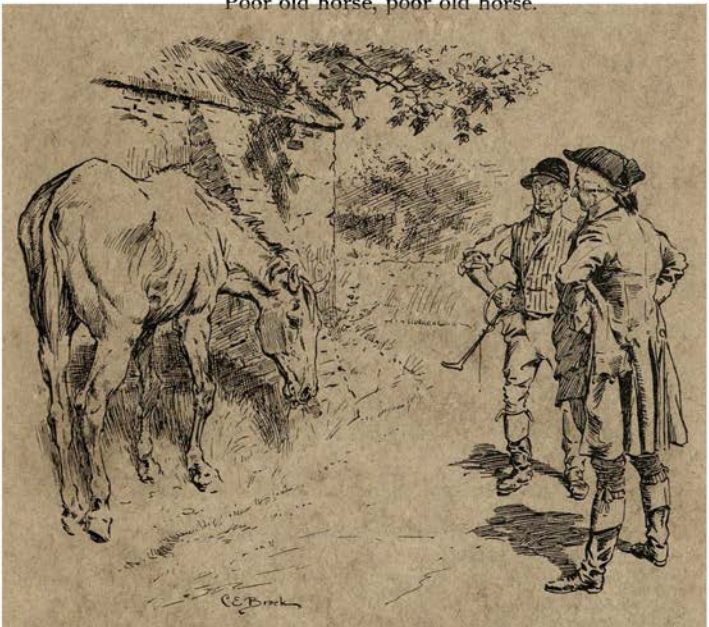
Hark! hark! how the huntsman
Has started poor puss,
He has her now still in his view;
We'll never forsake her,
Till we overtake her,
So m(e)rrily let us pursue,
My brave boys,
So merrily, &c.

No pleasure's like hunting
To pass the long day,
We scour the hill and the dale;
At night for our supper
We feast on our prey,
When over a cup of good ale,
My brave boys,
When over, &c.

Ballad.

Poor Old Horse

When I wàs a yòung horse
All in my youthful prîmê,
My master used to ride on me,
He thoùght me very fine.
But now I am grown òld,
And nature does decày
My master frowns upon me,
And these words I heard him say,
Poor old horse, poor old horse.



'Poor old horse!' These words I heard him say

My clothing that was once,
Of the shining sûperfine,
Then I stood in my stable,
And díd in my glory shîne.
But now I am grown old.
And nature does decay,
My master frowns upon me,
And these words I heard him say,
Poor òld horse, poor old horse.

My feeding it was once,
Of the best corn and hay,
That grew in the fields,
And in the meadows gay;
But now I am grown old,
And scarcely can I crawl,
I'm forced to eat the coarsest grass,
That grows against the wall
Poor old horse, poor old horse.

He is old, and he is cold,
And is both dull and slow,
He has eat up all my hay,
And spoiled all my straw,
Nor either is he fit at all,
To draw with my team,
Take him and whip him,
Is now my master's theme
Poor old horse, poor old horse;

To the huntsman now he shall go,
His old hide and shoes,
Likewise his tender carcass,
The hounds will not refuse,
His body that so swiftly,
Has run so many miles,
Over hedges, ditches, brooks,
And cleared bridges, gates, & styles.
Poor old horse, poor old horse.

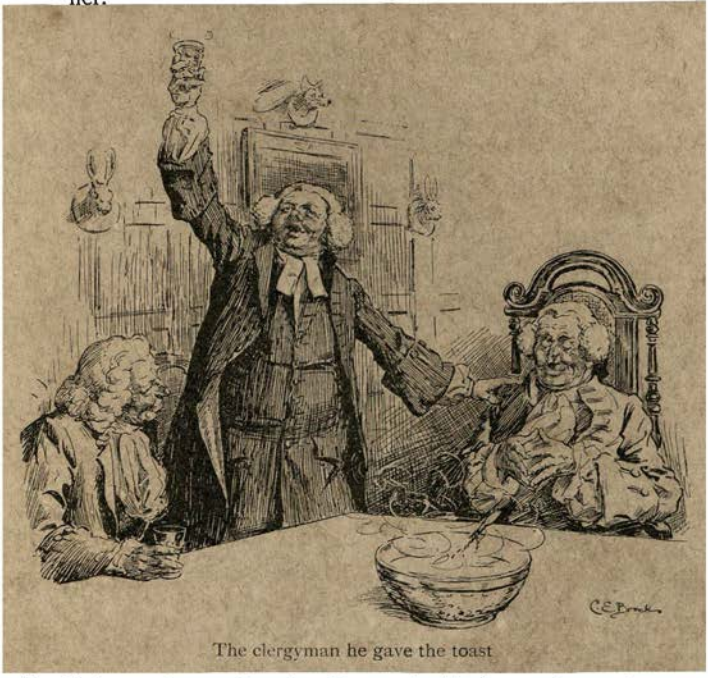
Ballad.

Hunting Song[1]

Come listen all you sportsmen gay, who love to run a hare, sirs,
A story of a course I'll tell, whose truth I do declare, sirs:
'Tis of a famous stout *game hare*, which lay near Lonsbro' town, sirs,
Who beating every greyhound there, had challenged great renown, sirs.

[1] This song is of very ancient date; the author of it was said to be a Mr. Perry, the clergyman of Nunburnholme, a village in the East Riding of Yorkshire, who, resembling many clergymen of the present day, was, no doubt, a good sportsman, a good parson, and a very good fellow after all. The town of Lonsborough, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, was always celebrated for stout running hares.

At length the squire of *Methills-hall*, heard of this hare by hap, sirs,
And swore to all his company, he'd single run *Blue Cap*, sirs ;
At which they laughed, and jeering said, 'He never would come nigh her.'
'My friends !' cried he, 'whate'er my chance, I am resolved to try her.'



The clergyman he gave the toast

So off they rode, a gallant band, to seek this famous hare, sirs,
Who often in a stone-pit lay, and sure they found her there, sirs—
So up she got ! and off they went, quite o'er the dale so clever,
And brave Squire Hewitt cried aloud, 'My *Blue Cap*, now or never !'

And when they got upon plain ground, swift *Blue Cap* turn'd her there, sirs,
But still the company would bet five guineas on the hare, sirs :
Across the dale she took once more, which made their horses whinney,
Yet Hewitt still undaunted cried, 'My *Blue Cap* for a guinea !'

For shelter then to *Warter Wood*, swift flew this gallant hare, sirs,
But *Blue Cap* press'd her skut so close, she durst not enter there, sirs—
Then off she went for *Methills-hall*, which was a gallant round, sirs,
When *Blue Cap* took this famous hare, and on his master's ground, sirs.

And now this band returning home, in spirits and full force, sirs,
O'er good roast beef and bowls of punch, again they ran the course, sirs.
The Clergyman he gave the toast, which some thought mighty clever;
It was, '*The Squire of Methills-hall, and brave Blue Cap for ever.*'

Sporting Magazine, August 1815.

The Galway Sportsman

You county Galway men, Hibernia's noble kin,
The muses now begin to ornament your fame,
Ten thousand echoes rise, to crown your native skies,
The gods themselves supplies the tenor of your theme;
The rosy finger morn, salutes the sounding horn,
Rush from shades of sleep, and lurk not in disguise,
Let morpheus not delight you, better sports invite you,
Pleasures shall requite you, rise, you blazers, rise.

Now hark the morning breeze, salutes the slumbering trees,
The ant and humming-bee their labour does begin,
The lark aloft do wing, and cheerfully do sing,
To praise our po(e)t and king, while sluggards sleep in sin,
The shepherd's lute distil, its dawning can to fill,
The stag ascends the hill, and reynard brush the dew,
Poor puss with terror flies, her footsteps to disguise,
Arise, you blazers, rise, and take the morning view.

Your downy pillow leave, mount like Act(ae)on brave,
Whose prancing steed would leave the fleeting winds behind,
Face through the flowery fie(l)ds, where sweet fragrance do yield,
Then haste to Bally-tum and there you will him find;
Where all the gods reside, where lakes and woods deride,
With cover well supplied to shelter all the game,
Selins and his ass, push round the sparkling glass,
No landscape can surpass young Keerevan's demain.

Our plains are overspread with heroes dressed in red,
And hunters better bred, than England can support,
The hounds are in full cry, and reynard seems to fly,
Its fortune sent him nigh, to ornament our sport,
The hills and dales resound with entertaining sound,
No precipice or bound can waft his swift career,
The land he does forsake, and swim across the lake,
But to his great mistake the blazers still keep near.

But when he reached the shore, ten thousand shouts and more,
With acclamations bore the date of his downfall,
On Bally-tum hill he freely made his will,
With cunning art and skill to compliment them all.
No time being left to rave, he died a victim brave,
His enemies forgave, and bid his friends farewell,
The night will chase away the hardships of the day,
And what he wished to say some future age can tell.

Those blazers we can trace from great miletian race,
Whose birth without disgrace our poet can extol,
Great Burks, and Blakes you know, and Keerevans also,
And peers of Roxborough, where peers do often call,
There's Yelverteres and Bradys, Dillons, Doreys, Daleys,
Butlers, Lamberts, Healys, Donnelys likewise,
There's Nugents, Kellys, Frenches, Rath, Burns, and Trenches,
Hamiltons and Lynches, all where reynard died.

Our county Galway joys is the prize of Castle boys,
Who ornament the cry on each St. Patrick's day,
Whose fox-hounds ne'er did fail to snuff the morning gale,
And truly brush the vale, and that without delay ;
His steed beyond compare, was never in the rear,
Both whip and spur can spare while reynard is in view,
So here's to all our friends, the blazers' praise we'll sing,
While time is on the wing, its pleasures we'll pursue.

Old Irish Ballad.

Song

Hark ! hark ! the joy-inspiring horn,
Salutes the rosy rising morn,
And echoes thro' the dale ;
With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
The hounds quick-scented scow'r the ground,
And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gales [1] nor sledges [2] can impede
The brisk, high mettl'd, starting steed,
The jovial pack pursue ;

[1] ? gates. [2] ? hedges.

Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,
The distant hills with speed he gains,
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
And to the copse for shelter makes,
There pants awhile for breath;
When now the noise alarms her ear,
Her haunt's descry'd, her fate is near,
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize,
She faints, she falls, she dies;
The distant coursers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
Till echo rends the skies.

The Magpie, 1768.

Tally Ho! Hark Away

It was on the first of March, in the year of thirty-three,
There was fun and recreation, in our own country,
The King's County sportsmen o'er hills, dales, and rocks,
Most nobly set out in the search of a fox.

CHORUS

Tally ho! hark away—tally ho, hark away,
Tally ho! hark away, my boys away,—hark away.

When they started poor Reynard he fac'd to Tullamore,
Through Wicklow and Arklow, along the sea shore.
They kept him in view the whole length of the way,
And closely pursued him through the streets of Roscrea.

When Reynard was started he fac'd down the hollow,
Where none but the huntsmen and hounds they could follow.
The gentlemen cried watch him saying what shall we do here,
If the hills and dales don't stop them he will cross to Kildare.

There were 120 sportsmen went down to Ballyland,
From that to Blyboyne and Ballycuminsland,
But Reynard, sly Reynard arrived on that night,
And said they would watch him until the daylight.

It was early next morning the hills they did appear,
With the echoes of the horn and the cry of the hounds,
But in spite of his action his craft and his skill,
He was taken by young Donohoe going down Moranze (Hill).

When Reynard was taken his losses to fulfill,
He called for pen, ink and paper to write his last will,
And what he made mention of you'll find it is no blank,
For he gave them a check on the national bank.

Here is to you Mr. Jackson, of Curragh, more estate,
And to you Sir John Power, my whip, spurs, and cap.
Who crossed walls and ditches and ne'er looked for a gap,
And to you Mr. Gambler, my money and my plate.

Ulster Ballad.

The Killruddery Fox Chace[1]

Hark, hark, jolly sportsmen, awhile to my tale,
Which to pay your attention, I'm sure cannot fail,
'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire,
O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog and briar,
A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again;
Had Nimrod the mighti'st of hunter's been there,
Foregad he had shook like an aspen for fear.

In seventeen hundred and forty and four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning by most of the clocks,
We rode from Killruddery in search of a fox.
The Laughlinstown landlord, the bold Owen Bray
And Johnny Adair, too, was with us that day,
Joe Debill, Hall Preston, that huntsman so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
When Wanton set up a most tunable roar;
'Hark to Wanton,' cried Joe, and the rest were not slack,
For Wanton's no trifle, esteem'd in the pack.
Old Bonny and Collier came readily in,
And ev'ry hound join'd in the musical din;
Had Diana been there, she'd been pleas'd to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day,
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way;
As strong from Killeager, as tho' he could fear none,
Away he brush'd round by the house of Kilternan,

[1] This also occurs in a collection of songs called *The Masque* (London, 1768), and is headed 'A favorite Song. The celebrated Fox Chace, from Killegar through Killternan, Carrickmines, and other towns in the county of Dublin; on December 5, 1744. To the tune of Sheelane Gira.'

To Carrick-mines thence, and to Cherry-wood then,
Steep Shank-hill he climb'd, and to Ballymanglen,
Bray Common he cross'd, leap'd Lord Anglesey's wall,
And seem'd to say, 'little I value you all.'

He ran Bush's grove, up to Carbery Byrn's,
Joe Debill, Hall Preston, kept leading by turns ;
The earth it was open yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, yet he chose to stay out,
To Malpas' high hills was the way then he flew,
At Dalkey stone common we had him in view ;
He drove on by Bullock, thro' shrub Glenagary,
And so on to Mountown, where Laury grew weary.

Through Roche's-town wood like an arrow he pass'd,
And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last ;
There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,
And said in his heart, 'sure none dare follow me.'
But soon to his cost, he perceiv'd that no bounds,
Could stop the pursuit of the staunch mettl'd hounds ;
His policy here did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of tartars were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift,
But e'er he could reach to the top of the clift,
He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
Being way-laid, and kill'd by the rest of the pack.
At his death there were present the lads that I've sung,
Save Laury, who, riding a garron, was flung ;
Thus ended, at length, a most delicate chace,
That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We return'd to Killruddery's plentiful board,
Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my lord ;
We talk'd o'er the chace, and we toasted the health
Of the man that ne'er vary'd for places or wealth.
'Owen Bray baulk'd a leap,' says Hall Preston, ''twas odd,
''Twas shameful,' cried Jack, 'by the great living . . . .'
Said Preston, 'I holloo'd, get on tho' you fall,
Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all.'

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,
For party affairs were consign'd to the court ;
Thus we finished the rest of the day and the night,
In gay flowing bumpers, and social delight,
Then 'till the next meeting bid farewell each brother,
So some they went one way, and some went another ;
As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
So Luna took care in conducting us home.

Ballad.

Hunting Song

I

Behold, my friend ! the rosy-finger'd morn
With blushes on her face,
Peeps o'er yon azure hill ;
Rich gems the trees enchase,
Pearls from each bush distill,
Arise, arise, and hail the light new-born.

II

Hark ! hark ! the merry horn calls, come away :
Quit, quit thy downy bed ;
Break from *Amynta's* arms ;
Oh ! let it ne'er be said,
That all, that all her charms,
Tho she's as *Venus* fair, can tempt thy stay.

III

Perplex thy soul no more with cares below,
For what will pelf avail ?
Thy courser paws the ground,
Each beagle cocks his tail,
They spend their mouths around
While health, and pleasure, smiles on ev'ry brow.

IV

Try huntsmen all the brakes, spread all the plain,
Now, now, she's gone away,
Strip, strip, with speed pursue ;
The jocund God of day
Who fain our sport wou'd view,
See, see, he flogs his fiery steeds in vain.

V

Pour down, like a flood from the hills, brave boys,
On the wings of the wind
The merry beagles fly ;
Dull sorrow lags behind :
Ye shrill ecchoes reply,
Catch each flying sound, and double our joys.

VI

Ye rocks, woods, and caves our music repeat,
The bright spheres thus above,
A gay refulgent train
Harmoniously move,
O'er yon celestial plain
Like us, whirl along, in concert so sweet.

VII

Now Puss threads the brakes, and heavily flies,
At the head of the pack
Old *Fidler* bears the bell,
Ev'ry foyl he hunts back,
And aloud rings her knell,
Till forc'd into view, she pants, and she dies.

VIII

In life's dull round thus we toil, and we sweat ;
Diseases, grief, and pain,
An implacable crew,
While we double in vain,
Unrelenting pursue,
Till quite hunted down, we yield with regret.

IX

This moment is ours, come live while ye may,
What's decreed by dark fate,
Is not in our own pow'r,
Since to-morrow's too late,
Take the present kind hour ;
With wine chear the night, as sports bless the day.

Poetical Works. WM. SOMERVILE, 1766.

My Heart's in the Highlands

Tune : 'Failte na miofg'

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer ;
A chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth place of Valour, the country of Worth,
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below :
Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods ;
Farewell to the torrents and loud pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer :
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe ;
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

By R. BURNS. J. Johnson, *The Scots Musical Museum.*

A New Hunting Song, Made on a Fox Chase

Come all you Foxhunters wherever you be,
Repair to the Leven if Sportsmen you'd see
Such hounds and such horses of mettle and game ;
As are worthy to be recorded in Fame.
Sing Ballinamona oro. Ballinamona oro.
Baltinamona oro, the Lads of Old Cleveland for me.

Dexter and Delver and Dido for speed,
All sprung from the Race of Charles Turner's fam'd breed,
A sportsman so rare, and the first in renown,
As witness the match over Feldom he won.

Rover and Rally and Minor likewise,
Old Spanker. so fierce the thick Cover he tries.
Matcham and Merrylass Reynard's sworn foe ;
He must be unkenneld, hark ! I hear Tally O.

Now my Lads spur your Horses and smoke 'em away,
Jolly Bacchus and Sampson will shew you some play,
Squire Hall, on his Wakefield that pampered Nag,
Comes Neck over heels, and yet of him will brag.

Burdon, so proud of his high mettled Steeds,
And the Annals of fame record their great deeds,
Yet in hunting he's bet sore against his desire.
He sticks in the dirt and he's pass'd by the Squire.

George Baker, on Blacklegs how determined his looks,
He defies the whole field over hedge, ditch, or brooks,
He keeps him quite tight and he only desires,
A three hours chase I'll be d—— if he tires.

See thumping along goes jolly old Walker,
Whilst close at his heels lay the Gisborough Prior,
With Powder and sweat, Lord ! how awfull he looks,
D—— you Matt did you mind how I leap'd yonder brook.

Watson, so fierce how he rides and so keen,
He thinks he's well mounted and sure to be in,
But if he keep running at this gallant pace,
'Tis twenty to one, he's thrown out in the Chase.

The first in the burst was Scroop on old Match'em,
Straining hard to get in Tom swore he would catch 'em
Whilst screwing along see Smith only mind him,
He's top'd the barr'd Gate leaving numbers behind him.

Yonder goes Stockdale so tight and so trim
How he strokes down his mare which he fancies so slim,
He nicks in and out 'till he's starv'd with the cold,
Go bid him but thirty and then he'll ride bold.

Preston, so brave with his heart full of glee,
On his Gaylass well mounted as he'd wish to be,
He swears that he'll ride 'till he dies in the field,
As a true honest Sportsman he never will yield.

Coates, on his Tyrant he creeps like a snail,
He puffs and he blows, and how he rolls his Tail ;
Yet a Sportsman so bold he attempts at a flyer,
Old Tyrant leaps short and he's down in the mire.

He sticks in the dirt, and he's pass'd by the Squire

The Baronet cautious is pass'd by his Brother,
As like you woul'd swear as one Egg's like another,
When fully intending to lead the whole field
A d—— Stell[1] held 'em both 'till the Fox he was kill'd.

The Doctor, you scarcely know where you have him,
For sometimes he's dodging and sometimes he's dashing,
But yet to the Chase will he eagerly rush
And lose a good Patient for bold Reynard's brush.

Rowntree, a noted old Sportsman as good
Who brags of his Greytail that choise bit of Blood,
How at Stockesly so clever she won e'ery Race,
And how that she's equally fam'd for the Chace.

[1] a broad open drain.

Flounders, the younger with Eyelids by Glass,
So prim on his Stallion and fond of his slash,
One single good run finished off the gay Quaker,
And now he's gone dumb with intent to turn speaker.

Now our spout being over let's home without fail,
And drown those misfortunes in Punch and good Ale ;
And if we're thrown out we'll draw close to the fire
And drink a good health to the Baronet and Squire.

Roxburghe Ballads. Date, *circâ* 1783.

A New Fox-hunting Song

Composed by W. S. KENRICK and J. BURTELL

The Chace run by the Cleveland Fox Hounds on Saturday the 29th Day of January, 1785

Ye hardy sons of Chace give ear,
All listen to my Song ;
'Tis of a Hunt perform'd this Year,
That will be talk'd of long.
When a hunting we do go, oho, oho, oho,
And a hunting we will go, oho, oho, oho,
And a hunting we will go, oho, oho, oho,
With the Huntsman Tally, ho.

On *Weary Bank* ye know the same,
Unkenell'd was the Fox ;
Who led us, and our Hounds of Fame,
O'er Mountains, Moors and Rocks.
When a Hunting we do go, &c.

'Twas *Craythorn* first swift Reynard made,
To *Limton* then did fly :
Full speed pursu'd each hearty blade,
And join'd in jovial cry,
With the Huntsman Tally ho.

To *Worsal* next he took his flight,
Escape us he wou'd fain ;
To *Picton* next with all his might,
To *Craythorn* back again,
With the Huntsman Tally ho.

[1] Rev. J. W. EBSWORTH'S Note.—Thomas Cole, Huntsman ; Rev. George Davison ; Christopher Rowntree, Jun. ; William Stockdale. From Craythorne and Worsal (near Yarm), by Nunthorp, Rosberry, and Kildale to Hinderwell sea-cliff was a terrific run. Noble fox !

To *Weary Bank* then takes his course,
Thro' *Fanny Bell's gill* flies ;
In *Seymour Car* strains all his force,
His utmost vigour tries,
With the Huntsman Tally ho.

To *Tanton*, *Nunthorp*, next he flies,
O'er *Langbrough Rig* goes he ;
He scours like Light'ning o'er the meads,
More swift Fox could not be,
Nor with a Huntsman better match'd, &c.

To *Newton*, then to *Roseberry*,
To *Hutton Lockerass gill* ;
To *Lownsdale*, o'er *Court Moor* go we,
From thence to *Kildale Mill*,
With the Huntsman Tally ho, &c.

By this our zeal was not subdu'd,
All crosses were in vain ;
To *Kildale* Reynard we pursu'd,
To *Lownsdale* back again,
With the Huntsman Tally ho, &c.

By *Percy Cross* and *Sleddale* too,
And *Pilly Rig* full fast,
As Fox could run to *Skylderskew*,
And *Lockwood Beck* he past,
With the Huntsman Tally ho, &c.

By *Freebrough Hill* he takes his way,
By *Danby Lodge* also ;
With ardour we pursue our prey,
As swift as Hounds could go,
With the Huntsman Tally ho, &c.

By *Coal Pits* and o'er *Stonegate Moor*,
To *Scayling* Reynard ran ;
Was such a Fox e'er seen before?
His equal shew who can !
When a Hunting we do go, &c.

To *Barnby* now by *Ugthorp Mill*,
And *Mickleby* likewise ;
To *Ellerby*, to *Hinderwell*,
Still stubborn Reynard flies,
With the Huntsman Tally ho, &c.

The Huntsman now with other three,
And Reynard you'll suppose ;
Ten couple of Hounds of high degree,
One field now did inclose,
With the Huntsman Tally ho, &c.

But now our Chase draws near an end,
No longer we'll intrude ;
For on the Cliff, rejoice my Friend,
Swift Reynard there we view'd,
With the Huntsman Tally ho, &c.

Sure such a chase must wonder raise,
And had I time to sing,
The Huntsman's deeds who merits praise,
Would make the Vallies ring,
When a Hunting we did go, &c.

Come sportsmen all your Glasses fill,
And let the toast go round ;
May each Foxhunter flourish still,
In Health and Strength abound,
When a Hunting we did go, &c.

Roxburghe Ballads.

Goddess of the Chace

Give round the word—'Dismount ! dismount !'
While echo'd by the sprightly horn,
The toils and pleasures we recount
Of this sweet health-inspiring morn.
'Twas glorious sport ! none e'er did lag,
Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand ;
But all as firmly kept their pace
As had Acteon been the stag,
And we hunted by command
Of the goddess of the chace.

The hounds were all out, and snuff'd the air,
And scarce had reach'd th' appointed spot,
But pleas'd, they plainly heard a lair !
And presently drew on the slot.
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets !
The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl,
And echo note for note repeats,
While sprightly horns resound a call.
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace ;
And while 'War-haunch !' the huntsman cries,
His bosom swells, tears wet his face ;
He pants, he struggles, and he dies !
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

The Comic Songster, 1783.

The Chase [1]

I

Earl Walter winds his bugle horn ;
To horse, to horse, halloo, halloo !
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their Lord pursue.

II

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake ;
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

III

The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd.

IV

But still Earl Walter onward rides ;
Halloo, halloo, and hark again !
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two stranger horsemen join the train.

V

Who was each stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell :
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

VI

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May ;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

VII

He wav'd his huntsman's cap on high,
Cry'd, 'Welcome, welcome, noble Lord !
'What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
'To match the princely chase, afford ?'

[1] The *Wild Huntsman*.—This is a translation, or rather an imitation, of the *Wilde Jäger* of the German poet Bürger. The tradition upon which it is founded bears, that formerly a Wildgrave, or keeper of a royal forest, named Faulkenburg, was so much addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and otherwise so extremely profligate and cruel, that he not only followed this unhallowed amusement on the Sabbath, and other days consecrated to religious duty, but accompanied it with the most unheard-of oppression upon the poor peasants, who were under his vassalage.

VIII

'Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,'
Cry'd the fair youth, with silver voice;
'And for Devotion's choral swell
'Exchange the rude discordant noise.

IX

'To-day th' ill-omen'd chase forbear;
'Yon bell yet summons to the fane:
'To-day the warning spirit hear,
'To-morrow thou may'st mourn in vain.'

X

'Away, and sweep the glades along!'
The sable hunter hoarse replies;
'To muttering Monks leave matin song,
'And bells, and books, and mysteries.'

XI

Earl Walter spurr'd his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
'Who for thy drowsy priestlike rede
'Would leave the jovial horn and hound?

XII

'No! pious fool, I scorn thy lore;
'Let him who ne'er the chase durst prove
'Go join with thee the droning choir,
'And leave me to the sport I love.'

XIII

Fast, fast Earl Walter onward rides,
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill,
And onward fast on either side
The stranger horsemen follow'd still.

XIV

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung Earl Walter's horn,
'Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!'

XV

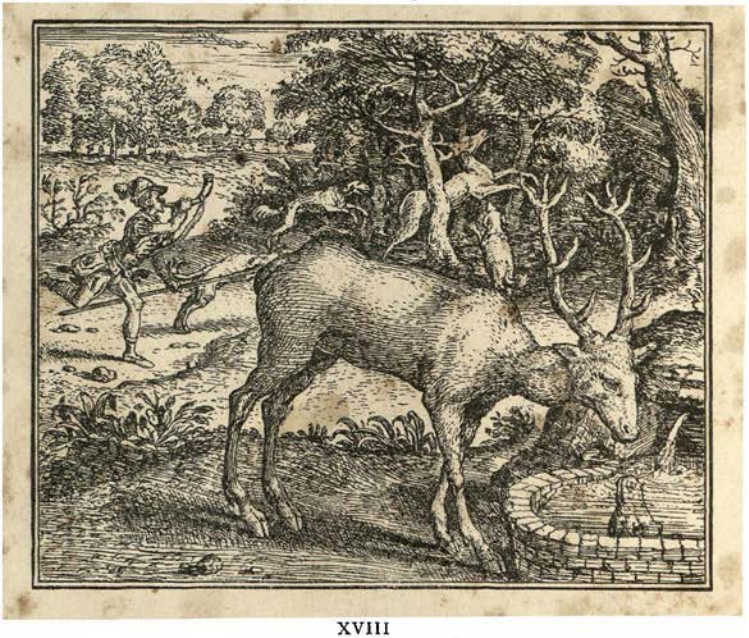
A heedless wretch has cross'd the way,—
He gasps the thundering hoofs below;
But, live who can, or die who may,
Still forward, forward! On they go.

XVI

See where yon simple fences meet,
A field with Autumn's blessings crown'd :
See prostrate at Earl Walter's feet
A husbandman with toil embrown'd.

XVII

'O mercy ! mercy ! noble Lord ;
'Spare the hard pittance of the poor,
'Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd
'In scorching July's sultry hour.'



XVIII

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey :
Th' impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

XIX

'Away, thou hound, so basely born,
'Or dread the scourge's echoing blow !'
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
'Hark forward, forward, holla, ho !'

"Oh mercy! mercy! noble Lord;
Spare the hard pittance of the poor."

XX

So said, so done—a single bound
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale:
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

XXI

And man, and horse, and hound, and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along,
While joying o'er the wasted corn
Fell Famine marks the madd'ning throng.

XXII

Again up rous'd the tim'rous prey
Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

XXIII

Too dangerous solitude appear'd;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

XXIV

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady blood-hounds trace;
O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
Th' unweary'd Earl pursues the chase.

XXV

The anxious herdsman lowly falls:
'O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
'These herds, a widow's little all,
'These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care.'

XXVI

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
Nor prayer nor pity Walter heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

XXVII

'Unmanner'd dog! To stop my sport
'Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
'Though human spirits of thy sort
'Were tenants of these carrion kine!'

XXVIII

Again he winds his bugle horn,
'Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!'
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

XXIX

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near;
The murd'rous cries the stag appal,
Again he starts, new-nerv'd by fear.

XXX

With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hut obscure.

XXXI

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
With hark away, and holla, ho!

XXXII

All mild, amid the route profane,
The holy hermit pour'd his pray'r:
'Forbear with blood God's house to stain,
'Revere his altar, and forbear!

XXXIII

'The meanest brute has rights to plead,
'Which, wrong'd by cruelty or pride,
'Draw vengeance on the ruthless head;—
'Be warn'd at length, and turn aside.'

XXXIV

Still the fair horseman anxious pleads,
The black wild whooping points the prey;
Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

XXXV

'Holy or not, or right or wrong,
'Thy altar and its rights I spurn;
'Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
'Not God himself shall make me turn.'

XXXVI

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
'Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!'
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

XXXVII

And horse and man, and horn and hound,
And clamour of the chase was gone:
For hoofs and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reign'd alone.

XXXVIII

Wild gaz'd th' affrighted Earl around;—
He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

XXXIX

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reach'd his ears;
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quick'ning spur unmindful bears.

XL

Still dark and darker round it spreads,
Dark as the darkness of the grave;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

XLI

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke;
And from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

XLII

'Oppressor of creation fair!
'Apostate spirits' harden'd tool!
'Scorner of God! scourge of the poor!
'The measure of thy cup is full.

XLIII

'Go, hunt for ever through the wood,
'For ever roam th' affrighted wild;
'And let thy fate instruct the proud
'God's meanest creature is his child.'

XLIV

'Twas hush'd : one flash of sombre glare
With yellow ting'd the forests brown ;
Up rose Earl Walter's bristling hair,
And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

XLV

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill ;
A rising wind began to sing ;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

XLVI

The earth is rock'd, it quakes, it rends ;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

XLVII

What ghastly huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell :
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

XLVIII

Earl Walter flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe ;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And hark away, and holla, ho !

XLIX

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind he marks the throng ;
With bloody fangs, and eager cry,
In frantic fear he scours along.

L

Still shall the dreadful chase endure
Till time itself shall have an end ;
By day earth's tortured womb they scour,
At midnight's witching hour ascend.

LI

This is the horn, the hound, and horse,
That oft the lated peasant hears :
Appal'd he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

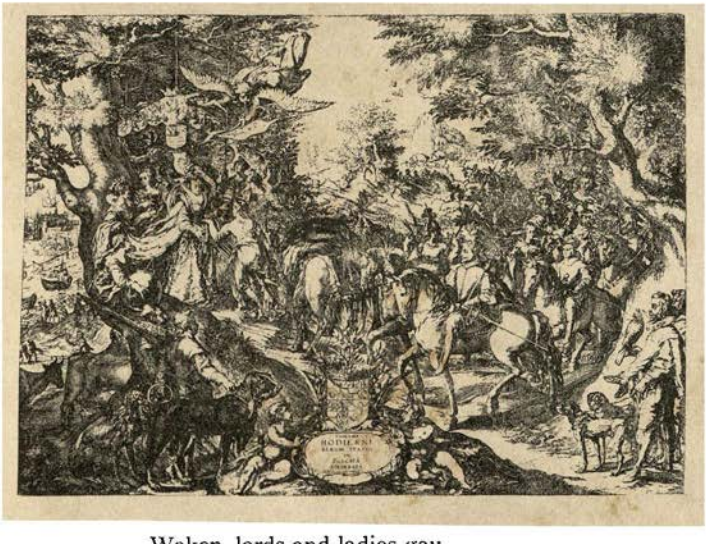
LII

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When at his midnight mass he hears
Th' infernal cry of holla, ho !

The Chase, from the German of GOTTFRIED AUGUSTUS BÜRGER [trans. by WALTER SCOTT, Esq.]. 1796.

Hunting Song

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chace is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear ;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'



Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming :

And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chaunt our lay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away ;
We can shew you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
We can shew the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
You shall see him brought to bay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay.'

Louder, louder chaunt the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

The Poetical Works of Walter Scott, Esq., 1820.

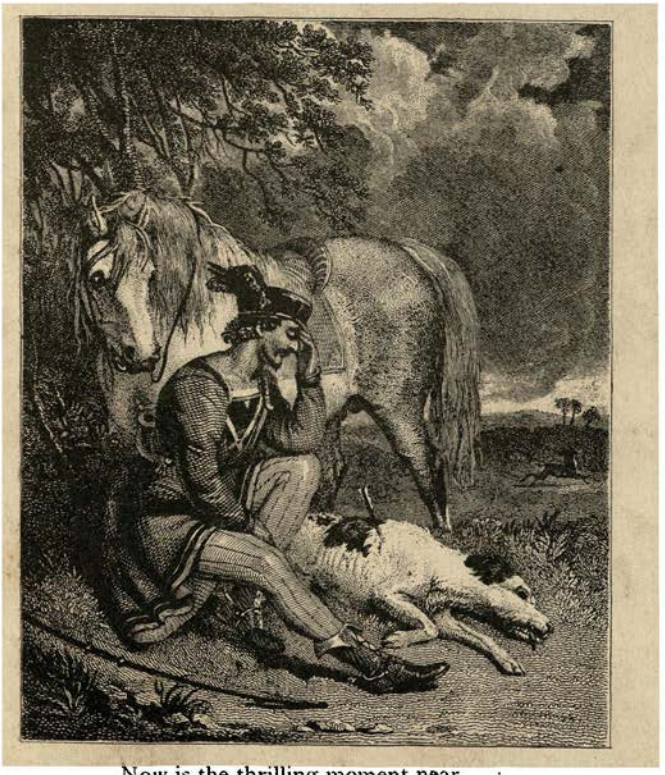
The Death of Keeldar [1]

Up rose the sun, o'er moor and mead ;
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede ;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
Career'd along the lea ;
The Palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound ;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound :
They were a jovial three !

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game
On Cheviot's rueful day ;
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Tarras, ne'er was stauncher steed,
A peerless archer, Percy Rede :
And right dear friends were they.

[1] Percy or Percival Rede of Trochend, in Redesdale, Northumberland, is celebrated in tradition as a huntsman and a soldier. He was, upon two occasions, singularly unfortunate ; once, when an arrow, which he had discharged at a deer, killed his celebrated dog Keeldar ; and again, when, being on a hunting party, he was betrayed into the hands of a clan called Crossar, by whom he was murdered. Mr. Cooper's painting of the first of these incidents suggested the above stanzas.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes,
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream ;
And oft, when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.



Now is the thrilling moment near,
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear,
Yon thicket holds the harbour'd deer,
The signs the hunters know ;—
With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears ;
The restless palfrey paws and rears ;
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot !—Halloo ! Halloo !
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue ;—
But woe the shaft that erring flew—
That e'er it left the string !
And ill betide the faithless yew !
The stag bounds scatheless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drench'd the grey-goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a groan or quiver.
Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and hollow ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps for ever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
He knows not that his comrade dies,
Nor what is death —but still
His aspect hath expression drear
Of grief and wonder, mix'd with fear,
Like startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favourite, bending low,
In speechless grief recline ;
Can think he hears the senseless clay,
In unreproachful accents say,
'The hand that took my life away,
Dear master, was it thine ?'

'And if it be, the shaft be bless'd,
Which sure some erring aim address'd,
Since in your service prized, caress'd
I in your service die ;
And you may have a fleeter hound,
To match the dun-deer's merry bound,
But by your couch will ne'er be found
So true a guard as I.'

And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance, for when he stood
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray,

E'en with his dying voice he cried,
'Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—
I had not died to-day!'

Remembrance of the erring bow
Long since had join'd the tides which flow,
Conveying human bliss and woe
Down dark oblivion's river;
But Art can Time's stern doom arrest,
And snatch his spoil from Lethe's breast,
And, in her Cooper's colours drest,
The scene shall live for ever.

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., 1848.

Song

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillie.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveillie.

The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.: Lady of the Lake, 1848.

Invisible Deer Hunting

Ere since of old, the haughty thanes of Ross,
So to the simple swain tradition tells;
Were wont with clans, and ready vassals thronged,
To wake the bounding stag, or guilty wolf,
There oft is heard at midnight, or at noon;
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud
And nearer, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
And horns hoarse-winded, blowing far and keen;
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies, the gale
Labours with wilder shrieks, and rifer din
Of hot pursuit, the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs, the shouts of men,
And hoofs thick beating on the hollow hill.

Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the noise, and both the herdsman's ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast he eyes
The mountains height, and all the ridges round,
Yet not one trace of living wight discerns ;
Nor knows, o'erawed, and trembling as he stands,
To what, or whom, he owes his idle fear,
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend,
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds.

Scottish Descriptive Poems, J. LEYDEN, 1803.

Hunting, Love, and Wine

Say, what is wealth without delight,
'Tis dross, 'tis dirt, 'tis useless quite,
Better be poor, and taste of joy,
Than thus your wasted time employ.
Then let a humble son of song,
Repeat those pleasures most divine ;
The joys that life's best hours prolong,
Are those of hunting, love, and wine.

For hunting gives us jocund health,
We envy not the miser's wealth,
But chace the Fox, or timid Hare,
And know delight he cannot share.
Then home at eve we cheerly go,
Whilst round us brightest comforts shine ;
With joy shut in, we shut out woe,
And sing of hunting, love, and wine.

Mild love attunes the soul to peace,
And bids the toiling sportsman cease ;
This softer passion's pleasing pow'rs,
With bliss ecstatic wings the hours.
It sooths the mind to sweetest rest,
Or savage thoughts might there entwine ;
Thus he alone is truly blest,
Whose joys are hunting, love, and wine.

'Tis wine exhilarates the heart,
When sinking under sorrow's smart ;
'Tis that can ease the wretch's woe,
And heighten ev'ry bliss we know.
But wine's abuse makes man a beast,
Be all with moderation mine ;
Life will appear one endless feast,
While blest with hunting, love, and wine.

Songs of the Chase, 1811.

John Peel

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?
'Twas the sound of his horn called me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led,
For Peel's view-hollo would awaken the dead
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

D'ye ken that bitch whose tongue is death?
D'ye ken her sons of peerless faith?
D'ye ken that a fox with his last breath
Cursed them all as he died in the morning?
'Twas the sound of his horn, etc.

Yes I ken John Peel, and Ruby too
Ranter and Royal and Bellman as true;
From the drag to the chase, from the chase to a view,
From a view to the death in the morning.
'Twas the sound of his horn, etc.

And I've followed John Peel both often and far,
O'er the rasper-fence and the gate and the bar,
From Low Denton-Holme up to Scratchmere Scar,
When we vied for the brush in the morning.
'Twas the sound of his horn, etc.

Then here's to John Peel with my heart and soul,
Come fill—fill to him another strong bowl:
And we'll follow John Peel through fair and through foul
While we're waked by his horn in the morning.
'Twas the sound of his horn, etc.

JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES (*cir.* 1825).

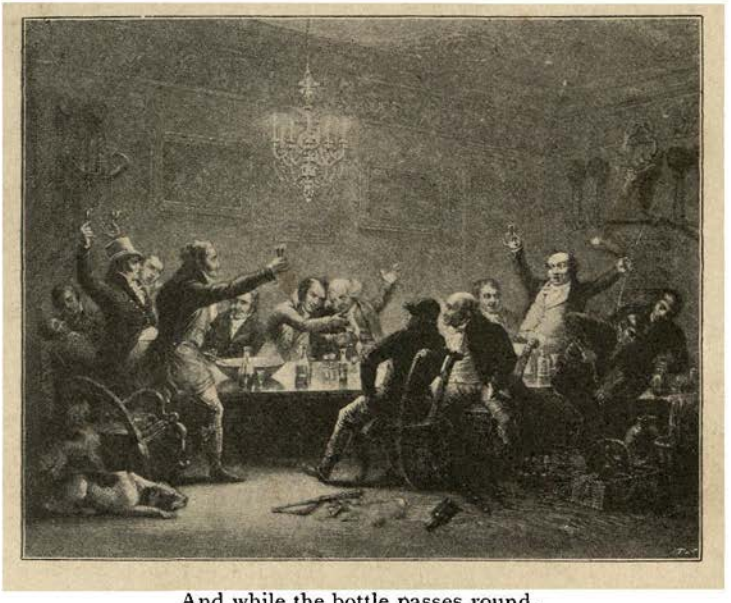
Hunting Song

See seated around the winter's fire,
The heroes of the chase;
See! many an honest heart is there,
And many a cheerful face.

Friendship, amidst the jolly throng,
Their gen'rous ardour leads,
And tunes the rustic huntsman's song,
Or tells of former deeds.

For now, when toils of chase are o'er,
With many a near escape,
To Bacchus, jovial god, they pour,
The nectar of the grape.

For Bacchus gives fresh strength to all,
Fresh vigour to the mind,
And fills the wearied huntsman's hall,
With luxury refined.



And while the bottle passes round,
Or jug of sparkling ale,
Each joins the merry jovial sound,
Each tells his fav'rite tale :

How reynard pass'd the river's flood,
The valley and the mead ;
How Basto check'd him at the wood,
Or Tartar took the lead.

Each tongue relates with ardent breath,
'Midst loud applauding cries,
Who came the foremost to the death,
And gain'd the noble prize.

How Dick, the parson, jolly soul!
Did dash through thick and thin;
And Tom, the huntsman, reach'd the goal,
With Jack the whipper-in.

But now they fill their glasses high,
While mirth lights every face,
And toast with many a joyful cry,
'The champions of the chase.'

The Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet, 1830.

Calm the Winds

Calm the winds, the distant ocean,
Where our ships in triumph ride,
Seems to own no other motion
Than the ebb and flow of tide.

High perch'd upon his fav'rite spray,
The thrush attention hath bespoke;
The ploughman, plodding on his way,
To listen, stops the sturdy yoke.

But see, the loud-tongu'd pack in view,
The peopled hills the cry resound;
The sportsmen joining chorus, too,
And rapt'rous peals of joy go round.
Soon, soon again, the scene, so gay,
In distant murmurs dies away.

Again from lazy echo's cell,
No sound is heard of mirth or woe,
Save but the crazy tinkling bell
The shepherd hangs upon the ewe.

The Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet, 1830.

Tally-ho

The world is amazingly full of deceit,
Incredible numbers are given to cheat;
And among the more honest, too many are found,
Who will hold with the hare, and run with the hound.
Tally-ho, &c.

The prince, heaven preserve him, at taking a leap,
And the sportsmen at large who their game strictly keep,
Which they doom to the chase; at the horn's cheerful sound,
Clearly hold with the hare, and yet run with the hound.
Tally-ho, &c.

The parson, who shows no true zeal for the Church ;
Who, allured by the world, leaves his flock in the lurch,
While conventicles flourish, dissenters abound,
Clearly holds with the hare, and yet runs with the hound.
Tally-ho, &c.

The lawyer, who takes from his client a fee,
And tells him his cause is as good as can be ;
Yet, on sight of a bribe, lets it fall to the ground,
Clearly holds with the hare, and yet runs with the hound.
Tally-ho, &c.

The suitor, whose favourite object is pelf,
Who kisses his girl, yet loves none but himself,
Can never be happy, in wedlock when bound,
For he holds with the hare, and yet runs with the hound.
Tally-ho, &c.

The youth, who, with two or three strings to his bow,
Leaves his fair to a different market to go,
Tells the same tale to all, and makes love a mere sound,
Clearly holds with the hare, and yet runs with the hound.
Tally-ho, &c.

The merchant, mechanic, belle, beau, nymph, and swain,
To enumerate all, my endeavours are vain ;
For each sex, and all classes, with objects abound,
Who will hold with the hare, and yet run with the hound.
Tally-ho, &c.

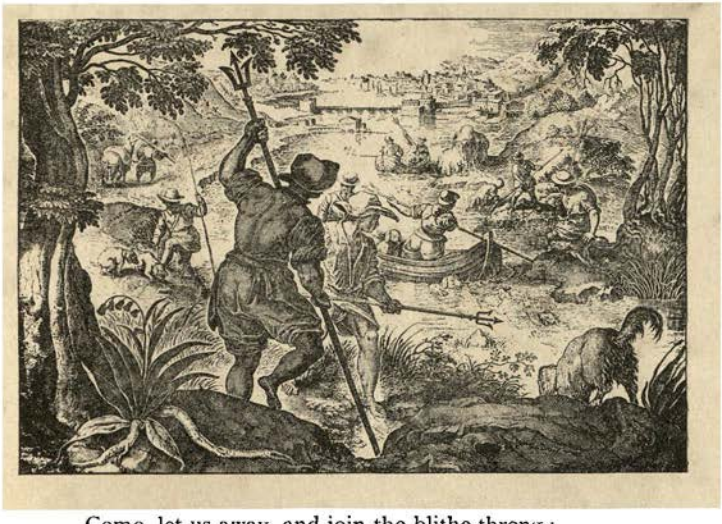
From the field of wild tares, seeds of wheat may we glean,
May we never act treacherous, dirty, or mean ;
May our friends be sincere, and our neighbours around,
Scorn to hold with the hare, while they run with the hound.
Tally-ho, &c.

The Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet, 1830.

Otter Hunting

Look, look ! brother Bob, to the meadows below,
Over-arched by that rainbow so bright,
And covered with lady-smocks whiter than snow,
What a gay, what a delicate sight !
And the river, how briskly it prattles along,
'Neath those willows that kiss the clear stream ;
And hark ! to the nightingale ! sweetly in song,
While the ousel-cock joins in his theme.

That crowd of young sportsmen, how brisk they appear,
With their sharp pointed spears raised on high,
To dart at the otter that wantons so near;
For 'tis fit that the tyrant should die:
He's a foe to our sports, and the angler's hate,
Not a fish but he seeks for his prey;
He's a check to our labours, for early or late,
He bears the rich morsel away.



Come, let us away, and join the blithe throng:
See! see he comes up for a vent;
And hark to the pack, how they carol along,
Till the air with their music is rent:
That spear-man how manly he handles the dart,
How skilful the weapon he throws;
The point of the spear has now enter'd the heart,
And there's one less to league with our foes.

Through strong breathing brass the welkin loud rings,
They've brought the dead culprit to land;
As the conquest spreads round on felicity's wings,
The rustics rejoice with the band:
Not an angler but sought the bold glutton with hate,
And exults in the watery chase;
Not a creature to-day but grows glad at his fate,
And longs to extinguish the race.

Sage WALTON and COTTON the otter despised,
As a check on the pleasures of man ;
And thought it a pity the race were devised,
When time the creation began.
The shorn monks of Waltham held once a dispute,
Ere their lent and their fast day began,—
If the otter should class with the fish or the brute,
Or their flesh be a dainty for man.

The church soon declared him unfit for their dish,
And quickly spread round their report.
And from that day to this, he's rejected as fish,
And for hunters become the free sport.
Now let us away where good liquors abound,
O'er the death of the otter we'll sing,
May the fiends of destruction, wherever they're found,
Make sport for the people and king.

The Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet, 1830.

The Old English Squire

About fifty years ago when old George the third was King,
And the Prince the star of fashion brightly shone in pleasure's ring,
The English country Squire was a man of great renown,
He'd an old Hall in the country and a modern house in town.
A Justice of the Peace he was and also an M.P.
But was fettered to no party, his principles were free,
He courted not the Premium though his son was in the guards,
With Fox he sometimes voted, but much oftener played at cards.

He kept a stud of Racers 'twas his joy to see them run,
And his sideboards were well covered with the gold cups they had won,
To the town he represented every year he gave a plate,
And to the course, in coach and six, he always came in state
Six goodly nags they were, though very fat and slow,
Their manes were decked with ribbons, and their flowing tails also ;
His lady sat beside him tall and upright as a wand
And the people loudly cheered him on alighting at the stand.

He kept a pack of fox hounds of pure old English breed ;
Most musical and staunch they were, but not much famed for speed ;
His hunters were enduring, and could go a decent pace ;
To suit his hounds he bred them, not to run a steeple-chase :
He boldly went at hedge or gate nor stop't at ditch or brook,
And many a Melton Mowbray swell might shy the leap he took,
'Twas a pleasant sight to see him through a bun-fence make a gap,
With a pig-tail like a drum stick, cocking out behind his hat.

"A fine old toast he gave them."

On the first day of September, as the season still came round,
With his pointers in (th)e stubble he was always to be found,
Though his gun was like a musket, an old fashioned flint and steel,
Wide muzzled and a kicker, she was heavy in the heel,
Yet birds, they being plentiful, he brought down many a brace :
And if he found them sitting why he show'd them little grace,
For thought of shooting flying about fifty years ago,
Kill when you can was then the word and truest shooting low.

His rent day was at Michaelmas, within his oak roof'd wall,
Where portraits, arms and horns of Deer bedeck'd the panneled wall,
It was his custom and a good one with his tenentry to dine,
And a fine toast that he gave them, in a gold cup fill'd with wine,
Old claret rich and sparkling such as seldom's tasted now,
Was the King and Royal Family, and God speed the Plough,
Amen exclaimed the Vicar, while his patron seated were,
While the farmers drank their bumpers off, and gave a hearty cheer.

'Tis now thirty years ago, the sad time I well remember,
On a dull and dreary day, in the dark month of November,
This good old English Squire, aged three score years and ten,
Was gathered to his fathers to the grief of all good men.
In the village church he's buried, scarce a mile from the old Hall,
His Heir was chief mourner, six old neighbours bore the Pall,
His memory is cherished yet, and many people say
With the good old English Squire, good old times are gone away.

Ballad.

The Rising of the Sun

TO A WELSH AIR

Wake ! wake ! wake to the hunting !
Wake ye, wake ! the morning is nigh !
Chilly the breezes blow
Up from the hill below,
Chilly the twilight creeps over the sky ;
Mark how fast the stars are fading !
Mark how wide the dawn is spreading !
Many a fallow deer
Feeds in the forest near ;
Now is no time on the heather to lie !

Rise ! rise ! hark on the ocean,
Rise ye, rise, and look on the sky !
Softly the vapours sweep
Over the level deep ;
Softly the mists on the waterfall lie !
In the clouds red tints are glowing ;
On the hill the black cock's crowing ;
And through the welkin red
See where he lifts his head !
Forth to the hunting ! the sun's riding high !

Bishop HEBER, from *The Casket*, 1829.

The Hunting

I

Haste, ranger, to the Athol mountains blue !
Unleash the hounds, and let the bugles sing !
The thousand traces in the morning dew,
The bounding deer, the black-cock on the wing,
Bespeak the rout of Scotland's gallant king ;
The bearded rock shouts to the desart hoar ;
Haste, ranger !—all the mountain echoes ring,
From cairn of Bruar to the dark Glen-More,
The forest's in a howl, and all is wild uproar !

II

O many a gallant hart that time was slain !
And many a roe-buck foundered in the glen !
The gor-cock beat the shivering winds in vain ;
The antler'd rover sought his widowed den ;
Even birds that ne'er had seen the forms of men,

But roosted careless on the desart doone,
An easy mark to ruthless archer's ken !
No more they whirr and crow at dawning boon,
Far on their grizzled heights, contiguous to the moon !

III

Where'er the chase to dell or valley near'd,
There for the royal train the feast was laid ;
There was the monarch's light pavilion rear'd ;
There flow'd the wine, and much in glee was said
Of lady's form, and blooming mountain maid ;
And many a fair was toasted to the brim :
But knight and squire a languishing betray'd
When *one* was named, whose eye made diamonds dim !
The King look'd sad and sigh'd ! no sleep that night for him !

IV

The morning rose, but scarce they could discern
When Night gave in her sceptre to the day,
The clouds of heaven were moor'd so dark and dern,[1]
And wrapt the forest in a shroud of gray.
Man, horse, and hound, in listless languor lay,
For the wet rack traversed the mountain's brow ;
But, long ere night, the Monarch stole away ;
His courtiers search'd, and raised the loud halloo,
But well they knew their man, and made not much ado.

V

Another day came on, another still,
And aye the clouds their drizzly treasures shed ;
The pitchy mist hung moveless on the hill,
And hooded every pine-tree's reverend head :
The heavens seem'd sleeping on their mountain bed,
The straggling roes mistimed their noontide den,
And stray'd the forest, belling for the dead,
Started at every rustle—paused, and then
Sniff'd whistling in the wind, and bounded to the glen.

VI

The King was lost, and much conjecture past.
At length the morning rose in lightsome blue,
Far to the west her pinken veil she cast ;
Up rose the fringed sun, and softly threw
A golden tint along the moorland dew :
The mist had sought the winding vales, and lay
A slumbering ocean of the softest hue,
Where mimic rainbows bent in every bay,
And thousand islets smiled amid the watery way.

[1] secret.

VI

The steeps of proud Ben-Glow the nobles scaled,
For there they heard their Monarch's bugle yell ;
First on the height, the beauteous morn he hail'd,
And rested, wondering, on the heather bell,
The amber blaze that tipt the moor and fell,
The fleecy clouds that roll'd afar below,
The hounds' impatient whine, the bugle's swell,
Raised in his breast a more than wonted glow.
The nobles found him pleased, nor farther strove to know.

VIII

The driver circle narrow'd on the heath,
Close, and more close, the deer were bounding by ;
Upon the bow-string lies the shaft of death !
Breathless impatience burns in every eye !
At once a thousand winged arrows fly ;
The grayhound up the glen outstrips the wind ;
At once the slow-hounds' music rends the sky,
The hunters whoop and hallo cheers behind !
Haloo ! away they speed ! swift as the course of mind !

IX

There roll'd the bausin'd [1] hind adown the linn,
Transfix'd by arrow from the Border bow ;
There the poor roe-deer quakes the cliff within,
The silent gray-hound watching close below.
But yonder far the chestnut rovers go,
O'er hill, o'er dale, they mock thy hounds and thee ;
Cheer, hunter, cheer ! unbend thy cumbrous bow,
Bayard [2] and blood-hound now thy hope must be,
Or soon they gain the steeps, and pathless woods of Dee.

X

Halloo, o'er hill and dale ! the slot is warm !
To every cliff the bugle lends a bell ;
On to the northward peals the loud alarm,
And ay the brocket [3] and the sorel [4] fell :
But flying still before the mingled yell,
The gallant herd outspeeds the troubled wind ;
Their rattling antlers brush the birken [5] dell ;
Their haughty eyes the rolling tear-drops blind ;
But onward still they speed, and look not once behind !

[1] face striped with white. [2] a bay horse. [3] buck in second year.
[4] buck in third year. [5] birchen.

XI

The Tilt is vanish'd on the upland gray,
The Tarf is dwindled to a foaming rill;
But many a hound lay gasping by the way,
Bathed in the stream, or stretch'd upon the hill;
The cooling brook with burning jaws they swill,
Nor once will deign to scent the tainted ground:
The herd has cross'd Breriach's gulfing gill,
The Athol forest's formidable bound,
And in the Garcharye a last retreat have found.

XII

One hound alone has cross'd the dreary height,
The deep-toned Jowler, ever staunch and true.
The chace was o'er; but long ere fell the night,
Full thirty hinds those gallant hunters slew,
Of every age and kind; the drivers drew
Their quarry on behind by ford and lea:
But never more shall eye of monarch view
So wild a scene of mountain majesty
As Scotland's king beheld from the tall peaks of Dee.

Madoc of the Moor, JAMES HOGG, 1816.

Hark! Hark!

For hark! hark! hark!
The dog doth bark,
That watches the wild deer's lair.
The hunter awakes at the peep of the dawn,
But the lair is empty, the deer it is gone,
And the hunter knows not where.

. . . . . .

Then follow, oh follow! the hounds do cry;
The red sun flames in the eastern sky:
The stag bounds over the hollow.
He that lingers in spirit, or loiters in hall,
Shall see us no more till the evening fall,
And no voice but the echo shall answer his call:
Then follow, oh follow, follow:
Follow, oh follow, follow!

. . . . . .

Though I be now a grey, grey friar,
Yet I was once a hale young knight:
The cry of my dogs was the only choir
In which my spirit did take delight.

Little I recked of matin bell,
But drowned its toll with my clanging horn:
And the only beads I loved to tell
Were the beads of dew on the spangled thorn.

An archer keen I was withal,
As ever did lean on greenwood tree:
And could make the fleetest roebuck fall,
A good three hundred yards from me.
Though changeful time, with hand severe,
Has made me now these joys forego,
Yet my heart bounds whene'er I hear
Yoicks! hark away! and tally ho!

Maid Marian, THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, 1822.

The Joys of Sporting

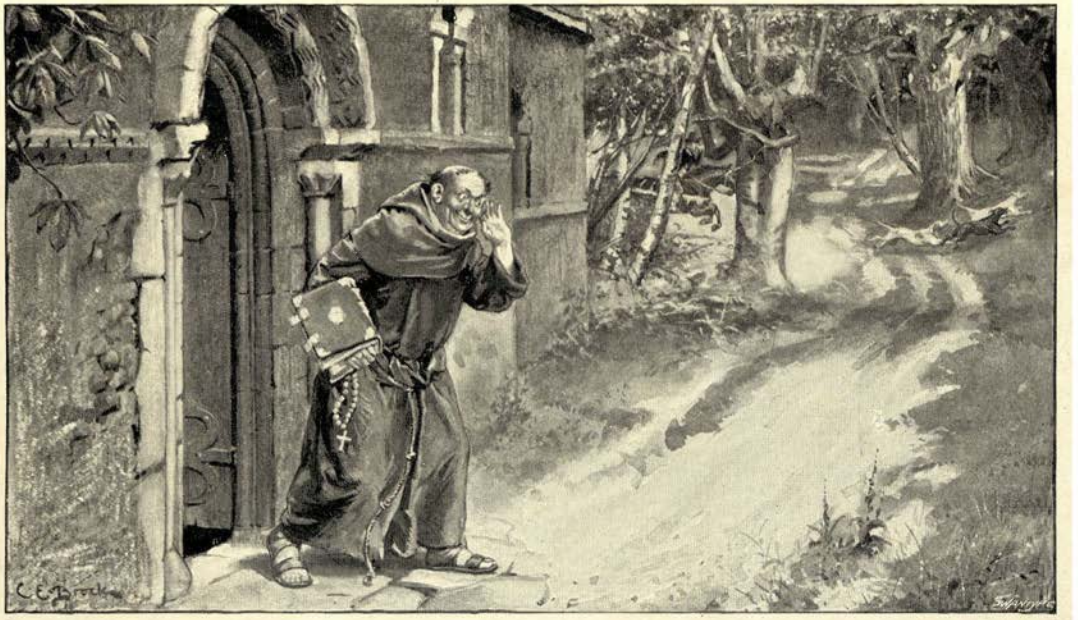
There is a spirit in the chase,
The fervor of whose wild embrace
The sportsman only knows;
He feels its freshness in the gale,
And hears its music in the vale,
Where the brook murmuring flows.

The morn for him hath jovial eye;
And its own strain of melody
Is musically clear.
There's not a breath that Nature breathes,
Nor a fantastic work she wreaths
For spirits wild and dear.

But glad the children of the chase,
And meet them ever as they pace
Exultingly along:
O who would ever spurn the joys
(Unlike to pleasure's sickening toys)
That to the chase belong?

O who could hear the enlivening horn
Gush out in bursts, by echo borne
Upon the listening breeze,
And not repose upon the sound—
And feel his gladden'd spirit bound
As the wild chase he sees?

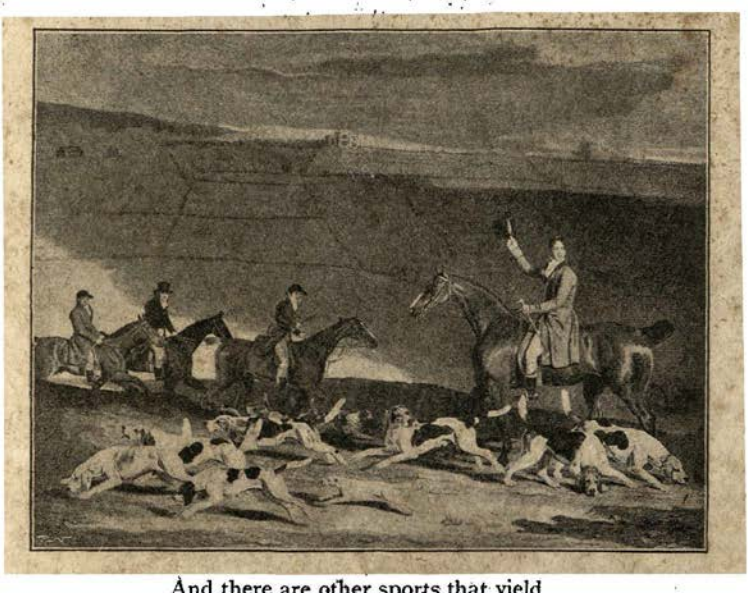
Hark to the jovial hunters' cry!—
And now the steeds triumphantly
Follow the deep-toned pack;



"Yet my heart bounds whene'er I hear
Yoicks! hark away! and tally ho!"

They pass the vale—ascend the hill,
And bear away in spirit still
Along the mountain's track!

This is the hunter's banquet day!
For sickly Care, the 'Hark—away'
Will ever wisely leave:
It cannot follow in the train,
With the wild chorus, o'er the plain,
But looks awhile to grieve.



And there are other sports that yield
The milder pleasures of the field,
That sportsmen rarely shun.
And happier he, than child of fame,
(The restless hunter of a name,)
Who loves his dog and gun;

And laughs at all the toils of life,
The feverish fume, the stir, the strife,
That cloud our mortal day;
Thrice happy, when the eve shall bring
The social board where hunters sing
The jovial 'Hark—away!'

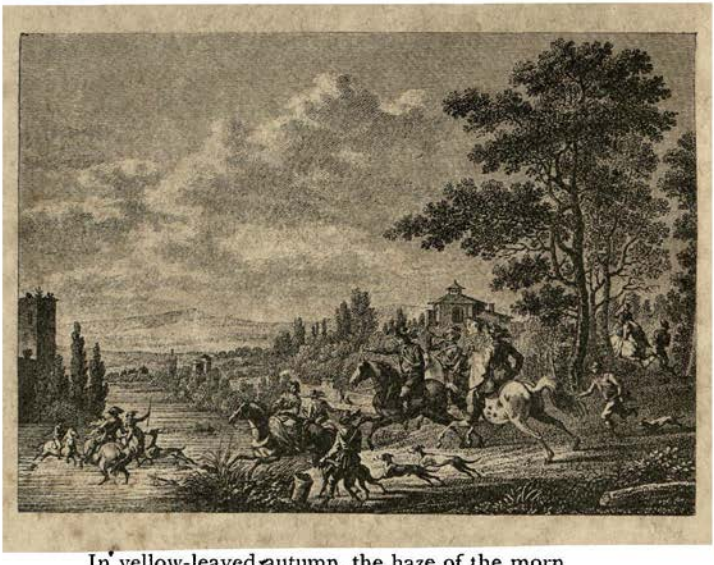
Sporting Magazine, February 1822.

The Dawning of Day

A HUNTING SONG

The grey eye of morning was dear to my youth,
When I sprang like the roe from my bed,
With the glow of the passions, the feelings of truth,
And the light hand of Time on my head.

For then 'twas my maxim through life to be free,
And to sport my best moments away ;
The cry of the hounds was the music for me,
My glory—the dawn of the day.



In yellow-leaved autumn, the haze of the morn
Gave promise of rapture to come ;
Then melody woke in the sound of the horn,
As we cheer'd the old fox from his home ;

The breeze and the shout met the sun's early beam,
With the village response in full play ;
All vigour, my steed leap'd the fence or the stream,
And was foremost at dawn of the day.

The well-tuned view-halloo that shook the green wood,
  And arrested the ploughman's gay song,
Gave nerve to the hunters, and fire to the blood
  Of the hounds, as they bounded along.

And shall I relinquish this joy of my heart
  While years with my strength roll away?
Hark! the horn—bring my horse—see, they're ready to start!
  Tally-o! at the dawning of day.

Remains, ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, 1824.

The First Day of the Season

'Tis come—'tis come—my gallant steed,
  No longer shalt thou pine;
From stall and bower to-day we're freed,
And swift as mountain-breeze shall speed
Once more o'er hill—and mount—and mead
  Those stalwart limbs of thine!

'Tis come—'tis come—my hounds so true!—
  The light cloud is on high—
Pale autumn gently crisps the dew,
Where leaves have donned their russet hue,
And gales sigh soft, as though they blew
  The welcome of the sky!

'Tis come—'tis come—that soul-felt thrill!
  My straining courser bounds;
And echoing wide o'er copse and rill,
  The maddening chorus sounds!
By heaven! He scales the distant hill!
And hark! the horn's wild summons shrill—
On!—On!—my steed! We're laggards still—
  On!—On!—my gallant hounds!

DASHWOOD, *New Sporting Magazine*, 1831.

The Little Red Rover

I

The dewdrop is clinging
  To whin-bush and brake,
The skylark is singing
  'Merrie hunters, awake.'
Home to the cover,
  Deserted by night,
The little Red Rover
  Is bending his flight.

II

Resounds the glad hollo ;
The pack scents the prey ;
Man and horse follow ;
Away ! Hark, away !
Away ! never fearing,
Ne'er slacken your pace :
What music so cheering
As that of the chase ?

III

The Rover still speeding,
Still distant from home,
Spurr'd flanks are bleeding,
And cover'd with foam ;
Fleet limbs extended,
Roan, chestnut, or grey,
The burst, ere 'tis ended,
Shall try them to-day !

IV

Well known is yon cover,
And crag hanging o'er !
The little Red Rover
Shall reach it no more !
The foremost hounds near him,
His strength 'gins to droop ;
In pieces they tear him,
Who-whoop ! Who-who-whoop !

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1833.

The Dead Hunter

I

His sire from the desert, his dam from the north,
The pride of my stable stept gallantly forth,
One slip in his stride as the scurry he led,
And my steed, ere his rivals o'ertook him, lay dead.

II

Poor steed ! shall thy limbs on the hunting field lie,
That his beak in thy carcass the raven may dye ?
Is it thine the sad doom of thy race to fulfil,
Thy flesh to the cauldron, thy bones to the mill ?

III

Ah ! no.—I beheld thee a foal yet unshod,
Now race round the paddock, now roll on the sod ;
Where first thy young hoof the green herbage impress'd,
There, the shoes on thy feet, will I lay thee to rest !

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1833.

My Old Horn

Though toil hath somewhat worn thy frame,
And time hath marr'd thy beauty,
Come forth—lone relic of my fame—
Thou well hast done thy duty.

Time was when other tongues would praise
Thy wakening notes of pleasure,
Now, miser-like, alone I gaze
On thee, a useless treasure.

Some hearts may prize thy music still,
But ah! how changed the story,
Since first Devonia felt the thrill
That roused her sporting glory.

Grace still in every vale abounds,
Yet one dear charm is wanting—
No more I hear my gallant hounds
In chorus blithely chaunting.

And there my steed has found a rest,
Beneath the mountain heather,
That oft, like comrades sworn, we prest
In pleasure's train together.

And some, who at thy call would wake,
Hath Friendship long been weeping;
A shriller note than thine, must break
Their deep and dreamless sleeping.

I too the fading wreath resign,
(For friends and fame are fleeting),
Around his bolder brow to twine,
Where younger blood is beating.

Henceforth be mute my treasured horn,
Since time hath marred thy beauty,
And I, like thee, by toil am worn:—
We both have done our duty.

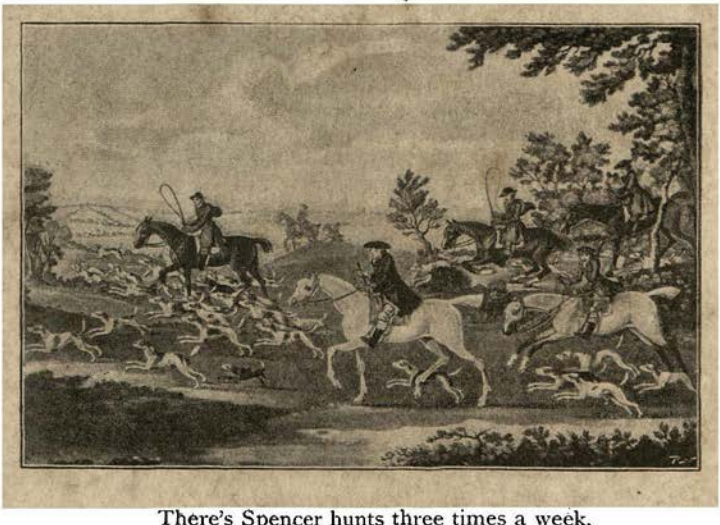
The Sportsman, 1833.

Oh won't you let me go, papa?

Oh won't you let me go, Papa?
Oh won't you let me go?
You're too indulgent to refuse
Your little Charles I know.

I'll not attempt to leap, Papa ;
I'll canter *very* slow :
I'll be *so* careful, dear Papa—
Oh won't you let me go ?

There's brother Gilbert, my Papa,
And he's not more than *eight* ;
And yet the other day you smiled
To see him charge a gate :
And Charley's not a *child*, Papa—
He's *six*, or nearly so ;
He'll ride with Gilbert any day—
Oh won't you let him go ?



There's Spencer hunts three times a week,
And he is only *ten* ;
He mounts his leathers, boots, and pink
The same as other men.
With either I can run, Papa,
Or swim, or skate, or row ;
'Tis hard that I should stay at home—
Oh won't you let me go ?

They're sure of sport to-day, Papa,
'Tis *such* a hunting morn !
They'll very soon be here, Papa—
Hark ! there's the huntsman's horn !

Look—look—beyond the chestnuts there,
Oh what a lovely show!
They'll find at Barkby Holt, Papa—
Oh won't you let me go?

A smile—a smile—a happy sign!
Oh yes, I thought you would;
You'll not regret it, dear Papa,
I'll be so *very* good!
Run Thomas, bring my pony round,
My heart is beating so!
Oh what a kind, a sweet Papa—
I *knew* he'd let me go!

Sporting Magazine, January 1835.

The Chase! The Chase!

The Chase! the Chase! the glorious Chase!
O'er hill and dale to speed the race!
With sprightly steed, with trusty hound,
'Tis merry to range the greenwood round!
To stay for no fence—the game afar—
But urge with shouts the flying war.
I'm for the Chase! I'm for the Chase!
With noble Mure the field to grace!
With his hounds so staunch, and his Huntsman keen
No braver show has Hunter seen!
If a check should come as we scour the plain,
What matter—we must cast again.

I love! oh, how I love to speed
On the fleet, bounding, generous steed;
When rock, and stream, and forest-bourn
Ring merrily with the Hunter's horn!
And every hound with rapture springs
Upon the scent the south wind brings.
I never was in the City's roar
But I lov'd the green fields more and more;
And back I flew from its deep unrest,
As the young Greek sprang to his mother's breast!
And the mother's delight in that embrace
Was nought to mine in the glorious Chase.

The leaves were sere and grey the morn
In the hunting hour when I was born;
And the hounds they gave tongue—the valleys rang
As the Huntsmen blithe in chorus sang!

And never were heard such shoutings wild
As welcom'd to life the Forest-child!
I've lived since then in pleasures rife
Full fifty seasons a Hunter's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
And never sought nor sigh'd for change:
And Death, when he comes with cold embrace,
Shall own that MY life was a glorious Chase!

CHARLES FEIST, *Sporting Magazine*, April 1836.

The Hunter's Legend

Upon a rock that high and sheer
Rose from the mountain's breast,
A weary hunter of the deer
Had sat him down to rest,
And bared, to the soft summer air,
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,
With dimmer vales between,
And rivers glimmered on their way,
By forests faintly seen;
While ever rose a murmuring sound
From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear
A voice so soft and low,
That whether in the mind or ear,
The listener scarce might know;
With such a tone, so sweet and mild,
The watching mother lulls her child.

'Thou weary huntsman,' thus it said,
'Thou faint with toil and heat!
The pleasant land of rest is spread
Before thy very feet,
And those whom thou would gladly see
Are waiting there to welcome thee.'

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky,
Amidst the noontide haze,
A shadowy region met his eye,
And grew beneath his gaze;
As if the vapours of the air
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers
Showed bright on rocky bank,
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,
Where deer and pheasant drank,
He saw the glittering streams; he heard
The rustling bough, and twittering bird.

And friends—the dead—in boyhood dear,
There lived, and walked again;
And there was one who many a year
Within her grave had lain,
A fair young girl, the region's pride—
His heart was breaking when she died.

Bounding, as was her wont, she came
Right towards his resting-place,
And stretched her hand, and called his name,
With sweet and smiling face,
Forward, with fixed and eager eyes,
The hunter leaned, in act to rise.

Forward he leaned, and headlong down
Plunged from the craggy wall;
He saw the rocks, steep, stern and brown,
An instant, in his fall—
A fearful instant, and no more—
The dream and life at once were o'er.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, *The Sportsman and Veterinary Recorder*, May 1836.

The Jolly Old Squire

The Squire, the old Squire, is gone to his rest;
His heart was the bravest, his horse was the best,
His cheer was unequall'd, his wine without peer,
And he kept open house every day in the year;
Now a narrower house holds his bosom of fire,
And cold is the hearth of the Jolly Old Squire,
The Jolly Old Squire,
The Jolly Old Squire,
And cold is the hearth of the Jolly Old Squire.

The Jolly Old Squire was as staunch as a hound,
And gayer he seem'd, the more broken the ground,
Neither yawner nor rasper could make him delay,
As, mounted on Druid he roared 'hark away!'
The first in the field, and the last man to tire,
His hunting is over—the Jolly Old Squire,
The Jolly Old Squire,
The Jolly Old Squire,
His hunting is over—the Jolly Old Squire.

When the brush of sly reynard, the coveted prize,
Was display'd at his table, joy danc'd in his eyes;
He quaff'd his good wine, and he sang his good song,
And the shouting that follow'd was cordial and long;
In chorus we join'd, an unanimous choir,
But loudest the voice of the Jolly Old Squire,
The Jolly Old Squire,
The Jolly Old Squire,
But loudest of all was the Jolly Old Squire.

We were hunting the fox on a lowering day,
With the Squire spurring up on his high-flying grey:
No surer foot bounded o'er hillock and dell,
But the fates were in league, and the gallant grey fell:
We knew that the rider must shortly expire,
And drew up our reins round the Jolly Old Squire,
The Jolly Old Squire,
The Jolly Old Squire,
We drew up our reins round the Jolly Old Squire.

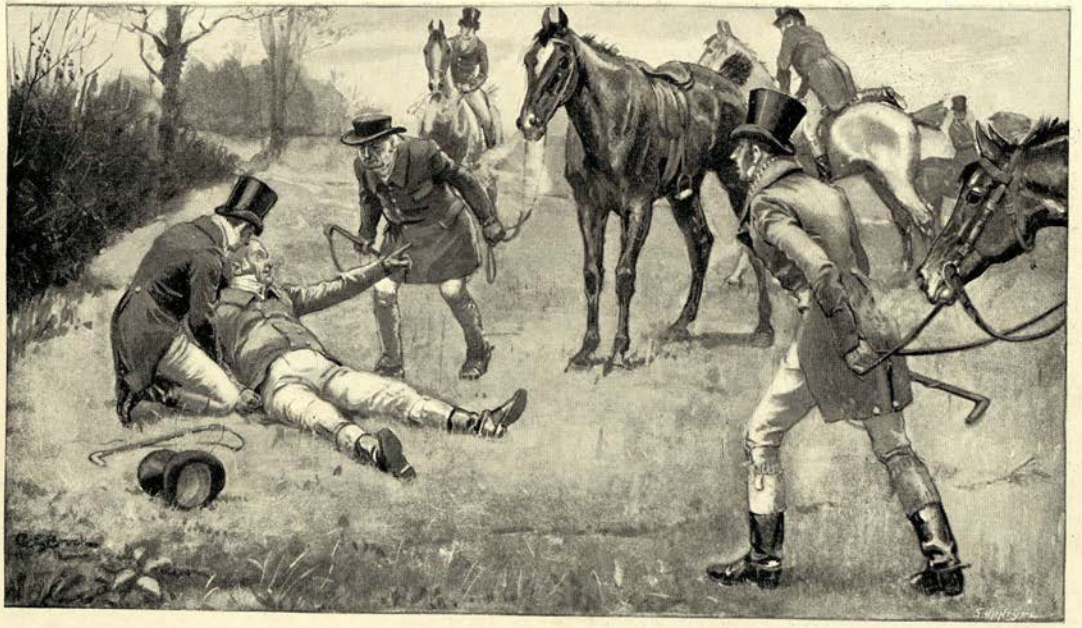
'What the deuce do you stay for?' we heard him exclaim;
'My sporting is spoil'd, but should your's be the same?
They're o'er-running the scent—Trusty Will! turn the pack,
A plague on the fall that laid me on my back!
Fox-hunting for ever!' he shouted with fire,
These were the words of the Jolly Old Squire,
The Jolly Old Squire,
The Jolly Old Squire,
The very last words of the Jolly Old Squire.

The Sportsman, May 1838.

Otters

It is a sylvan scene! A mountain lake,
Strown with green Islets, far away from man
And man's encroachments. Day, that now doth take
A farewell of the sky, hath just began
To soften into shade. Behold yon SWAN!
With plumage proudly spread as on she goes,
Shivering the pictures, which the shadows make
Upon the waters! 'Midst those flags, where grows
Yon Iris—gilding with its flowers the green—
A troop of WATER-RATS among the waves
Are splashing sportively! and, dimly seen
In the advancing twilight, from those caves
That skirt the farther shore, two creatures creep—
OTTERS! Quaint robbers of the mystic deep!

MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL, *The Sportsman*, March 1840.



"'What the deuce do you stay for?' we heard him exclaim."

Wind thy Horn, my Hunter Boy

Wind thy horn, my hunter boy,
And leave thy lute's inglorious sighs ;
Hunting is the hero's joy,
Till war his nobler game supplies.
Hark ! the hound-bells ringing sweet,
While hunters shout, and the woods repeat,
Hilli-ho ! Hilli-ho ;

Wind again thy cheerful horn,
Till echo, faint with answering, dies :
Burn, bright torches, burn till morn,
And lead us where the wild boar lies.
Hark ! the cry, 'He's found, he's found,'
While hill and valley our shouts resound.
Hilli-ho ! Hilli-ho !

Poetical Works of Thomas Moore, 1840.

The Song of the Hunter

We are off once more !—for the summer's o'er,
And gaily we take our stand
By the covert-side, in our might and pride,
A gallant and fearless band !
Again we hear our Huntsman's cheer,
The thrilling Tally-ho !
And the blast of the horn, through the woodlands borne,
As merrily onward we go !
TALLY-HO !
As merrily onward we go !

No glittering show nor parade we know :
Our course is uncontroll'd !
O'er earth—through air—our lords we bear
In a chase unpaid by gold !
Let the Racer speed, and his bright sides bleed,
Where gladd'ning shouts resound !
Are the cheers that greet *his* course so sweet
As the musical cry of the hound ?
OF THE HOUND
As the musical cry of the hound ?

Oh ! where is the nag in his course would flag,
As the Southern breezes play
On his foaming face in the heat of the chase,
On an Autumn's cloudy day !

On! on! we go! and the *brush* of the foe
Shall reward our daring toil!
'Tis the prize we ask, to repay our task,
To be deck'd in that glorious spoil!
WHO-WHOOP!
To be deck'd in that glorious spoil!

Oh! ours is the life that makes no strife,
Nor causes *loss* nor sorrow!
By deeds confess'd that we've done our best!
We are ready again on the morrow!
Though our coat's less bright and our limbs less light
Than our kindred '*thorough-bred*,'
In stanchness and game our hearts are the same,
Till our strength with our life has sped!
TO THE GRAVE!
Till our strength with our life has sped!

JAMES WILLYAM GRYLLS, *Sporting Magazine*, November 1844.

Dedicated (without permission again) to the best and oldest Horse in the Service!

* (*For further particulars inquire of* '*Will Long*,' *Badminton*.)

Address to a Wild Deer

Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar
With a haughty defiance to come to the war!
No outrage is war to a creature like thee!
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
In the beams [1] of thy forehead that glitter with death,
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,—
In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar,—
In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,—
Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign!
—But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurned from his furious feet:
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.
High life of a hunter! he meets on the hill
The new-wakened daylight, so bright and so still;
And feels, as the clouds of the morning unroll,

[1] antlers.

The silence, the splendour, ennoble his soul.
'Tis his o'er the mountains to stalk like a ghost,
Enshrouded with mist, in which nature is lost,
Till he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley, and height,
In one moment all swim in an ocean of light;
While the sun, like a glorious banner unfurled,
Seems to wave o'er a new, more magnificent world.
'Tis his—by the mouth of some cavern his seat—
The lightning of heaven to hold at his feet,
While the thunder below him that growls from the cloud,
To him comes on echo more awfully loud.
When the clear depth of noontide, with glittering motion,
O'erflows the lone glens—an aërial ocean—
When the earth and the heavens, in union profound,
Lie blended in beauty that knows not a sound—
As his eyes in the sunshiny solitude close
'Neath a rock of the desert in dreaming repose,
He sees, in his slumbers, such visions of old
As his wild Gaelic songs to his infancy told;
O'er the mountains a thousand plumed hunters are borne,
And he starts from his dream at the blast of the horn.
Yes! child of the desert! fit quarry wert thou
For the hunter that came with a crown on his brow,—
By princes attended with arrow and spear,
In their white-tented camp, for the warfare of deer.
In splendour the tents on the green summit stood,
And brightly they shone from the glade in the wood,
And, silently built by a magical spell,
The pyramid rose in the depth of the dell.
All mute was the palace of Lochy that day,
When the king and his nobles—a gallant array—
To Gleno or Glen-Etive came forth in their pride,
And a hundred fierce stags in their solitude died.
Not lonely and single they passed o'er the height—
But thousands swept by in their hurricane-flight;
And bowed to the dust in their trampling tread
Was the plumage on many a warrior's head.
—'Fall down on your faces!—the herd is at hand!'
—And onwards they came like the sea o'er the sand;
Like the snow from the mountain when loosened by rain,
And rolling along with a crash to the plain;
Like a thunder-split oak-tree, that falls in one shock
With his hundred wide arms from the top of the rock,
Like the voice of the sky, when the black cloud is near,
So sudden, so loud, came the tempest of Deer.
Wild mirth of the desert! fit pastime for kings!
Which still the rude Bard in his solitude sings.
Oh reign of magnificence! vanished for ever!
Like music dried up in the bed of a river,

Whose course hath been changed! yet my soul can survey
The clear cloudless morn of that glorious day.
Yes! the wide silent forest is loud as of yore,
And the far-ebbèd grandeur rolls back to the shore.

Poems, Prof. WILSON, 1853.

My Hunting Song

Forward! Hark forward's the cry!
One more fence and we're out on the open,
So to us at once, if you want to live near us!
Hark to them, ride to them, beauties! as on they go,
Leaping and sweeping away in the vale below!
Cowards and bunglers, whose heart or whose eye is slow,
Find themselves staring alone.

So the great cause flashes by;
Nearer and clearer its purposes open,
While louder and prouder the world-echoes cheer us:
Gentlemen sportsmen, you ought to live up to us,
Lead us, and lift us, and hallo our game to us—
We cannot call the hounds off, and no shame to us—
Don't be left staring alone!

CHARLES KINGSLEY. From the *Casket*.

The Find

Yon sound's neither sheep-bell nor bark,
They're running—they're running, Go hark!
The sport may be lost by a moment's delay;
So whip up the puppies and scurry away.
Dash down through the cover by dingle and dell.
There's a gate at the bottom—I know it full well;
And they're running—they're running,
Go hark!

They're running—they're running, Go hark!
One fence and we're out of the park;
Sit down in your saddles and race at the brook,
Then smash at the bullfinch; no time for a look;
Leave cravens and skirters to dangle behind;
He's away for the moors in the teeth of the wind,
And they're running—they're running,
Go hark!

They're running—they're running, Go hark !
Let them run on and run till it's dark !
Well with them we are, and well with them we'll be,
While there's wind in our horses and daylight to see :

Then shog along homeward, chat over the fight,
And hear in our dreams the sweet music all night
Of—They're running—they're running,
Go hark !

CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1856.

The Otter King

Now winding, wandering pensively,
The flowery meads among,
The Exe has left his forest home
And trolls his summer song.

And downwards as he gently glides,
So dreamily and slow,
The golden catkins stoop to kiss
His waters as they flow.

But list, ye gods ! a sound is heard
That makes the welkin ring ;
Bowhays is come with hound and horn
To seek the Otter King.

In vain, in vain, the finny tribe
Their nightly doom deplore ;
Not harder fate the race await
Upon a Stygian shore.

Ah ! long upon that blighted stream
The Nereid's note is still ;
And patient anglers labour long
Their empty creels to fill.

But now the hounds are trailing on,
The otter need be bold ;
For, if he hear Bowhays' cheer,
'Twill make his blood run cold.

Louder and fuller swells the peal
That greets the felon grim ;
Sweet music to Bowhays' ears,
A mourning peal to him.

But down beneath a gnarled-oak tree,
A fathom deep or more ;
Above his head the turf is spread,
And water bars the door.

He scents, he hears the coming strife
That gathers o'er his head ;
The thunder seems to swell around
And shake his old-oak bed.

As Hercules on Cacus closed,
The gallant 'Prince' goes in ;
The hero of a hundred fights,
That dog is safe to win.

A muffled, rumbling, earthquake sound
And then a stifled cry,
Down in the roots a fathom deep,
Quivers the oak hard by.

'Hold on ! hold on ! thou true Black Prince !'
The ardent Owen cries ;
While close at hand he takes his stand,
To view him as he flies.

Then suddenly Bowhays' cheer
The hollow valley fills ;
The wild dun-deer the sound might hear
On distant Winscombe hills.

He's down the stream ; away, away ;
The Otter King is gone ;
And on his track the plunging pack
Are madly pouring on.

Oh ! 'twas a glorious sight to see
Those mottled things in chase ;
The water dashed in silver spray,
And every hound in place.

'Now steady all !' cried stern Bowhays,
'Now steady hounds and men ;
Old Charmer's nose was never wrong,
She winds him back again !'

And now the song-birds cease to sing
Upon that frighted shore ;
The miller, too, has stopped his mill
To join the sylvan roar.

Through many a dark and gurgling pool
The deadly strife prevails ;
And many a drop of blood is spilled
Before that otter fails.

Though tunefully he leads the choir
On peaceful sabbath morn ;
Bowhays has sworn a dreadful oath
Upon his bugle-horn :

'Good hounds,' said he, 'be true to me,
I'll never eat of bread ;
Nor climb into my couch, until
The Otter King is dead.'

Then striding out in rough mid-stream,
With bugle-horn in hand ;
'No rest, I trow, the game shall know,
While here I take my stand.'

Breathless at length, and pressed full sore,
The otter seems to fail ;
And, as he lands, the hounds rush on
Just like a storm of hail.

Then, once again, that mighty cheer
Shakes water, sky, and plain ;
And fishers on the Barle might hear
The Otter King was slain.

Baily's Magazine, June 1864.

A Dartmoor Fox[1]

Air: 'Wait for the Waggon'

Come, jump into your saddles, boys, and never doubt the morn ;
The hounds are off to Skerraton, and Crocker winds his horn ;
No cover under heaven's arch a better fox can show ;
So forward to the forest, boys, together let us go.
Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest,
Haste to the forest ;
Together let us go.

Now, cease your idle gossip, pray, for yonder lies the brake ;
And if the fox is kennelled there, I'll warrant he's awake :
A moment,—and the spiny gorse is waving to and fro,
A whimper, and a crash are heard ; and then a Tally-ho !
Haste to the forest, &c.

Away he goes, a gallant fox, his distant point to gain ;
Nor wilder is the wind that sweeps across the moorland plain :
Oh ! listen to the frantic cheer that marks his wingéd flight,
While echoes in the vale below are bursting with delight.
Haste to the forest, &c.

To Holne's broad heath he whirls along, before the din of war,
Nor tarries till he stands upon the rugged Banshie Tor ;
Far in the rear the bristling pack is dashing on amain,
And horsemen, too, like autumn leaves, are scattered o'er the plain.
Haste to the forest, &c.

But see ! the dark and stormy skies a perfect deluge pour,
And every hound has dropped his nose upon the cold grey moor :
'Now pick along,' Trelawny said, but said it with a sigh ;
As if he wished his hounds had wings, and longed to see them fly.
Haste to the forest, &c.

But, as a spider to his line, the patient huntsman clings,
Till suddenly at Banshie Tor, again the welkin rings ;
No refuge now in Whitewood rocks ; the pack is dashing on ;
For, madly to the banks of Dart the flying fox is gone.
Haste to the forest, &c.

And, on to catch the burning scent, as every foxhound flings,
The Squire now begins to think the pack has found its wings ;
As plovers o'er the moorlands speed, o'er wild-fowl o'er the sea ;
The steed that stays along with them a right good steed must be.
Haste to the forest, &c.

[1] Found and killed on Tuesday, November 22, 1864.

Alas ! of all that gallant field, full sixty men or more,
Seven alone are seen alive upon the Dart's rough shore :
With one accord the seven plunge up to the saddle bow ;
The angry flood may cool their blood, but cannot stop them now.
Haste to the forest, &c.

Then upwards to the heights of Yar the deadly struggle turns,
And every hound that heads the pack immortal glory earns ;
The horses sob—the hounds are mute,—and men are heard to cry—
'Oh for a steed of Coxwell's breed, to view them as they fly ! '
Haste to the forest, &c.

Again for Dart he bends his course ; again he seeks the flood ;
And fiercely on his track the hounds are running hard for blood ;
He rolls along, and gallops high, and dodges in the rocks ;
But all his wiles are vain to save this famous Dartmoor fox.
Haste to the forest, &c.

Who-hoop ! Who-hoop ! the huntsman shouts ; and seven men are near,
To view the hound that bowled him o'er, the gallant 'Windermere' ;
And when Trelawny rides to moor, over his wild countrie,
Oh ! may he never fail to find as good a fox as he.
Haste to the forest, &c.

'RING-OUZEL,' *Baily's Magazine*, January 1865.

Spring Hunting

Back to its icy cave again
Has sped the wintry blast,
And Nature, with a loving smile,
Is waking up at last.

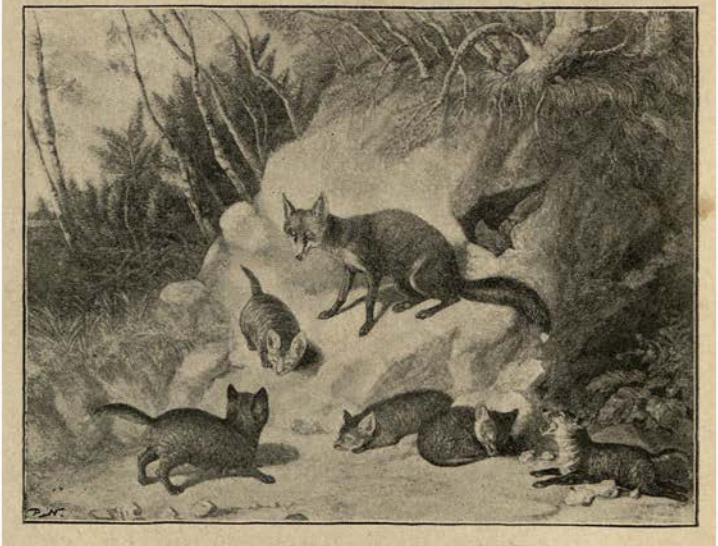
'Tis sweet spring-tide ; and down the vale,
The flowery meads among,
The mountain torrent gently glides,
Singing a quiet song.

Now, haply too, beside its brae,
Some pensive fisher stands ;
Landing his struggling speckled prey
Upon its silver sands.

But hark ! the din of sylvan war
Is rolling from the woods afar
Upon the peaceful plain ;
And hounds and men are flashing by,
Like meteors in a northern sky,
Till riot seems to reign.

Away, away, the gallant fox
In headlong haste to gain the rocks,
  Is flying o'er the vale ;
The hounds upon his very brush
Are pelting on with mighty rush,
  Like a rattling storm of hail.

Ah me ! what struggles now ensue,
As steeds of every form and hue
  To pace are forced to yield ;
And men, by falls and other woes,
Are beaten off like scattered foes
  Upon a battle-field.



But hark ! a distant, joyous sound
That tells the welcome tale around,—
  The whoop we love to hear !
Ay, blood and bone, whate'er the pace,
Will triumph in the stoutest chase,
  It is the Beaufort cheer !

Not sated yet, a yeoman bold,
Who values foxes, more than gold,
  Invites another find ;

Again, the mottled beauties hie
To draw the woodlands far and nigh,
And catch the tainted wind.

But keen remorse will sure be thine,
Thou yeoman strong and true!
The victim of that luckless day
Thy heart will ever rue.

For soon a sudden, piercing cry
From yonder copse is yelled;
The wailing, as of wounded hound,
In iron clutches held.

'Accursed be the hand would slay
A fox in such a craven way!'
I hear the huntsman cry.
Ride to the rescue, hunters, ride!
Of all my pack that hound's the pride
'Tis my sweet Firefly.'

Then lightly o'er the fence he bounds,
Ever the first to aid his hounds,
No laggard chief, I trow;
But who shall paint the mute surprise
That glistened in the huntsman's eyes,
At scene he saw below?

No trap was there; but near at hand
A little vixen stood,
Guarding her helpless, infant cubs
Just littered in the wood.

Close to the mother's back they crouched,
Beside an old oak bole;
The huntsman said 'twas piteous sight,
And sorrow filled his soul.

Alas! too late his sounding lash,
And vain his angry rate:—
A score of hounds are rushing in
To seal the litter's fate.

And there the little vixen fell,
In fragments torn piecemeal;
The victim of that wondrous love
That only mothers feel.

'RING-OUZEL,' *Baily's Magazine*, May 1866.

The Lord of the Valley

A STAG-HUNTER'S SONG

Hunters are fretting, and hacks in a lather,
Sportsmen arriving from left and from right,
Bridle-roads bringing them, see how they gather!
Dotting the meadows in scarlet and white.
Foot-people staring, and horsemen preparing;
Now there's a murmur—a stir— and a shout!
Fresh from his carriage, as bridegroom in marriage,
The Lord of the Valley leaps gallantly out.

Time, the Avenger, neglecting, or scorning,
Gazes about him in beauteous disdain,
Lingers to toy with the whisper of Morning,
Daintily, airily, paces the plain.
Then in a second, his course having reckoned,
Line that all Leicestershire cannot surpass,
Fleet as a swallow, when summer winds follow,
The Lord of the Valley skims over the grass.

Where shall we take him? Ah! now for the tussle,
These are the beauties can stoop and can fly;
Down go their noses, together they bustle,
Dashing and flinging, and scorning to cry!
Never stand dreaming, while yonder they're streaming;
If ever you meant it, man, mean it to-day!
Bold ones are riding and fast ones are striding,
The Lord of the Valley is Forward! Away!

Hard on his track, o'er the open and facing,
The cream of the country, the pick of the chase,
Mute as a dream, his pursuers are racing,
Silence, you know, 's the criterion of *pace!*
Swarming and driving, while man and horse striving
By cramming and hugging, scarce live with them still;
The fastest are failing, the truest are tailing,
The Lord of the Valley is over the hill!

Yonder a steed is rolled up with his master;
Here, in a double, another lies cast;
Thicker and faster comes grief and disaster,
All but the good ones are weeded at last.
Hunters so limber, at water and timber,
Now on the causeway are fain to be led;
Beat, but still going, a countryman sowing
Has sighted the Lord of the Valley ahead.

There in the bottom, see, sluggish and idle,
  Steals the dark stream where the willow-tree grows!
Harden your heart, and catch hold of your bridle!
  Steady him—rouse him—and over he goes!
Look! in a minute a dozen are in it!
  But Forward! Hark Forward! for draggled and blown,
A check though desiring, with courage untiring
  The Lord of the Valley is holding his own.

Onward we struggle in sorrow and labour,
  Lurching, and lobbing, and 'bellows to mend';
Each, while he smiles at the plight of his neighbour,
  Only is anxious to get to the end.
Horses are flagging, hounds drooping and lagging,
  Yet gathering down yonder, where, press as they may,
Mobbed, driven, and haunted, but game and undaunted,
  The Lord of the Valley stands proudly at bay!

Then here's to the Baron, and all his supporters—
  The thrusters—the skirters—the whole of the tale;
And here's to the fairest of all hunting quarters,
  The widest of pastures—three cheers for the Vale;[1]
For the lovely she-rider, the rogue, who beside her,
  Finds breath in a gallop his suit to advance;
The hounds, for our pleasure, that time us the measure,
  The Lord of the Valley that leads us the dance!

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, *Baily's Magazine*, February 1868.

The Galloping Squire

A FOXHUNTER'S SONG

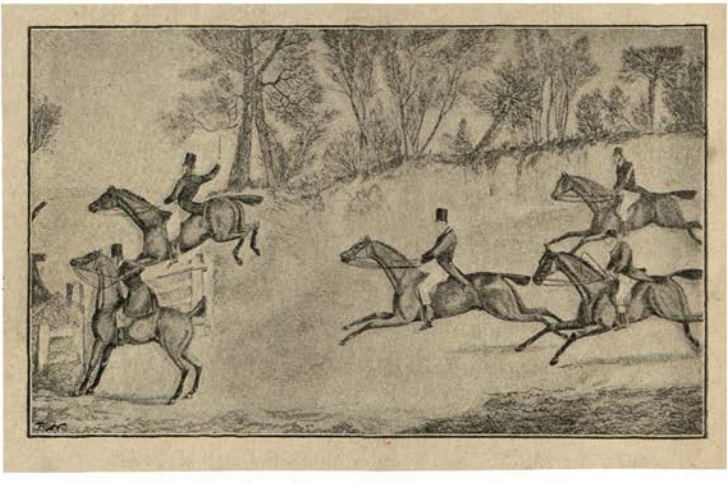
Come, I'll show you a country that none can surpass,
  For a flyer to cross like a bird on the wing,
With its acres of woodland, its oceans of grass,
  We have game in the autumn, and cubs in the spring.
We have scores of good fellows hang out in the Shire,
But the best of them all is the Galloping Squire.

The Galloping Squire in the saddle has got,
  While the dewdrop is melting in gems on the thorn;
From the kennel he's drafted the pick of his lot,
  How they swarm to his cheer! how they fly to his horn!
Like harriers turning, or chasing like fire,
'I can trust every hound,' says the Galloping Squire.

[1] The Vale of Aylesbury.

With a wave of his arm to the covert they throng.
'Yooi! wind him, and rouse him!' 'By Jove, he's away!'
Through a gap in the oaks see them speeding along
O'er the open like pigeons. 'They mean it to-day!
You may jump till you're sick, you may spur till you tire,
For it's catch 'em who can!' says the Galloping Squire.

So he takes the old horse by the head, and he sails
In the wake of his darlings, all ear and all eye.
As they come in his line, o'er banks, fences, and rails,
The cramped ones to creep, and the fair ones to fly—
It's a *very* queer place that will put in the mire
Such a rare one to ride as the Galloping Squire.



But a fallow has brought to their noses, the pack,
And the pasture beyond is with cattle-stains spread:
One blast of his horn, and the Squire, in a crack,
Has lifted and thrown in the beauties, at head.
'On a morning like this little help you require,
And he's forward, I'll swear,' says the Galloping Squire.

So forty fair minutes they run and they race;
'Tis a heaven to some—'tis a lifetime to all,
Though the horses we ride are such gluttons for pace,
There are stout ones that stop—there are safe ones that fall.
But the names of the vanquished need never transpire,
For they're all in the rear of the Galloping Squire.

Till the gamest old varmint that ever drew breath,
  All worried and stiffened, held high for a throw,
O'er the Squire's jolly visage is grinning in death,
  Ere he dashes him down to be eaten below.
While the daws flutter out from a neighbouring spire
At the thrilling 'Who whoop!' of the Galloping Squire.

And the labourer at work, and the lord in his hall,
  Have a smile and a jest when they hear of the sport.
In ale or in claret he's toasted by all,
  For they scarce can expect to see more of the sort.
So long may it be ere he's forced to retire,
For we breed very few like the Galloping Squire!

G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE, *Baily's Magazine*, March 1868.

Otter-Hunting on the Erme, South Devon

If haply thou to Lethe's shore
  In spirit sad would stray,
Go, tarry by the meads of Erme,
  Elysian fields are they.
From Dartmoor Hills a thousand
  Come carolling along,
Charming the flowery braes of Erme
  With many a summer song.

The song-birds, too, the livelong day
In music sweet their homage pay,
  The river-god to greet;
While nodding willows stoop to lave
Their verdure in the placid wave
  Beneath the woods of Flete.

But if, unmoved by minstrelsy,
This fairy vale thou doubt to be
  The true Elysian plain,
Go, join Diana's gladsome throng,
Disporting on its banks along—
  Thou'lt never doubt again.

E'en now, a group of men and hounds,
  And many a maiden fair,
Are mingling in those hunting grounds,
  The revelry to share.
Lo! down beneath yon antlered tree,
  O'ershadowing the shore,
The otter's holt is found to be
  A fathom deep, or more.

Ay, see the hounds with frantic zeal
The roots and earth uptear ;
But the earth is strong, and the roots are long,
They cannot enter there.
Outspeaks the Squire : 'Give room, I pray,
And hie the terriers in ;
The warriors of the fight are they,
And every fight they win.'

Then ever, where the felon lurked,
Bravely they followed on ;
And every yard those sappers worked
A goodly yard they won.
And underneath that gnarled oak-tree,
That quivered to its core,
The Naiads of the Erme could hear
The angry battle roar.

Above, below, on every side,
Full many a bright eye guards the tide,
To 'gaze' him as he flies ;
But brighter still two blue eyes glow,
As, mantling from the depths below,
The silver bubbles rise.

'He's gone ! he's gone !' in raptured tone
Escapes Belinda's tongue ;
And straight amain, o'er stream and plain,
A thousand echoes rung.
Dashed in abreast of hounds, I trow,
Ten couple in his wake ;
Their mettle did that otter know
His gallant heart would break.

Then holds the chase its devious way,
Through many a dark unfathomed bay,
O'er sandy creek and shoal ;
Up stream and down ; they swim, they wade,
'Mid hidden stump and alder shade,
And many a willow bole.

Now frequent, from the depths below,
The bubble-chain upsprings ;
Now, every hound enjoys the scent,
And all the welkin rings.
In vain he vents ; tries fore and back,
His stronghold seeks in vain ;
Black Waterwitch is on his track,
And Lavish marks again.

Ah me ! amid this jocund scene
Of innocent delight ;
My modest Muse is shocked to tell
Belinda's tattered plight :
Her petticoat and silken hose
Rent by a cruel spell,
The loveliest foot and limb disclose
That ever blessed a belle.

Ah ! fain would fair Belinda rush
To close the robe, and hide the blush
That mantles on her face ;
But hark ! the transient pang is gone !
She hears old Nestor throw his tongue,
And cannot quit the chase.

That very e'en a hunter keen
Told her his tale alone ;
And when he gave his heart to her,
Belinda lost her own.

An hour more, and on that shore
The whispering winds are still ;
And slumbers every echo now
On yonder woodland hill.
Scourge of the stream, he slumbers too,
And never more shall hear
Trelawny's horn at dewy morn,
Nor Bulteel's ringing cheer.

June 20, 1871.

' RING-OUZEL,' *Baily's Magazine*, August 1871.

FISHING

A Description of the Country's Recreations

Quivering fears, Heart-tearing cares,
Anxious sighes, Untimely tears,
Fly, fly to Courts ;
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strain'd SARDONICK smiles are glosing still,
And Greife is forc'd to laugh against her wil ;
Where mirth's but mummery ;
And sorrows only real be !

Fly from our Country pastimes ! fly,
Sad troop of humane misery ;
Come serene lookes,
Cleare as the Christal brookes,
Or the pure azur'd heaven, that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
(Which all men seek), we only find.

Abused Mortalls ! did you know
Where Joy, Heart's-ease, and comforts grow ;
You'd scorne proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustring Care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountaines that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic Mask, nor dance,
But of our Kids, that frisk and prance :
Nor warres are seen,
Unless upon the greene

Two harmeless Lambs are butting one the other,
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother ;
And wounds are never found,
Save what the PLOW-SHARE gives the ground.

Here are no false entrapping baites,
To hasten too too hasty fates ;
Unless it be
The fond Credulity
Of silly Fish, which worldling-like, still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook :
Nor envy, unless among
The Birds, for prize of their sweet song.

Go ! let the diving NEGRO seek
For Gemmes hid in some forlorne creek ;
We all Pearles scorne,
Save what the dewy morne
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepeards beat down as they pass ;
And gold ne're here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent Groves ! O may ye be
For ever Mirth's best Nursery !
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these Downs, these Meads, these Rocks, these Mountains,
And Peace still slumber by these purling Fountains !
Which we may every yeare
Find when we come a-fishing here !

Sir WALTER RALEIGH. *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1651.

The Passionate Fisher

Come live with me, and be my deere,
And we will revell all the yeere,
In plaines and groves, on hills and dales :
Where fragrant ayre breedes sweetest gales.

There shall you have the beauteous Pine,
The Cedar, and the spreading Vine,
And all the woods to be a Skreene :
Least *Phœbus* kisse my Sommer's Queene.

The seate for your disport shall be
Over some River in a tree,
Where silver sands, and pebbles sing,
Eternall ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the Nimphs at play,
And how the Satires spend the day,
The fishes gliding on the sands :
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heavenly tuned throtes,
Possesse woods Ecchoes with sweet notes,
Which to your senses will impart
A musique to enflame the hart.

Upon the bare and leafe-lesse Oake,
The Ring-Doves woings will provoke
A colder blood then you possesse,
To play with me and doe no lesse.

In bowers of Laurell trimly dight,
We will out-weare the silent night,
While *Flora* busie is to spread :
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand Glow-wormes shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
All to adorne and beautifie :
Your lodging with most maiestie.

Then in mine armes will I enclose
Lillies faire mixture with the Rose.
Whose nice perfections in loves play :
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we passe the welcome night,
In sportfull pleasures and delight,
The nimble Fairies on the grounds,
Shall daunce and sing mellodious sounds.

If these may serve for to entice,
Your presence to Loves Paradice,
Then come with me, and be my deare :
And we will strait begin the yeare.

England's Helicon, 1614.

Note.—This is perhaps the best of some ten versions founded on Marlowe's 'Passionate Shepherd,' and is signed Ignoto. It was probably written after Marlowe's death in 1594, either by Shakspeare, Raleigh, or Wotton, and is in many ways more beautiful than the older poem. Izaak Walton gives in his 'Complete Angler' a fairly accurate reprint of the original, but as neither it nor Raleigh's answer is on our subject, we have not included them.

A Worthy Answer

O let me rather on the pleasant Brinke
Of *Tyne* and *Trent* possesse some dwelling place ;
Where I may see my Quill and Corke downe sink
With eager bit of Barbell, Bleike, or Dace :
And on the world and his creatour think,
While they proud *Thais* painted sheet embrace,
And with the fume of strong *Tobacco's* smoke,
All quaffing round are ready for to choke.

Let them that list these pastimes then pursue,
And on their pleasing fancies feede their fill;
So I the Fields and Meadowes greene may view,
And by the Rivers fresh may walke at will,
Among the *Dazies* and the *Violets* blew:
Red *Hyacinth*, and yellow *Daffadill*,
Purple *Narcissus* like the morning rayes,
Pale *Ganderglas*,[1] and azor *Culverkayes*.[2]

I count it better pleasure to behold
The goodly compasse of the lofty Skie,
And in the midst thereof like burning gold
The flaming chariot of the worlds great eye;
The watry cloudes that in the aire uprold
With sundry kindes of painted colours flye;
And faire *Aurora* lifting up her head,
All blushing rise from old *Tithonus* bed.

The hils and Mountaines raised from the Plaines,
The plaines extended levell with the ground,
The ground divided into sundry vaines,
The vaines enclos'd with running rivers round,
The rivers making way through natures chaine,
With headlong course into the sea profound:
The surging Sea beneath the valleys low,
The valleys sweet, and lakes that lovely flow.

The lofty woods, the Forrests wide and long,
Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh and green,
In whose cool brow's the birds with chanting song
Do welcom with their quire the *Summers* queen,
The meadowes faire where *Flora's* guifts among,
Are intermixt the verdant grasse betweene,
The silver skaled fish that softly swimme,
Within the brookes and christall watry brim.

All these and many more of his creation,
That made the heavens the *Angler* oft doth see
And takes therein no little delectation,
To thinke how strange and wonderfull they be,
Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To set his thoughts on other fancies free,
And whiles he lookes on these with joyfull eie,
His minde is rapt above the starry skye.

OF THE GOODGION

Loe in a little boat where one doth stand,
That to a Willow bough the while is tide,
And with a pole doth stirre and raise the sand,
Whereas the gentle streame doth softly slide,

[1] ragwort? [2] bluebell.

And then with slender Line and Rod in hand,
The eager bit not long he doth abide.
Well leaded is his Line, his Hook but small,
A good big Cork to beare the streame withall.

His bait the least red worme that may be found,
And at the bottome it doth alwayes lye;
Whereat the greedy *Goodgion* bites so sound,
That hooke and all he swalloweth by and by:
See how he strikes, and puls them up as round,
As if new store the play did still supply:
And when the bit doth die, or bad doth prove,
Then to another place he doth remove.

J. DENNYS, *The Secrets of Angling*, 1613.

NOTE.—We have in the reproductions of this song a good instance of the liberties taken by some editors. We give the first verse of it from two well-known works:

Let me live harmlesly, and near the brink
Of *Trent* or *Avon* have a dwelling place,
Where I may see my *quil* or *cork* down sink,
With eager bit of *Pearch*, or *Bleak*, or *Dace*;
And on the world and my Creator think,
Whilst some men strive, ill gotten goods t'embrace;
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine or worse, in *war* and *wantonness*.

WALTON'S version in *The Compleat Angler*, 1653.

Would I might live near *Avon's* flow'ry brink
And on the World, and my Creator think,
Whilst others strive, ill gotten goods t'embrace,
Would I near *Welland* had a dwelling-place.
Would I these harmless pastimes might pursue
And uncontroll'd might *Ponds* and *Rivers* view;
Whilst others spend their time in base excess,
In Drinking, Gaming, and in Wantonness,

R. NOBBES, in *The Compleat Troller*, 1682.

Song

You *that fish for* Dace *and* Roches,
Carpes *or* Tenches, Bonus noches,
Thou wast borne betweene two dishes,
When the Friday signe *was* Fishes,
Anglers yeares are made and spent,
All in Ember weekes *and* Lent.

Breake thy Rod about thy Noddle,
Through thy wormes and flies by the Pottle,
Keepe thy Corke to stoppe thy Bottle,
Make straight thy hooke, and be not afeard,
To shave his Beard,
That in case of started stitches,
Hooke and Line may mend thy Breeches.

He that searches Pooles *and* Dikes,
Halters Jackes, *and strangles* Pikes,
Let him know, though he thinke he wise is,
Tis not a sport *but an* Assizes.
Fish so tooke, were the case disputed,
Are not tooke, *but* executed.

Breake thy Rod, &c.

You whose Pastes *fox* Rivers *throat,*
And make Isis *pay her Groat,*
That from May *to parcht* October,
Scarce a Minew *can sleepe sober,*
Be your Fish *in* Oven *thrust,*
And your owne Red-Paste *the* crust.

Breake thy Rod, &c.

Hookes *and* Lines *of larger sizes,*
Such as the Tyrant *that* troules *devises,*
Fishes *nere, belcive his* Fable,
What he cals a Line *is a* Cable.
That's a Knave of endlesse Rancor,
Who for a Hooke *doth cast in an* Anchor.

Breake thy Rod, &c.

But of all men he is the Cheater,
Who with small fish takes up the Greater.
He makes Carpes *without all dudgen*
Make a Jonas *of a* Gudgen.
Cruell man that slayes on Gravell
Fish *that Great with* Fish *doth* Travell.

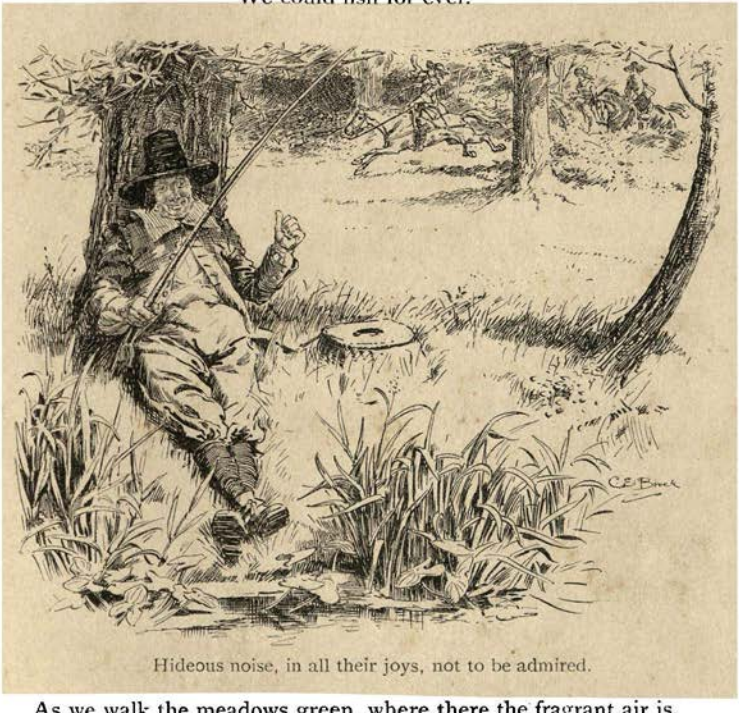
Breake thy Rod, &c.

M. LLEWELLYN, *Men Miracles*, 1646.

The Jolly Angler

O the jolly angler's life is the best of any,
It is a fancy, void of strife, and will be lov'd by many ;
It is no crime at any time, but a harmless pleasure.
It is a bliss of lawfulness ; it is a joy, it's not a toy ;
It is a skill that breeds no ill ; it is sweet and complete ;
Adornation to our mind ; it's witty, pretty, decent, pleasant ;
Pastime we shall sweetly find, if the weather prove but kind,
We will have our pleasure :

In the morning up we start as soon as day light's peeping,
We take a cup to cheer the heart, and leave the sluggard sleeping,
Forth we walk, and merry talk, to some pleasant river,
Near the Thames' silver streams ; there we stand, rod in hand,
Fixing right, for a bite ; but if the bait the fish allure,
They come bobbing, nipping, biting, skipping ;
Dangling at our hooks secure ; with such pastime sweet and pure,
We could fish for ever.



Hideous noise, in all their joys, not to be admired.

As we walk the meadows green, where there the fragrant air is,
Various objects to be seen : O what pleasure there is :
Birds they sing, and flowers spring, full of delectation ;
A whistling breeze runs through the trees, there we meet meadows sweet ;
Flowers sweet, the mind : here's scent of sweet content
By those sweet refreshing bowers, living, giving, easing, pleasing,
Vitals from those herbs and flowers, rais'd up by those falling showers,
For man's recreation.

As thro' the shady forest, where echo there is sounding,
Hounds and huntsmen roving there, in their sports abounding :
Hideous noise in all their joys, not to be admired ;
Whilst we fish, to gain a dish, with a hook, in the brook
Watch our float, spare our throat, while they're sult'ring to and fro.
Twivy, twivy, twivy, hark the horn does sweetly blow.
Hounds and huntsmen all on a row,
With their pastime tired.

We have gentles in our horns, we have worms and paste too ;
We have line, and choice of twine, fitting for the angel :
If it's so away we'll go, seeking out chub or trout,
Eel or pike, or the like, dace or black, there we seek,
Barblo jack and many more, gudgeons, perches, tenches, roaches.
Here's the jolly angler's store, we have choice of fish galore,
We will have our angle.

If the sun's excessive heat should our bodies sulter,
To some house or hedge retreat for some friendly shelter,
But if we spy a shower nigh, or the day uncertin,
Then we flee beneath a tree, then we eat our victuals sweet,
Take a coke, smoke and soak, then again to the same ;
But if we can no longer stay, we come laughing, joking, quaffing, smoking,
So delightful all the way, thus we do conclude the day,
With a cup at parting.

Ballad.

On a Banck as I sate a Fishing

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SPRING

And now all *Nature* seem'd in *Love*,
The lusty *Sap* began to move ;
New *Juice* did stirre th' embracing *Vines* ;
And *Birds* had drawne their *Valentines* :
The *jealous Trout*, that low did lie,
Rose at a wel-dissembled *Flie* :
There stood my friend, with patient Skill
Attending of his trembling *quill*.
Already were the *Eaves* possest
With the swift *Pilgrims* daubed nest.
The *Groves* already did rejoyce
In *Philomels* triumphing *voyce*.

H. WOTTON, *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1651.

The Angler's Song

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The *Hound* some praise, and some the *Hawk*,
Some better pleas'd with private sport,
Use *Tenis*, some a *Mistris* court:
But these delights I neither wish,
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

(216)
The ANGLERS Song.
For two Voyces, Treble and Bass. CANTUS. Mr. Henry Lawes
M
An Angler is but vain for his labour to pain, and sorrow,
and dust as a bubble, or a hunger under a shallow, and misery, and
care, and care, and moan, and trouble. But we'll take no care when the
weather proves fair, nor will we vex now though it rain, we'll banish
all sorrow, and sing till to morrow, and Angle, and Angle again.
(217)
The ANGLERS Song.
BASSUS.
By Mr. Henry Lawes.
M
A right blue coat for to please and for to wear, and
Hear as a bubble, like a hunger under a hedge of bulrushes, and misery, and care,
and care, and misery, and trouble. But we'll take no care when the
Hear private fancies will vex me now though it rain, and blow, all
sorrow, and sing till to morrow, and Angle, and Angle again.

Facsimile of double page in Walton's *Compleat Angler*, 1653, with music so printed that the bass and tenor could read from the same copy, when the book lay between them.

Who *hunts*, doth oft in danger ride;
Who *hauks*, lures oft both far and wide;
Who uses *games*, may often prove
A loser; but who fals in love,
Is fettered in fond *Cupids* snare:
My Angle breeds me no such care.

Of Recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Then mind and body both possess;
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate;
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

And when the timerous *Trout* I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing sometimes I find
Will captivate a greedy mind:
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain alurements ne're surprise.

But yet though while I fish, I fast.
I make good fortune my repast,
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more then that delight:
Who is more welcome to my dish,
Then to my Angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take
As use of taken prize to make;
For so our Lord was pleased when
He Fishers made Fishers of men;
Where (which is in no other game)
A man may fish and praise his name.

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did chuse to wait upon him here,
Blest Fishers were; and fish the last
Food was, that he on earth did taste:
I therefore strive to follow those,
Whom he to follow him hath chose.

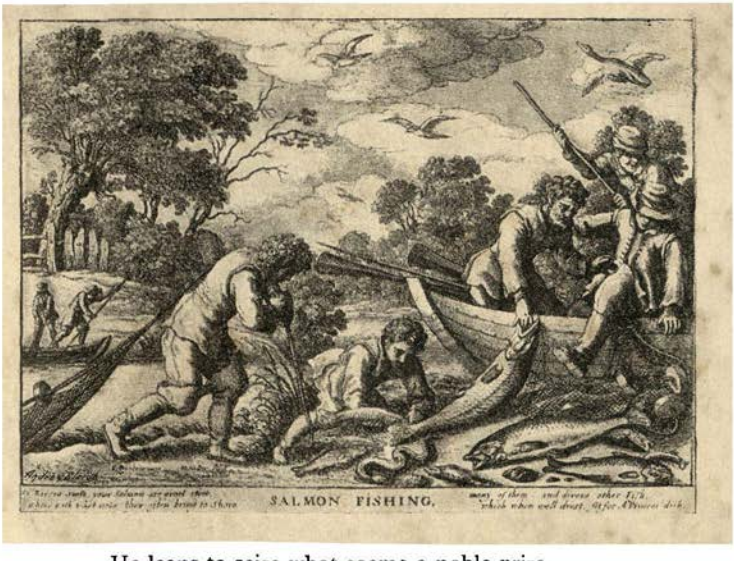
IZAAK WALTON, *The Compleat Angler*, 1653.

With a gift of a Salmon, sent to that famous and best of men, my dear friend, Dr. Thomas Powell:

A TRANSLATION BY THE EDITOR (DR. A. B. GROSART)

Accept the Salmon that with this I send.
To you renown'd and best-belovèd friend;
Caught 'neath the Fall, where mid the whirling foam
O' the quick-darting Usk, he just had come.

Twas thus in brief: the treach'rous colour'd fly
For a meal, guil'd his unprophetic eye,
So catching at it, he himself was caught:
Swallowing it down, this evil fate he wrought,
—His only purpose being then to dine—
Lo! to be swallow'd, swiftly he was mine:
Misled by his gay-painted fly astray,
Of angler's rod he is the welcome prey.
Benign retirement! (Full reward to me
For all my life's thick-coming misery:)
How safe this salmon—and long years have seen—
If he content in the still pools had been:
But soon as for the thund'ring Fall he craves,
To bound and flash amidst its tossing waves,



He leaps to seize what seems a noble prize,
And gulps the hidden hook whereon he dies.
Often are little things the types of great:
Look thee around, and with all this thoul't meet.
The foamy Fall the world is, man the fish;
The plum'd hook, sin guis'd in some lordly dish.

H. VAUGHAN, 1660?

Groping, or Tickling, Trout

You see the ways the Fisher-man doth take
To catch the Fish; what Engins doth he make?
Behold! how he ingageth all his Wits,
Also his Snares, Lines, Angles, Hooks, and Nets:
Yet Fish there be, that neither Hook, nor Line,
Nor Snare, nor Net, nor Engin, can make thine:
They must be grop't for, and be tickled too,
Or they will not be catcht what e're you do.

JOHN BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress*, 1678.

The Schoolboy

Or, when atop the hoary western hill
The ruddie Sunne appears to rest his chin,
When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gamesome Trout then shews her silverie skin,
As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,[1]
Then dropt with pearle and golde, displays her sides,
While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame divides.

On the greene banck a truant Schoolboy stands;
Well has the urchin markt her mery play,
An ashen rod obeys his guilefull hands,
And leads the mimick fly across her way;
Askaunce, with wistly look and coy delay,
The hungrie Trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of life, with speckled wings so gay;
Then, slylie nibbling, prudish from it flies,
Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless prize.

Ah, then the Younker gives the fatefull twitch;
Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypight
Deepe in her gills, and, plonging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, she runs in dred affright;
In vain the deepest rocke, her late delight,
In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
The more entangled still the more she flies,
And soon amid the grass the panting captive lies.

[1] cease.

"Beneath this Oaken umbrage let us lay."

Where now, ah pity! where that sprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcomd the retourning ray,
When by the rivletts bancks, with blushes coy,
April walkd forth—ah! never more to toy
In purling streame, she pants, she gasps and dies!

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, *Sir Martyn*, 1777.

The Invitation

Let us our steps direct where Father-Thames
In silver windings draws his humid train,
And pours, where'er he rolls his naval-stream,
Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain.
Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray,
(Ah why so long from Isis banks away!)
Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand shepherds play,

Amid the pleasaunce of Arcadian scenes,
Love steals his silent arrows on my breast;
Nor falls of water, nor enamel'd greens,
Can sooth my anguish, or invite to rest.
You, dear Ianthe, you alone impart
Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart:
The apple of my Eye, the life-blood of my Heart.

With line of silk, with hook of barbed steel,
Beneath this Oaken umbrage let us lay,
And from the water's crystal-bosom steal
Upon the grassy bank the finny prey:
The Perch, with purple speckled manifold;
The Eel, in silver labyrinth self-roll'd,
And Carp, all burnish'd o'er with drops of scaly gold.

Or shall the meads invite, with Iris-hues
And nature's pencil gay-diversify'd,
(For now the sun has lick'd away the dews)
Fair-flushing and bedeck'd like virgin-bride?
Thither, (for they invite us) we'll repair,
Collect and weave (whate'er is sweet and fair)
A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

WILLIAM THOMPSON, *An Hymn to May*, 1740?

Trout Hall

Bright blazed the fire of crackling wood,
And threw around a cheerful gleam;
In front a vast oak table stood—
A bacon-rack hung from the beam:

Pipes, mugs, the chimney-piece well grac'd,
In rows the fishing-rods hung o'er ;
On each side otter-skins were placed.—
Rap ! Rap ! Cries Dame—'Who's at the door ?'

CHORUS.

Some jolly anglers loud they bawl,
T'enjoy the pastime of Trout-Hall.

Bright as her fire glow'd Dame's plump face
As her old friends she welcom'd kind ;
'Here ! Joan and Dolly, clear the place,
And tap the humming ale, d'ye mind?
First fetch my bottle of right Nantz,
The ev'ning air is keen and raw ;
My friends of cold shall run no chance—
You'll pledge me, gentlemen, I know.'

CHORUS.

Come jolly anglers, one and all,
You're kindly welcome to Trout-Hall.

Their stomachs fortified, around
The sparkling fire the anglers spread ;
Fill pipes ; crack jokes ; the walls resound
With laughter that might rouse the dead.;
The supper on the table smokes !
Round the oak board they take their seats ;
Now din of knives, forks, plates !—no jokes—
Right earnest aldermanic feats.

CHORUS.

Much good may't do each honest soul—
Each true bred brother of Trout-Hall.

The supper o'er, well fill'd each guest,
Dame with her private flask appears ;
Hopes they are pleas'd—'She's done her best?'—
They greet th' old worthy with three cheers :
Again fill tankard, pipe and bowl,—
Joke, tale, and toast, and song go round ;
Begone dull Care ! shouts ev'ry soul,
To thee this is forbidden ground—

CHORUS.

Begone ! Thou never canst enthrall,
The Jolly Anglers at Trout-Hall.

The Angler : a Poem by Piscator, 1819.

"When suddenly the waters rushed, and swelled,
and up there sprung
'A humid maid' of beauty's mould."

The Angler

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE)

Des Wasser zauscht; des Wasser schwoll, &c.

There was a gentle Angler who was angling in the sea,
With heart as cool as only heart, untaught of love, can be;
When suddenly the waters rushed, and swelled, and up there sprung
A humid maid of beauty's mould—and thus to him she sung:

'Why dost thou strive so artfully to lure my brood away,
And leave them then to die beneath the sun's all-scorching ray?
Could'st thou but tell how happy are the fish that swim below,
Thou would'st with me, and taste of joy which earth can never know.

'Does not bright Sol, Diana too, more lovely far appear
When they have dipped in ocean's wave their golden, silvery hair?
And is there no attraction in this heaven-expanse of blue,
Nor in thine image mirrored in this everlasting dew?'

The water rushed, the water swelled, and touched his naked feet,
And fancy whispered to his heart it was a love-pledge sweet:
She sung another siren lay, more 'witching than before,
Half-pulled –half-plunging—down he sunk, and ne'er was heard of more.

Annals of Sporting, 1827.

The Angler

Thou that hast loved so long and well
The vale's deep quiet streams,
Where the pure water-lilies dwell,
Shedding forth tender gleams;
And o'er the pool the May-fly's wing
Glances in golden eves of spring.

Oh! lone and lovely haunts are thine,
Soft, soft the river flows,
Wearing the shadow of thy line,
The gloom of alder-boughs;
And in the midst, a richer hue,
One gliding vein of Heaven's own blue.

And there but low sweet sounds are heard—
The whisper of the reed,
The plashing trout, the rustling bird,
The scythe upon the mead;
Yet, through the murmuring osiers near,
There steals a step which mortals fear.

'Tis not the stag that comes to lave,
At noon, his panting breast ;
'Tis not the bittern, by the wave
Seeking her sedgy nest ;
The air is filled with summer's breath,
The young flowers laugh—yet look ! 'tis Death !

But if, where silvery currents rove,
Thy heart, grown still and sage,
Hath learned to read the words of love
That shine o'er nature's page ;
If holy thoughts thy guests have been,
Under the shade of willows green ;

Then, lover of the silent hour
By deep lone waters past,
Thence hast thou drawn a faith, a power,
To cheer thee through the last ;
And, wont on brighter worlds to dwell,
Mayst calmly bid thy streams farewell.

Poetical Remains of the late Mrs. Hemans, 1836.

Trolling

. . . . . .

'Stand back, my friends, our first attempt be here,
The wave is rippled, and the top is clear ;
Behind these flags I'll hide me as I go,
Lest jack or pike refuse the bait I throw.'
He lets the bait upon his side recline,
In his left hand he holds some slacken'd line,
Lowers the rod, and then with gentle sweep,
Urges the tempting gudgeon to the deep ;
The tempting gudgeon to the bottom flies,
But right and left the Troller bids it rise,
Curling and spinning in the watery way,
Its glist'ning form attracts the watchful prey ;
Lo ! as the bait is near the surface led,
A mighty fish forsakes his weedy bed,
With sudden grasp obtains the yielding snare,
Then backward darts to pouch it in his lair ;
Quick through the rings the silken tackle rides,
Far to the left the hungry tyrant glides,
A moment stops, then off again doth steal,
And now the line has nearly left the reel ;
What must the Troller do ? it is not here
As tho' the surface of the wave were clear,
And he could follow as the rover went,

Collected weeds such anxious wish prevent ;
Check but the fish before he makes his pause,
He'll cast the treacherous morsel from his jaws ;
But see, the action of the winch is o'er,
Propitious sign ! the line retreats no more ;
Loose on the wave the latter portion lies ;
'So let it rest until we strike our prize.'

He waits with patience—'minutes ten have sped
Since yonder pike first with my gudgeon fled.
Now for the strife, he doubtless holds my fish
Within his pouch securely as I wish.'
Nearer the side the troller takes his stand,
Winds the slack tackle with a careful hand
Then, on a sudden, when he sees it tight,
He strikes his victim upward to the right.
Signal for action ; urged by piercing pain,
The astonished fish darts down the liquid plain,
The obedient line forsakes the quick'ning brass,
And lets him freely through the waters pass ;
Crossing the pool, he rushes here and there,
And struggles hard to break the stubborn snare ;
The stubborn snare, controlled with patient skill,
True to its trust, enchains the wand'rer still,
Mocks every effort, foils his angry strength,
And bids him seek the upper wave at length :
Mark where he rises ! Ah ! he sees his foe,
Again he hurries to the stream below ;
Yon heavy weeds are now his only chance,
To them he makes, but let him not advance ;
The wary troller turns his desp'rate head,
And winds him in where open waters spread ;
A second time the lusty fish appears,
Again he plunges with increasing fears,
Again he sinks, again he comes in sight,
And all the pool is troubled with his might ;
He shakes his head, he flings himself about,
He tugs, he tries to tear the weapon out ;
The harmless tenants of the water fly
In each direction as he rushes by,
With horror seized—what joy would fill them all
Could they be conscious of the tyrant's thrall,
But ev'ry effort calls his strength away,
And ev'ry moment sees an easier prey ;
Borne to the top, his jaws distain'd with blood,
Still floundering on he beats the foamy flood,
Like some bold warrior, tho' his doom be cast,
'Mid wounds and death he struggles to the last.

W. WATTS's *Piscatory Verses ; The Sportsman*, December 1836.

The Fisher's Call

The moor-cock is crowing o'er mountain and fell,
And the sun drinks the dew from the blue heather-bell ;
Her song of the morning the lark sings on high,
And hark, 'tis the milk-maid a-carolling by.
Then up, fishers, up ! to the waters away !
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

Oh, what can the joys of the angler excel,
As he follows the stream in its course through the dell !
Where every wild flower is blooming in pride,
And the blackbird sings sweet, with his mate by his side.
Then up, fishers, up ! to the waters away !
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

'Tis pleasant to walk at the first blush of morn,
In spring when the blossom is white on the thorn,
By the clear mountain stream that rolls sparkling and free,
O'er crag and through vale, its glad course to the sea.
Then up, fishers, up ! to the waters away !
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

In the pools deep and still, where the yellow trouts lie,
Like the fall of a rose-leaf we'll throw the light fly ;
Where the waters flow gently, or rapidly foam,
We'll load well our creels and hie merrily home.
Then up, fishers, up ! to the waters away ;
Where the bright trout is leaping in search of his prey.

WILLIAM ANDREW CHATTO, *Fisher's Garland*, 1837.

Summer Rambles ; or, The Fisher's Delight

Tune : 'And are ye sure the news is true ?'

'Tis pleasant now, when sunlight fills
The odour-breathing air,
To murm'ring streams and shining brooks
In gladness to repair :
'Tis sweet to see the morning smile
Of fishers as they hie
To search the sparkling element
With taper rod and fly.

'Tis sweet to see the matchless charms
That gem around the scene—
The warblings of the air-borne birds
On outstretch'd wing serene:
To see the 'glory of the grass,'
The splendour of the flower,
As NATURE puts her freshness on
To gild each gladsome hour.

And when the evening time draws on,
And fill'd's the well-form'd creel,
And thoughts of home upon the heart
With gladdening ray will steal;
'Tis pleasant to the angler's soul
To raise his shining load,
And with his taper rod and reel,
To take his homeward road.

'Tis pleasant, o'er the evening glass,
To hear the blythsome song,
And drink the healths of honest hearts
We've known both well and long:
Who've haunted all the sweetest spots
Of our delightful stream,
With zest as indescribable
As youth's delicious dream!

And still, as onward rolls the hour,
And recollections, kind,
Come back, with soften'd hues and forms,
And light the thinking mind,
'Tis sweet to quaff a cup to those—
The Dead—the Gone-away—
With whom we've spent, in manhood's prime,
Oh, many a happy day!

Then blessings on the anglers true;
Contented may they live;
With every grace and every good
That bounteous earth can give:
Success crown every manly heart,
And every gifted hand,
As by the silent streams they take
Their joy-inspiring stand!

WILLIAM GILL THOMPSON, *Fisher's Garland*, 1838.

Auld and Young

Tune : 'Fie ! gar rub her owre wi' strae !'

It's Mayday this ; the wale[1] o' days ;
The westlin' wind blaws saft an' free,
Far i' th' sky, their notes o' joy
The Lav'rock-quire are liltin' hie.
Hear them ye may, ye canna see !
The dew-drap sparkles on the thorn ;
And nature says to ear and e'e,
'This is'—my boy,—'a simmer's morn.'

Round *Shillhope-Law*, young Coquet's stream—
A half-grown syke[2]—is wimplin'[3] wild :
She bids 'guid morn' to *Barra Burn*,
Like child forgath'rin' in wi' child.
'Mang *Rowhope Craigs* the winds, beguiled,
An angry speat send down the vale,
And ower the Linn, wi' bickerin' din,
She's foamin' like the heady ale !

'Neath *Harbottle's* auld castle wa',
Amang the cliffs she boils amain ;
Frae rifted rock to woody shaw ;
Frae stalwart craig to auld gray stane.
Down, speedin' hameward, she is gane
Past lanely *Hepple's* ruin'd peel ;
And wha begins aboon the whins,
At *Flotterton* may load his creel.

I canna climb the brent hill-side,
Where stripling Coquet first is seen ;
Where 'neath the *Bell-rigs*' shadow wide,
The silly sheep lie down at e'en ;
I canna climb the knowes, sae green,
Where round 'the bend' the river steals,
Or where she wars, amang the scaurs,
Her weary way to rough *Linn-shiels*.

Still we can toddle, fit by fit,
To *Brinkburn* where the breeze hits fine ;
The auld man's nae sae crazy yet,
But he can thraw a winsome line.
'Gin there we fail, we'se no repine ;
When smelts are eydent,[4] trouts are shy ;
And i' th' slack, by the *dam-back*,
We'se maybe raise a grilse forbye !

[1] choice. [2] rill. [3] winding. [4] busy.

It's ill the mountain side to speel,
When ance the knees begin to fail;
When ance the snaws o' age we feel,
It's ill to thole the mountain gale,
'Slaw wark maks sicker' 's an auld tale!
Where'er they loup we'll tak our stand;
An thou shall say, Lad, mony a day,
'It's weel to ken—the Maister's Hand.'

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, *Fisher's Garland*, 1842.

The Morning Airly

Tune: 'Corn rigs are bonnie'

It's late, my Lad, to tak' the Gad;
All nature's now in motion;
The floods o' May hae swept away
The Sawmon's fry to Ocean;
In Dewshill, lang, the Throstle's sang
He's been rehearsin' cheerly;
Our only line's 'far aff an' fine,'
And tak' the Mornin' airly!

Up through the glens, amang the staens,
The burns wi' heat seem dryin';
Slaw, tired and still, by Little Mill,
Wi' worm the Shadesman's hiein';
Ahint the bush that hauds the thrush,
He now can shelter rarely;
Our only line's 'far aff an' fine,'
And tak' the mornin' airly!

At Alwinton, the Washin's on,
And loud the Lads are singin';
To see the sheep spang,[1] soom,[2] and dreep,
The Dale wi' laughter's ringin';
Het, tired, an' dry, the thirsty kye
The fords are taking fairly;
Our only line's 'far aff an' fine,'
And tak' the mornin' airly!

Yet, through the trees, there's still a breeze;
The pool the gale is curling;
Beneath the beam, the glitterin' stream
Is owre the pebbles purling;
We're no' the sort to lose our sport,
Because the stream rins clearly;
But thraw the line 'far aff an' fine,'
An' tak' the mornin' airly!

[1] jump in. [2] swim.

The gleg-e'ed trout we'll pick him out,
Amang the staens fu' deftly ;
Our flies shall fa', the verra snaw
Can come nae down sae saftly ;
We'll 'tice them here, we'll 'tice them there,
What though they loup but sparely,
Wi' a cast o' line 'far aff an' fine,'
All in the mornin' airly !

When floods come down, a callant loon
May catch them wi' a tether,
And sawmon roe, be a' 'the go'
For gowks in rainy weather,
But gi'e to me the light midge flee,
When streams are rinnin' clearly,
And a cast o' line 'far aff an fine,'
All in the mornin' airly !

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, *Fisher's Garland*, 1845.

The South Wind

A FISHERMAN'S BLESSINGS

O blessed drums of Aldershot !
O blessed South-west train !
O blessed, blessed Speaker's clock,
All prophesying rain !

O blessed yaffil, laughing loud !
O blessed falling glass !
O blessed fan of cold gray cloud !
O blessed smelling grass !

O bless'd South wind that toots his horn
Through every hole and crack !
I'm off at eight to-morrow morn
To bring *such* fishes back !

CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1856.

AN ANGLER'S RAMBLES AND ANGLING SONGS BY THOMAS TOD STODDART

Sonnet

'Anglers ! ye are a heartless, bloody race ;'
'Tis thus the half-soul'd sentimentalist
Presumes to apostrophize us to the face.
Weak, paltry, miserable antagonist !
To deem by this compassionate grimace

He doth sweet service to humanity ;
And yet, when of his fellow's misery—
Of wars and pestilence, and the woes that chase
Mankind to the interminable shore,
He hears—to treat them with a hasty sneer,
Nor let their shrill appeal disturb a tear,
Or one emotion waken in his core !
It is too much ! Anglers, your cruelty
Is tenderer than this man's philanthropy !

The Taking of the Salmon

I

A birr ! a whirr ! a salmon's on,
A goodly fish, a thumper !
Bring up, bring up the ready gaff,
And when we land him we shall quaff
Another glorious bumper !
Hark ! 'tis the music of the reel,
The strong, the quick, the steady :
The line darts from the circling wheel,
Have all things right and ready.

II

A birr ! a whirr ! the salmon's out
Far on the rushing river,
He storms the stream with edge of might,
And like a brandish'd sword of light,
Rolls flashing o'er the surges white,
A desperate endeavour !
Hark to the music of the reel !
The fitful and the grating ;
It pants along the breathless wheel,
Now hurried, now abating.

III

A birr ! a whirr ! the salmon's off !
No, no, we still have got him ;
The wily fish has sullen grown,
And, like a bright embedded stone,
Lies gleaming at the bottom.
Hark to the music of the reel !
'Tis hush'd, it hath forsaken ;
With care we'll guard the slumbering wheel
Until its notes rewaken.

IV

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's up!
Give line, give line and measure;
And now he turns, keep down a-head,
And lead him as a child is led,
And land him at your leisure.
Hark to the music of the reel!
'Tis welcome, it is glorious;
It wanders round the exultant wheel,
Returning and victorious.

Strike through his gill the ready gaff

V

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's in,
Upon the bank extended;
The princely fish lies gasping slow,
His brilliant colours come and go,
Silver alternating with snow,
All beautifully blended.
Hark to the music of the reel!
It murmurs and it closes;
Silence falls on the conquering wheel,
The wearied line reposes.

VI

No birr! no whirr! the salmon's oars:
The noble fish, the thumper!
Strike through his gill the ready gaff,
And bending homewards we shall quaff
The overflowing bumper!
Hark to the music of the reel!
We listen with devotion;
There's something in that circling wheel
That stirs the heart's emotion!

The Pirate of the Lakes

I

Gaily rock the lily beds
On the marge of Lomond lake;
There the wandering angler treads,
Nature round him—all awake,
Mountains ringing,
Fountains singing
Their sweet secrets in the brake.

II

Swiftly from the water's edge
Shoots the fierce pike, wing'd with fear,
To his lair among the sedge,
As the intruding form draws near;
All elated,
Primely baited,
Seeking solitary cheer.

III

Throbs aloud the eager heart,
And the hand in tremor moves,
When some monster, all alert,
Round the tempting tackle roves;
Boldly daring,
Or bewaring,
While the gleamy lure he proves.

IV

Then at length each doubt subdued,
Turns the lake-shark on his prey;
Quickly gulp'd the fatal food,
Suddenly he sheers away,
All enshackled,
Firmly tackled,
Out into the deep'ning bay.

V

But with steady caution school'd,
Soon his boasted vigour fails ;
By the angler's sceptre ruled,
Maim'd the sullen pirate sails ;
Shoreward wending,
Uncontending,
Him the joyous captor hails.

VI

And along the margin haul'd,
All his fretful fins a-spread,
Though by ruthless iron gall'd,
Still he rears his cruel head
Uncomplaining,
Death disdaining—
See him as a trophy led !

Sonnet

The fellow-anglers of my youthful days,
(Of past realities we form our dream,)
I watch them re-assembling by the stream,
And on the group with solemn musings gaze :
For some are lost in life's bewildering haze,
And some have left their sport and ta'en to toil,
And some have faced the ocean's wild turmoil,
And some—a very few—their olden ways
By shining lake and river still pursue ;
Ah ! *one* I gaze on 'mid the fancied band,
Unlike the rest in years, in gait, in hue—
Uprisen from a dim and shadowy land—
Ask what loved phantom fixes my regard,
Yarrow's late pride, the Angler, Shepherd, Bard !

Our Choice

I

Where torrents foam,
While others roam
Among the Norland heather,
Some river meek
We'll forth and seek
And lay our lines together.

II

Some sylvan stream
Where shade and gleam
Are blending with each other;
Below whose bank
The lilies lank
All humbler flowers ensmother.

III

Where cushats coo
And ring-doves woo
The shining channelover,
From leafy larch
Or birchen arch—
Their unmolested cover.

IV

There daily met,
No dark regret
Shall cloud our noon of pleasure!
We'll carry rule
O'er stream and pool,
And heap the finny treasure.

V

With rare deceits
And cunning treats,
Minnow and creeper tender,
We shall invite
The scaly wight
To eye them and surrender.

VI

And, when sport-worn,
We'll seek some thorn,
With shadow cool and ample;
The natural ground,
Moss-laid around,
An angler's resting temple!

My Fisher Lad

I

I lo'e my ain wee fisher-boy,
He's bold and bonnie—bonnie an' bold:
An' aye there is a glint o' joy
A' nestlin' 'mang his locks o' gold.

II

His gad is o' the rowan-tree,
That grows below the castle wa',
The rowan wi' its bleeze [1] o' beads,
Sae braw and bonnie—bonnie and braw.

III

His creel is o' the rashes green,
I waled them wi' a carefu' han',
An' pletted them, ae simmer e'en,
An' croon'd them wi' a luve-knot gran'.

IV

I lo'e, I lo'e my fisher lad,
He's aye sae blate,[2] and aye sae cheery ;
I lo'e the sughing o' his gad,
An' nane but him shall ca' me dearie !

V

I lo'e him for his sunny e'e,
Sae blue an' sunny—sunny an' blue ;
There's glitterin' starns 'neath mony a bree,[3]
But nane sae tender or sae true.

VI

I lo'e him for his gentle airt,
Wi' line and angle—angle and line ;
He's captive ta'en my silly heart
This bonnie fisher-lad o' mine !

A Peck o' Troubles

I

Gi'e me ma gaud, my guid auld gaud,
The wan' I lo'e sae rarely ;
But faith, guidewife, its unco thraw'd,
Ye haena used it fairly ?

II

The bairns ! plague tak the thievin' things !
They play the very deevil ;
Wha'd think, they've hash'd my lav'rock-wings,
An ta'en my mennin-sweevil ?

[1] blaze. [2] gentle. [3] brow.

III

They've made sair wark amang the flees,
There's neither huik nor hackle ;
What's a' the guid o' brew or breeze
An' no ae skein o' tackle ?

IV

But hinnie, whar's my muckle reel ?
Gi'e up yer cloots and needle—
I wudna lose my honest wheel
For a' the wives in Tweeddale.

V

No to the fore ! I micht hae guess'd
Some ill or ither cam' o't ;
It's gane the gate o' a' the rest,
And nane to bear the blame o't.

VI

Aweel, aweel ! mishaps, we ken,
Are coupled aye thegither,
Sae, gudewife, rax us yonner hen—
She's dainty in the feather.

VII

A mawkin lug [1] and tinsey braw,[2]
Ben in the kist ye'll find them,
Auld reel and tippets,[3] airns and a'—
The airns be shure and mind them !

VIII

It gangs a wee agen the grain
To thole sae mony troubles !
And yet, gudewife, to ilka ane
There's graith amang the stubbles.

IX

It's neither dole nor deep lament
Will mend a bodie's grievance ;
Sae e'en we'll haud ourselves content
Wi' thae wee bits o' leavins ;

X

An' gin a sawmont soom the Tweed
(The thing's no that unchancy),
We'll gar the ilka tooth o't bleed,
May fortune fa the fancy !

[1] hare's ear. [2] water can. [3] lengths of gut.

The Heron-Lake

I

The breeze is on the Heron-lake,
The May-sun shineth clear ;
Away we bound through the ferny brake,
With our wands and angling gear.

II

The birch-wreath o'er the water edge
Scatters sweet flies about ;
And around his haunt of whisp'ring sedge,
Bells up the yellow trout.

III

Take heed ! take heed ! his eye is bright
As falcon's in the sky ;
But artful feather hove aright,
Will hood a keener eye.

IV

Beware, beware the water-weed,
And the birch that weeps behind,
And gently let the true line speed
Before thee on the wind.

V

Oh ! gently let the good line flow
And gently wile it home :
There's many a gallant fin I trow
Under the ribbèd foam.

VI

A merry fish on a stallion-hair,
'Tis a pleasant thing to lead
On May-days, when the cowslip fair
Is yellowing on the mead.

VII

When the breeze starts up, and the sun peeps out,
And grey flies two or three
Hold merry frolic round about,
Under the green-wood tree.

VIII

Oh ! then the heart bounds pleasantly,
And its thoughts are pleasant things,
Gushing in joyous purity,
Like mirthful water-springs.

Sonnet—The Eden

Thomson ! this quiet stream, the song of thought
Oft in thy bosom rear'd ; and as I steal
Along its banks, they to my gaze reveal
The pictures by thy truthful pencil wrought.
No rash intruder on the rural spot
I feel, but in that glowing fervour share,
Which on their page thy far-famed Seasons bear ;
Nor honoured less is nature, nor less sought
Her still retreats, while with my wand I fling
O'er Eden's pools the well-dissembling fly,
Creating in the mind's fantastic eye
Castles of Indolence. The sudden spring
Of a huge trout assails their air-built walls,
And to the untrench'd earth each hollow fabric falls.

The Angler's Grave

I

Sorrow, sorrow, bring it green !
  True tears make the grass to grow,
And the grief of a friend, I ween,
  Is grateful to him that sleeps below.
Strew sweet flowers, free of blight—
  Blossoms gather'd in the dew ;
Should they wither before night,
  Flowers and blossoms bring anew.

II

Sorrow, sorrow, speed away
  To our angler's quiet mound ;
With the old pilgrim twilight grey
  Enter thou on the holy ground.
There he sleeps whose heart was twined
  With wild stream and wandering burn,
Wooer of the western wind !
  Watcher of the April morn !

III

Sorrow at the poor man's hearth !
  Sorrow in the hall of pride !
Honour waits at the grave of worth,
  And high and low stand side by side.
Brother angler ! slumber on,
  Haply thou shalt wave the wand,
When the tide of Time is gone,
  In some far and happier land.

THOMAS TOD STODDART, *Angler's Rambles*, 1866.

SHOOTING

The Death of Robert, Earle of Huntington otherwise called Robin Hood of Merrie Sherwodde: etc.

SONG

Weepe, weepe, ye wod-men waile,
Your hands with sorrow wring:
Your master *Robin Hood* lies deade,
Therefore sigh as you sing.
Here lies his Primer and his beades,
His bent bowe and his arrowes keene,
His goode sworde and his holy crosse,
Now cast on flowers fresh and greene:
And as they fall, shed teares and say,
Wella, wella day, wella, wella day:
Thus cast yee flowers and sing,
And on to *Wakefield* take your way.

ANTHONY MUNDAY and HENRY CHETTLE, 1601.

The Song of *Robin Hood* and his Huntes-men.

Now wend we together, my merry men all,
Unto the Forrest side-a:
And there to strike a Buck or a Doae,
Let our cunning all be tride-a.

Then goe we merrily, merrily on,
To the Green-wood to take up our stand,
Where we will lye in waite for our Game,
With our bent Bowes all in our hand,

What life is there like to *Robin Hood*,
It is so pleasant a thing a :
In merry *Shirwood* he spends his dayes,
As pleasantly as a King a.

No man may compare with *Robin Hood*,
With *Robin Hood*, *Scathlocke*, and *John* :
Their like was never, nor never will be,
If in case that they were gone.

Where we will lye in waite for our Game

They will not away from merry *Shirwood*,
In any place else to dwell :
For there is neither City nor Towne,
That likes them halfe so well.

Our lives are wholly given to hunt,
And haunt the merrie Greene-wood :
Where our best service is daily spent,
For our master, *Robin Hood*.

ANTHONY MUNDAY, *Metropolis Coronata*, 1615.

On the Royal Company of Archers, shooting for the Bowl, July 6, 1724

On which Day his Grace James *Duke of* Hamilton *was chosen their Captain General; and* Mr. David Drummond *their Præses won the Prize.*

Again the Year returns the Day,
That's dedicate to Joy and Play,
To *Bonnets, Bows,* and *Wine.*
Let all who wear a sullen Face,
This Day meet with a due Disgrace,
And in their sowrness pine;
Be shun'd as Serpents, that wad stang
The Hand that gi'es them Food:
Sic we debar frae lasting Sang,
And all their grumbling Brood.

While, to gain Sport and halesome Air,
The blythsome Spirit draps dull Care,
And starts frae Bus'ness free.
Now to the Fields the *Archers* bend,
With friendly Minds the Day to spend,
In manly Game and Glee;
First striving wha shall win the Bowl,
And then gar't flow with Wine:
Sic manly Sport refresh'd the Soul
Of stalwart Men lang syne.

E'er Parties thrawn, and Int'rest vile
Debauch'd the Grandeur of our Isle,
And made ev'n Brethren Faes;
Syne Truth frae Friendship was exil'd,
And fause the honest Hearts beguil'd,
And led them in a Maze
Of Politicks;——with cunning craft,
The *Issachars* of State,
Frae haly Drums first dang us daft,
Then drown'd us in Debate.

Drap this unpleasing Thought, dear Muse;
Come, view the Men thou likes to roose;
To *Bruntsfield* Green let's hy,
And see the Royal *Bowmen* strive,
Wha far the feather'd Arrows drive,
All soughing thro' the Sky;
Ilk ettling with his utmost Skill,
With artfu' Draught and stark,
Extending Nerves with hearty Will,
In hopes to hit the Mark.

"And see the Royal Bowmen strive
Wha far the feather'd Arrows drive."

See Hamilton, wha' moves with Grace,
Chief of the *Caledonian* Race
Of Peers; to whom is due
All Honours, and a' fair Renown;
Wha lays aside his Ducal Crown,
Sometime to shade his Brow
Beneath St. *Andrew's* Bonnet blew,
And joins to gain the Prize:
Which shaws true Merit match'd by few,
Great, affable and wise.

This Day, with universal Voice,
The *Archers* Him their Chiftain chose;
Consenting Powers divine,
They blest the Day with general Joy,
By giving him a princely Boy,
To beautify his Line;
Whose Birth-day, in immortal Sang
Shall stand in fair Record,
While bended Strings the *Archers* twang,
And Beauty is ador'd.

Next Drummond view, who gives their Law;
It glads our Hearts to see him draw
The Bow, and guide the *Band*;
He, like the Saul of a' the lave,
Does with sic Honour still behave,
As merits to command.
Blyth be his Hours, heal be his Heart,
And lang may he preside:
Lang the just Fame of his Desert
Shall unborn *Archers* read.

How on this fair propitious Day,
With Conquest leal he bore away
The Bowl victoriously;
With following Shafts in Number four,
Success the like ne'er kend before,
The Prize to dignify.
Haste to the Garden then bedeen,[1]
The Rose and Laurel pow,[2]
And plet a Wreath of white and green,
To busk the Victor's Brow.

The Victor crown, who with his Bow,
In spring of Youth and am'rous Glow,
Just fifty Years sinsyne,
The Silver Arrow made his Prize,
Yet ceases not in Fame to rise,
And with new Feats to shine.

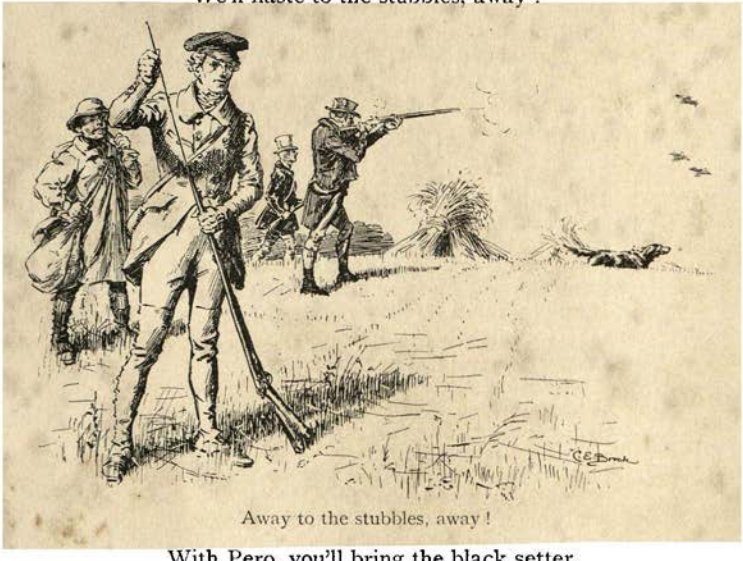
[1] forthwith. [2] pluck.

May every Archer strive to fill,
His Bonnet, and observe,
The Pattern he has set with skill,
And Praise like him deserve.

ALLAN RAMSAY, *Poems*, 1728.

Away to the Stubbles, away

Hurrah ! once again for September !
Get ready the dogs and the gun !
And be sure you don't fail to remember
The whiskey-flask marked No 1.
And boy, above all, don't be sleeping
When rises the bright star of day,
For soon as gray morning is peeping
We'll haste to the stubbles, away !



Away to the stubbles, away !

With Pero, you'll bring the black setter,
Nor leave old friend Ponto behind ;
The sportsman who'd wish for a better,
I wish he a better may find.
When the first breeze of morning is shaking
The dew from the hawthorn's light spray,
Our course to the fields we'll be taking—
Away to the stubbles, away !

And when we are homeward returning,
Fatigu'd with the sports of the field,
Who's he that once knows would be spurning
The health and the pleasure they yield?
If sickness or sorrow come o'er us,
A fee to no doctor we pay,
But, shouting 'To ho there' in chorus
We speed through the stubbles away.

And when not forgetting the duty
That each to his lady-love owes
We drain the red wine-cup to beauty,
And turn to our couch of repose;
While others are dreaming of danger,
We dream of the feats of the day,
And whistling to Pero or Ranger,
Still hie through the stubbles away.

Ballad.

Elegy

Written on the first of September, 1763

When the still night withdrew her sable shroud,
And left these climes with step sedate and slow;
While sad *Aurora* kerchief'd in a cloud,
With drizzly vapours hung the mountain's brow;

The wretched bird from hapless *Perdix* sprung
With trembling wing forsook the furrow'd plain
And calling round her all her listening young,
In faltering accents sung this plaintive strain:

'Unwelcome morn! too well thy lowering mien
Foretells the slaughter of the approaching day;
The gloomy sky laments with tears the scene
Where crimson slaughter reassumes her sway.

'Ah luckless train! Ah fate devoted race!
The dreadful tale experience tells believe;
Dark heavy mists obscure the morning's face,
But blood and death shall close the dreary eve.

'This day fell man, whose unrelenting hate
No grief can soften, and no tears assuage,
Pours dire destruction on the feather'd state;
While pride and rapine urge his savage rage.

'I who so oft have scaped the impending snare,
Ere night arrives, may feel the fiery wound,
In giddy circles quit the realms of air,
And stain with streaming gore the dewy ground.'

She said, when lo! the pointer winds his prey,
The rustling stubble gives the fear'd alarm,
The gunner views the covy fleet away,
And rears the unerring tube with skilful arm.

In vain the mother wings her whirring flight,
The leaden deaths arrest her as she flies;
Her scatter'd offspring swim before her sight,
And, bathed in blood, she flutters, pants, and dies.

HENRY JAMES PYE, *Farringdon Hill . . . with Odes, Elegies, etc*, 1778.

On seeing a wounded Hare limp by me, which a Fellow had just shot at, out of season & when all of them have young ones

Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the chearful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

R. BURNS, *Poems*, 1793.

An Epitaph

[1792]

Here lies one, who never drew
Blood himself, yet many slew;
Gave the gun its aim, and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pulled trigger.

Armed men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obey'd.
At his signified desire,
Would advance, present, and Fire . . .

Stout he was, and large of limb,
Scores have fled at sight of him ;
And to all this fame he rose
Only following his Nose.
Neptune was he call'd, not He
Who controls the boist'rous sea,
But of happier command,
Neptune of the furrow'd land ;
And, your wonder vain to shorten,
Pointer to *Sir John Throckmorton.*

W. COWPER, *Poems*, 1815.

Epigram on Archery

While fair Thalestris pois'd the shaft,
How keen the point, she said ;
And when she saw it lodged, she laugh'd,
To think the wound it made.

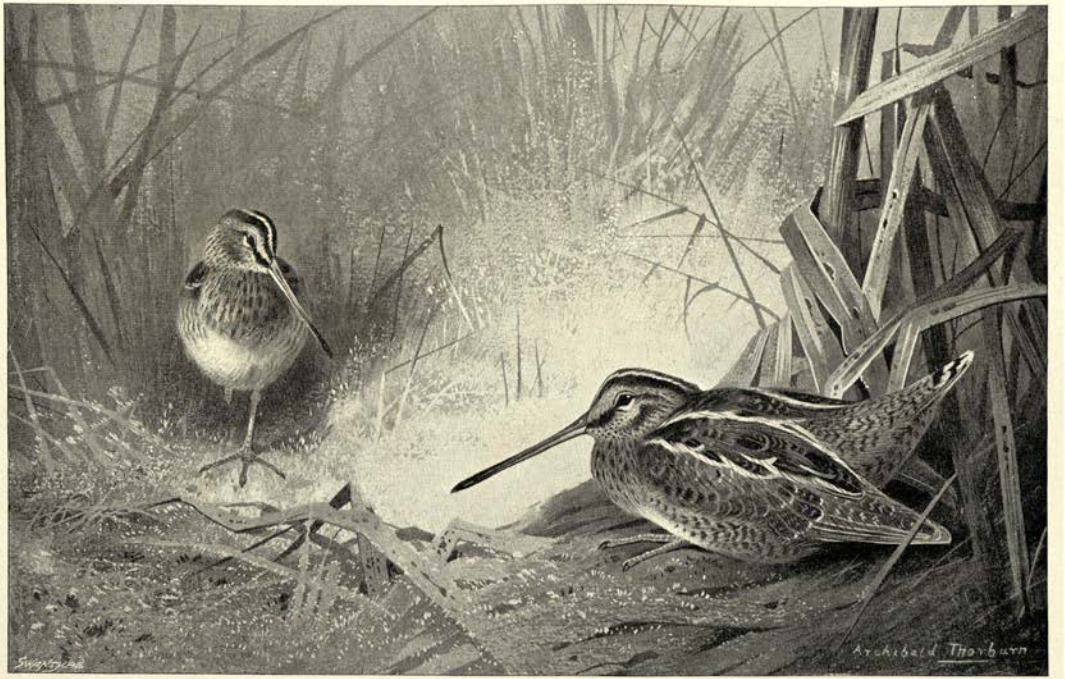
The arrow's point bites deep, fair maid,
Replied a friend ; but who,
Without the softer feather's aid,
Could aim that arrow true?

Thus in your lovely sex we find
Each charm a pointed dart ;
But 'tis the softness of the mind
Must guide it to the heart.

Sporting Magazine, 1793.

Snipe Shooting

When gelid frosts encrust the faded ground,
And dreary winter clouds the scene around ;
The timid snipes fly to the sedgy rills,
Or seek the plashes on the upland hills.
The sportsman, now, wakes with the gleaming morn,
His gun makes fit, refills his pouch and horn,
And to the swampy meadow takes his way,
With sport and exercise to crown the day.
See first how curiously he scans the sedge,
Then warily proceeds along the edge :
His piece is cock'd, and in position right,
To meet his shoulder readily and light.
But yet more cautiously he treads beside
The well-known plash, where most he thinks to hide
The dappled bird—and from the rushy stream
Frighten'd she rises, with a piercing scream.



"When gelid frosts encrust the faded ground."

His tube the fowler points with steady sight,
And seeks to trace her thro' her rapid flight ;
Whilst o'er the field she tries each artful wile,
And crooked turn, his level to beguile.
Her slender wings swift cut the buoyant air,
'Till distance gives her as a mark more fair :
Now glancing, just the marksman gets his aim,
His ready finger doth the trigger strain.
He fires—the fatal shot unerring flies,
The Snipe is struck, she flutters, bleeds, and dies.

Sporting Magazine, 1798.

Different Kinds of Birds which abound in Scotland

The lakes and mountains swarm with copious game ;
The wildgoose gray, and heathcock hairy-legg'd,
White soland, that on Bass and Ailsa build ;
The woodcock slender billed, and marshy snipe,
The free-bred duck, that scorns the wiles of men,
Soaring beyond the thunder of the gun ;
Yet oft her crafty fellow, trained to guile,
And forging love, decoys her to the snare,
There witnesses her fate, with shameless brow.
Why should I here the fruitful pigeon name,
Or long-necked heron, dread of nimble eels,
The glossy swan, that loaths to look a-down,
Or the close covey vexed with various woes ?
While sad, they sit their anxious mother round,
With dismal shade the closing net descends ;
Or, by the sudden gun, they fluttering fall,
And vile with blood, is stained their freckled down.

J. LEYDEN, *Scottish Descriptive Poems*, 1803.

The Bowman's Song

Gay companions of the bower,
Where inshrined Apollo reigns ;
Cherish long the social hour,
That recalls us to these plains ;
Where unbending
Cares, and blending
Honest pastime, dance, and song,
Ever the golden round extending,
Smoothly fly the hours along.

O'er the heath in mellow winding,
Hark! how clear the bugles ring;
Ev'ry bowman now reminding
Sportive morn is on the wing.
Come, unbending
Cares, and blending
Honest pastime, dance, and song,
Ever the golden round extending,
Smoothly fly the hours along.

Twang the bow with lusty sinew,
Firm and steady to the last;
Let each shaft its flight continue,
In defiance of the blast:
Thus unbending
Cares, and blending
Honest pastime, dance, and song,
Ever the golden round extending,
Smoothly fly the hours along.

View those lovely forms, all glowing
Bright, and vested like their queen:
Wood nymphs, who the prize bestowing
Make the contest still more keen.
Thus unbending
Cares, and blending
Honest pastime, dance, and song,
Ever the golden round extending,
Smoothly fly the hours along.

See them grace the victor's merit,
With the golden badge of fame;
'Tis a bowman's pride to wear it,
While the arrow bears his name.
Still unbending
Cares, and blending
Honest pastime, dance, and song,
Ever the golden round extending,
Smoothly fly the hours along.

Crown the goblet, freely quaffing,
Let the purple nectar flow;
Bacchus enters, fills, and, laughing,
Toasts around his brother's bow.
Thus unbending
Cares, and blending
Honest pastime, dance, and song,
Ever the golden round extending,
Smoothly fly the hours along.

The Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet, 1830.

The Forester's Carol

Lusty Hearts! to the wood, to the merry green wood,
While the dew with strung pearls loads each blade,
And the first blush of dawn brightly streams o'er the lawn,
Like the smile of a rosy-cheeked maid.

Our horns with wild music ring glad through each shaw,
And our broad arrows rattle amain;
For the stout bows we draw, to the green woods give law,
And the Might is the Right once again!

Mark yon herds, as they brattle and brush down the glade;
Pick the fat, let the lean rascals go,
Under favor 'tis meet that we tall men should eat,—
Nock a shaft and strike down that proud doe!

Well delivered, parfay! convulsive she leaps,—
One bound more,—then she drops on her side;
Our steel hath bit smart the life-strings of her heart,
And cold now lies the green forest's pride.

Heave her up, and away!—should any base churl
Dare to ask why we range in this wood,
There's a keen arrow yare, in each broad belt to spare,
That will answer the knave in his blood!

Then forward, my Hearts! like the bold reckless breeze
Our life shall whirl on in mad glee;
The long bows we bend, to the world's latter end,
Shall be borne by the hands of the Free!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, *Poetical Works*, 1847.

Away! to the Woodlands Away!

Tune: 'Away to the Stubbles!'

The leaves o'er the lea are careering,
The last rose of summer is dead;
And jocund October is cheering
His friends with the ale-cup instead.
Our efforts in vain we redouble,
The partridge gets wilder each day;
The farmer upgathers the stubble—
Then, let's to the woodlands away.

No sound, but the cry of the plover,
Is heard, or the wild duck's afar,
As early we on to the cover,
The pheasant's gay plumage to mar.
Let Sloth on his down-bed be rolling,
Be ours through the meadows to stray,
All blithe as the carol were trolling—
'Away! to the woodlands away!'

By the old-holly-bush, where, up-gushing,
The burn of the valley breaks forth,
The woodcock, ere long, we'll be flushing,
The stranger that comes from the North.
The sports of each season delight us,
Not less of July than of May;
Then why, when October invites us,
Why not to the woodlands away?

At eve, Dash and Rover beside us,
What mortals more happy than we?
The sorrows that yet may betide us,
Why seek in the distance to see?
Enough for the steady and sober
To antedate winter's cold ray!
We'll bumper the glass to October,
And shout 'To the woodlands away!'

HENRY BRANDRETH, *The Sportsman*, 1833.

The First of September

Loiterer, rise! the morn hath kept
For thee her orient pearls unwept:
Haste, and take them, while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night.
See! Aurora throws her fair
Fresh tinted colours through the air:
Come forth! come forth! 'tis very sin
And profanation to keep in!
There's joy and gladness in the skies,
Loiterer, from thy couch arise!

Our life is short, our moments run
Swift as the coursers of the Sun;
And, like the vapour or the rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be traced again:
Each flower hath wept, and eastward bow'd:
The skylark, far above the cloud
To hymn his song of praise is fled,
And all the birds their matins said;
There's joy and gladness in the skies,
Loiterer, from thy couch arise!

Haste ere the sun hath drunk the dews
Boon Nature to her banquet woos :
Around the smiling field no more
Are waving with their yellow store,
Homeward bears the loaded wain
The golden glories of the plain !
And nut-brown partridges are seen
Gliding among the stubble screen :
There's joy and gladness in the skies,
Loiterer, from thy couch arise !

J. W. C., *Sporting Magazine*, 1834.

The Grouse-Shooter's Call

Come ! where the heather bell,
Child of the Highland dell,
Breathes its coy fragrance o'er moorland and lea ;
Gaily the fountain sheen
Leaps from the mountain green—
Come to our Highland home, blithsome and free !

See ! through the gloaming
The young Morn is coming,
Like a bridal veil round her the silver mist curl'd,
Deep as the ruby's rays,
Bright as the sapphire's blaze,
The banner of day in the East is unfurl'd.

The red grouse is scattering
Dews from his golden wing
Gemm'd with the radiance that heralds the day ;
Peace in our Highland vales,
Health on our mountain gales—
Who would not hie to the Moorlands away !

Far from the haunts of man
Mark the grey Ptarmigan,
Seek the lone Moorcock, the pride of our dells.
Birds of the wilderness !
Here is their resting place,
Mid the brown heath where the mountain-roe dwells.

Come then ! the heather bloom
Woos with its wild perfume,
Fragrant and blithsome thy welcome shall be ;
Gaily the fountain sheen
Leaps from the mountain green—
Come to our home of the Moorland and lea !

J. W. C., *Sporting Magazine*, 1834.

Hawkstone Bow-Meeting

'Celeri certare sagittâ
Invitat qui forte velint, et præmia ponit.'
Æn. lib. v.

I

Farewell to the Dane and the Weaver!
Farewell to the horn and the hound!
The Tarporley Swan, I must leave her
Unsung till the season come round;
My hunting whip hung in a corner,
My bridle and saddle below,
I call on the Muse and adorn her
With baldrick, and quiver, and bow.

II

Bright Goddess! assist me, recounting
The names of toxophilites here,
How Watkin came down from the mountain,
And Mainwaring up from the Mere;
Assist me to fly with as many on
As the steed of Parnassus can take,
Price, Parker, Lloyd, Kynaston, Kenyon,
Dod, Cunliffe, Brooke, Owen and Drake.

III

To witness the feats of the Bowmen,
To stare at the tent of the Bey,
Merrie Maidens and ale-drinking Yeomen
At Hawkstone assemble to-day.
From the lord to the lowest in station,
From the east of the shire to the west,
Salopia's whole population
Within the green valley comprest.

IV

In the hues of the target appearing,
Now the bent of each archer is seen;
The widow to *sable* adhering,
The lover forsaken to *green*;
For *gold* its affection displaying,
One shaft at the centre is sped;
Another a love tale betraying,
Is aim'd with a blush at the *red*.

"Another a love tale betraying
Is aim'd with a blush at the red."

V

Pride pointing profanely at heaven,
Humility sweeping the ground,
The arrow of gluttony driven
Where ven'son and sherry abound!
At *white* see the maiden unmated
The arrow of innocence draw,
While the shaft of the matron is fated
To fasten its point in the *straw*.

VI

Tell, fated with Gessler to grapple
Till the tyrannous bailiff was slain,
Let Switzerland boast of the apple
His arrow once sever'd in twain;
We've an Eyton could prove to the Switzer,
Such a feat were again to be done,
Should our host and his lady think fit, Sir,
To lend us the head of their son!

VII

The ash may be graceful and limber,
The oak may be sturdy and true;
You may search, but in vain, for a timber
To rival the old British yew!
You may roam through all lands, but there's no land
Can sport such as Salop's afford,
And the Hill of all Hills is Sir Rowland!
The hero of heroes my Lord!

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1835.

The Highland Moors

The Highland Moors! the Highland Moors!
How blithe on merry Scotland's shores,
'Mid the heather's perfume
Wave the banners of bloom
Of her bonnie purple Moors!

On the eve of a golden August day,
When incense distils from the breath of the brae—
The Eve of the morrow, whose earliest sun
Shall dawn to the crash of the clanging gun,
While the startled Grouse and Black-cock spring
From their dewy couch on whirring wing!—
How sweet to sit in the snow-white tent,
Rife with its revel and merriment:

The voice of the City—the tumult of men—
Lost to the ear, and far from the ken !
The spaniels around have made their bed
On the fragrant heath, where the dew pearls are sped :
Sparkles and leaps the diamond rill
In melody from the far blue hill,
Till its music is lost in the torrent's din
That gushes and foams through the rocky linn !
Sunset gleams faint in the saffron West,
The Moor-cock is heard on the wild hill's crest :
The Curlew pipes shrill from her lone bleak nest
Away in the misty mountain's breast ;

As the last warm hues of declining day
Are mingled and lost in the twilight grey,
The ray of the sapphire is dim to the star
That lights with her loveliness sylvan Braemar—
And listen . . . the voice of the minstrel is there
In the halls of the Mighty can music compare
With the melody borne on the mountain air,
Warbled by night on the moorland bare !

The purple Moors ! the purple Moors !
The Morn is up again, and pours
With cheek of bloom
Her fresh perfume
O'er the bonnie Highland Moors !

The mountain peaks have caught the Sun,
The sylvan warfare is begun—
See, o'er the heath the spaniels range
With speed of light : anon they change

"From their dewy couch on whirring wing."

The track, but still 'up wind' they go,
They road—they stop—to ho! to ho!
In vain the red brood ply the wing
As right and left the barrels ring,
With aim so steady, sight so clear,
Wo to the firstlings of the year!
And ere the noon, with burning ray,
Shall warn us to a brief delay,
Full many a mother, red and grey
Shall rue the shooting of that day.

Ends not our Highland sporting here—
Northward we seek the wild dun deer,
Nor toilsome deem the longest day
Whose pains the antlered Chief repay.

Here finishes my sketch. . . . You ask
Perchance what lured me to my task?—
I've lived for Fashion—found her hour
More brief than Summer's frailest flower:
I've lived for Love, and known her smile
Less apt to bless than to beguile:
I paused and pondered, looked around
On my past life—and there I found
The happiest days I ever spent
Were pass'd beneath a Highland tent.

J. W. C., *Sporting Magazine*, August 1835.

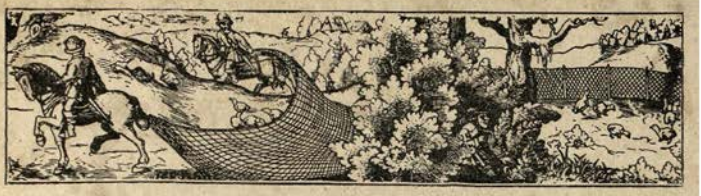
Cephalus and Procris

A hunter once in that grove reclined,
To shun the noon's bright eye,
And oft he wooed the wandering wind,
To cool his brow with its sigh.
While mute lay even the wild bee's hum,
Nor breath could stir the aspen's hair,
His song was still 'Sweet air, oh come!'
While Echo answered, 'Come, sweet Air!'

But, hark, what sounds from the thicket rise!
What meaneth that rustling spray?
'Tis the white-horn'd doe,' the Hunter cries,
'I have sought since break of day.'
Quick o'er the sunny glade he springs,
The arrow flies from his sounding bow,
'Hilliho—hilliho!' he gaily sings,
While Echo sighs forth 'Hilliho!'

Alas, 'twas not the white-horn'd doe
He saw in the rustling grove,
But the bridal veil, as pure as snow,
Of his own young wedded love.
And, ah, too sure that arrow sped,
For pale at his feet he sees her lie ;—
'I die, I die,' was all she said,
While Echo murmur'd, 'I die, I die!'

Poetical Works of Thomas Moore, 1840.



CRICKET

Cricketing's All the Rage

Durham City has been dull so long,
No bustle at all to show :
But now the rage of all the throng,
Is at cricketing to go.

Long-Field, Long-Stop, Bowl or Bat,
All different posts engage ;
Ball struck—not caught—a notch for that,
O cricketing's all the rage !

Down to the sands then let us hie
To see the youths at play :
Perhaps they'll tell the reason why
There's not a match to-day.
The noble youths pursue the game
Through every varied stage ;
Each breast is panting for its fame,—
O cricketing's all the rage !

Huzza, then, for the Durham lads,
They've cast their dull array :
They'd not be known by their own dads,
They're now so blithe and gay.
Bold and fearless—there's the rub—
With challenges to assuage :
And conquer every rival club,—
O cricketing's all the rage !

Cupid, arch rogue ! is also there,
Amongst the varied throng,
Pointing to each blushing fair
Whose lover bowls so long.
For every blooming nymph stands by
Her lover's heat to engage ;
Commends his skill—the reason why,
O cricketing's all the rage !

Ballad.

The Game of Cricket

To live a life, free from gout, pain, and phthisic,
Athletic employment is found the best physic ;
The nerves are by exercise hardened and strengthened,
And vigour attends it by which life is lengthened.
Derry down, &c.

What conducts to health deserves recommendation,
'Twill entail a strong race on the next generation ;
And of all the field games ever practised or known,
The cricket stands foremost each Briton must own.
Derry down, &c.

Let dull pensive souls boast the pleasures of angling,
And o'er ponds and brooks be eternally dangling ;
Such drowsy worm-killers are fraught with delight,
If but once a week they obtain a fair bite.
Derry down, &c.

The cricketer, noble in mind as in merit,
A taste for oppression can never inherit,
A stranger to swindling, he never would wish
To seduce by false baits, and betray a poor fish.
Derry down, &c.

No stings of remorse hurt the cricketer's mind,
To innocent animals never unkind,
The guiltless his doctrine is ever to spare,
Averse to the hunting or killing the hare.
Derry down, &c.

We knights of the bat the pure ether respire,
Which, heightened by toil, keeps alive Nature's fire ;
No suits of crim. con. or divorce can assail us,
For in love, as in cricket, our powers never fail us.
Derry down, &c.

To every great duke and to each noble lord,
Let each fill his glass with most hearty accord ;
And to all brother knights, whether absent or present,
Drink health and success from the peer to the peasant.

Ballad.

Cricket

BOOK I

The Argument of the First Book.—The Subject. Address to the Patron of Cricket. A Description of the Pleasures felt at the Approach of the proper Season for Cricket, and the Preparations for it. A Comparison between this game and others, particularly Billiards, Bowls, and Tennis. Exhortation to Britain to leave all meaner Sports, and cultivate Cricket only, as most adapted to the Freedom and Hardiness of its Constitution. The Counties most famous for Cricket are describ'd, as vying with one another for Excellency.

While others soaring on a lofty Wing,
Of dire *Bellona's* cruel Triumphs sing ;
Sound the shrill Clarion, mount the rapid Car,
And rush delighted thro' the Ranks of War ;
My tender Muse, in humbler, milder Strains,
Presents a bloodless Conquest on the Plains ;
Where vig'rous Youth, in Life's fresh Bloom resort,
For pleasing Exercise and healthful Sport.
Where Emulation fires, where Glory draws,
And active Sportsmen struggle for Applause ;
Expert to *Bowl*, to *Run*, to *Stop*, to Throw,
Each Nerve collected at each mighty Blow.

Hail Cricket! glorious, manly, *British* game!
First of all Sports! be first alike in Fame!
To my fir'd Soul thy busy Transports bring,
That I may feel thy Raptures, while I sing!
And thou, kind Patron of the mirthful Fray,
Sandwich, thy Country's Friend, accept the Lay!
Tho' mean my Verse, my Subject yet approve,
And look propitious on the Game you love!

When the returning Sun begins to smile,
And shed its Glories round this sea-girt Isle;
When new-born Nature deck'd in vivid Green,
Chaces dull Winter from the charming Scene:
High panting with Delight, the jovial Swain
Trips it exulting o'er the Flow'r-strew'd Plain;
Thy Pleasures, Cricket! all his Heart controul;
Thy eager Transports dwell upon his Soul:
He weighs the well-turn'd *Bat's* experienc'd Force,
And guides the rapid *Ball's* impetuous Course,
His supple Limbs with nimble Labour plies,
Nor bends the Grass beneath him as he flies.
The joyous Conquests of the late flown Year,
In Fancy's Paint, with all their Charms appear,
And now again he views the long wish'd Season near,
O thou, sublime Inspirer of my Song!
What matchless Trophies to thy Worth belong!
Look round the Globe, inclin'd to Mirth, and see
What daring Sport can claim the Prize from thee!

Not puny *Billiards*, where, with sluggish Pace,
The dull *Ball trails* before the feeble *Mace*.
Where no triumphant Shouts, no Clamours dare
Pierce thro' the vaulted Roof and wound the Air;
But stiff Spectators quite inactive stand,
Speechless attending to the *Striker's* Hand:
Where nothing can your languid Spirits move,
Save when the *Marker* bellows out, *Six Love!*
Or when the Ball, *close cushion'd*, slides askew,
And to the op'ning *Pocket runs*, *a Cou.*

Nor yet that happier Game, where the smooth Bowl,
In circling Mazes, wanders to the Goal;
Where, much divided between Fear and Glee,
The Youth cries *Rub; O Flee, you Ling'rer, Flee!*

Not *Tennis* self, thy sister Sport, can charm,
Or with thy fierce Delights our Bosoms warm.
Tho' full of Life, at Ease alone dismay'd,
She calls each swelling Sinew to her Aid;
Her ecchoing Courts confess the sprightly Sound,
While from the *Racket* the brisk Balls rebound.
Yet, to small Space confin'd, ev'n she must yield
To nobler Cricket, the disputed Field.

O Parent *Britain* ! Minion of Renown !
Whose far-extended Fame all Nations own ;
Of Sloth-promoting Sports, forewarn'd beware !
Nor think thy Pleasures are thy meanest Care ;
Shun with Disdain the squeaking Masquerade,
Where fainting Vice calls Folly to her Aid.
Leave the dissolving Song, the baby Dance,
To soothe the Slaves of *Italy* and *France* :
While the firm Limb, and strong brac'd Nerve are thine.
Scorn Eunuch Sports ; to manlier Games incline ;
Feed on the Joys that Health and Vigour give ;
Where Freedom reigns, 'tis worth the while to live.

Nurs'd on thy Plains, first Cricket learnt to please,
And taught thy Sons to slight inglorious Ease :
And see where busy Counties strive for Fame,
Each greatly potent at this *mighty* Game !
Fierce *Kent*, ambitious of the first Applause,
Against the World combin'd asserts her Cause ;
Gay *Sussex* sometimes triumphs o'er the Field,
And fruitful *Surry* cannot brook to yield.
While *London*, Queen of Cities ! proudly vies,
And often grasps the well-disputed Prize.

Thus while *Greece* triumph'd o'er the *barb'rous* Earth,
Seven Cities struggl'd which gave *Homer* birth.

BOOK II

The Argument of the Second Book.—Kent challenges all the other Counties. The Match determined. A Description of the Place of Contest. The particular Qualifications and Excellencies of each Player. The Counties go in.

And now the sons of *Kent* immortal grown,
By a long Series of acquir'd Renown,
Smile at each weak Attempt to shake their Fame ;
And thus with vaunting Pride, their Might proclaim.
Long have we bore the Palm, triumphant still,
No County fit to match our wond'rous Skill :
But that all tamely may confess our Sway,
And own us Masters of the glorious Day ;
Pick the best Sportsmen from each sev'ral *Shire*,
And let them, if they dare, 'gainst Us appear :
Soon will we prove the Mightiness we boast,
And make them feel their Error, to their Cost.

Fame quickly gave the bold Defiance vent,
And magnify'd th' undaunted Sons of *Kent*.
The boastful Challenge sounded far and near ;
And spreading, reach'd at length Great N——'s Ear :

Where, with his Friend, all negligent he laugh'd,
And threatened future Glories, as they quaff'd.
Struck with the daring Phrase, a piercing Look
On *B——n* first he cast, and thus he spoke.

And dare the Slaves this paltry Message own!
What then is *N———'s* Arm no better known?
Have I for this the *Ring's* wide Ramparts broke?
Whilst *R———y* shudder'd at the mighty Stroke.
Now by *Alcmena's* sinew'd Son, I swear,
Whose dreadful Blow no mortal Strength can bear!
By *Hermes*, Offspring too of thund'ring *Jove*!
Whose winged Feet like nimble Lightning move!
By ev'ry Patron of the pleasing War,
My chief Delight, my Glory and my Care!
This Arm shall cease the far-driv'n Ball to throw,
Shrink from the *Bat* and feebly shun the Blow;
The Trophies, from this conq'ring Forehead torn,
By Boys and Women shall in Scorn be worn;
E'er I neglect to let these Blust'rers know,
There live who dare oppose, and beat them too.
Illustrious *B———n*! Now's the Time to prove
To Cricket's Charms thy much experienc'd Love.
Let us with Care, each hardy Friend inspire!
And fill their Souls with emulating Fire!
Come on. . . . True Courage never is dismay'd.
He spoke. . . . The Hero listen'd, and obey'd.

Urg'd by their Chiefs, the Friends of Cricket hear,
And joyous in the fated Lists appear.
The Day approach'd. To view the charming Scene,
Exulting Thousands croud the levell'd Green.

A place there is, where City-Warriors meet,
Wisely determin'd, not to fight, but eat.
Where harmless Thunder rattles to the Skies,
While the plump *Buff-coat* fires, and shuts his Eyes.
To the pleas'd Mob the bursting Cannons tell
At ev'ry circ'ling Glass, how much they swill.
Here, in the Intervals of Bloodless War,
The Swains with milder Pomp their Arms prepare.
Wide o'er th' extended Plain, the circling String
Restrains th' impatient Throng, and marks a Ring.
But if encroaching on forbidden Ground,
The heedless Croud o'erleaps the proper Bound;
S———th plies, with strenuous Arm, the smacking Whip,
Back to the Line th' affrighted Rebels skip.

The Stumps are pitch'd. Each Heroe now is seen,
Springs o'er the Fence, and bounds along the Green

In decent White, most gracefully array'd,
Each strong-built Limb in all its Pride display'd.

Now *Muse*, exert thy Vigour, and describe
The mighty Chieftains of each glorious Tribe!
Bold *R——y* first, before the *Kentish* Band
God-like appear'd, and seiz'd the chief Command.
Judicious Swain! whose quick-discerning Soul
Observes the various Seasons as they roll.
Well-skill'd to spread the thriving Plant around;
And paint with fragrant Flow'rs th' enamell'd Ground.
Conscious of Worth, with Front erect he moves,
And poises in his Hand the *Bat* he loves.
Him *Dorset's* Prince protects, whose youthful Heir
Attends with ardent Glee the mighty Play'r.
He, at *Mid-wicket*, disappoints the Foe;
Springs at the coming Ball and mocks the Blow.
Ev'n thus the *Rattle-Snake*, as Trav'lers say,
With stedfast Eye observes it's destin'd Prey;
Till fondly gazing on the glitt'ring Balls,
Into her Mouth th' unhappy Victim falls.
The baffled Hero quits his Bat with Pain,
And mutt'ring lags across the shouting Plain.
Brisk *H——l* next strides on with comely Pride,
Tough as the subject of his Trade, the *Hide*.
In his firm Palm, the hard-bound Ball he bears,
And mixes joyous with his pleas'd Compeers.
Bromlean M——s attends the *Kentish* Throng;
And *R——n* from his Size, surnam'd the *Long*.
Six more, as ancient Custom has thought meet,
With willing Steps, th' intrepid Band compleat.
On th' adverse Party, tow'ring o'er the rest,
Left-handed *N——d* fires each arduous Breast.
From many a bounteous Crop, the foodful Grain
With swelling Stores rewards his useful Pain:
While the glad *Farmer*, with delighted Eyes,
Smiles to behold his close-cram'd Gran'ries rise.
Next *B——n* came, whose cautious Hand could fix
In neat disposed Array the well-pil'd Bricks:
With him, *alone*, scarce any Youth wou'd dare
At single Wicket, try the doubtful War.
For few, save him, th' exalted Honour claim
To play with Judgment, all the various Game.
Next, his accomplish'd Vigour, *C——y* tries;
Whose shelt'ring Hand the neat-form'd Garb supplies.
To the dread Plain her *D——e Surry* sends,
And W——k on the jovial Train attends.
Equal in Numbers, bravely they begin
The dire Dispute.—*The Foes of* Kent *go in.*

BOOK III

The Argument of the Third Book.—The Game. Five on the Side of the Counties are out for three Notches. The Odds run high on the Side of Kent. Bryan and Newland go in; they help the Game greatly. Bryan is unfortunately put out by Kips. Kent, the first Innings, is Thirteen a-head. The Counties go in again, and get Fifty-seven a-head. Kent, in the Second Innings, is very near losing, the two last men being in. Weymark unhappily misses a Catch, and by that means Kent is victorious.

With wary Judgment, scatter'd o'er the Green,
Th' ambitious Chiefs of fruitful *Kent* are seen.
Some, at a Distance, for the *Long Ball* wait,
Some, nearer planted, seize it from the *Bat.*
H——l and M——s behind the *Wickets* stand,
And each by Turns, the flying Ball command:
Four times from *H——l's* Arm it skims the Grass;
Then *M——s* succeeds. The Seekers-out change Place.
Observe, cries *H——l*, to the wond'ring Throng,
Be Judges now, whose Arms are better strung!
He said—then pois'd, and rising as he threw,
Swift from his Arm the fatal Missive flew.
Nor with more Force the Death conveying Ball,
Springs from the Cannon to the batter'd Wall;
Nor swifter yet the pointed Arrows go,
Launch'd from the Vigour of the *Parthian* Bow.
It whizz'd along, with unimagin'd Force,
And bore down all, resistless in its Course.
To such impetuous Might compell'd to yield
The *Bail*, and mangled *Stumps* bestrew the Field.

Now glows with ardent Heat th' unequal Fray,
While *Kent* usurps the Honours of the Day;
Loud from the *Ring* resounds the piercing Shout,
Three *Notches* only gain'd, five *Leaders* out.

But while the drooping *Play'r* invokes the Gods,
The busy *Better* calculates his *Odds*,
Swift round the Plain, in buzzing Murmurs run,
I'll hold you Ten to Four, Kent.—*Done Sir.*—*Done.*

What Numbers can with equal Force, describe
Th' increasing Terrors of the losing Tribe!
When, vainly striving 'gainst the conq'ring Ball,
They see their boasted Chiefs, dejected fall!
Now the two mightiest of the fainting Host
Pant to redeem the Fame their Fellows lost.
Eager for Glory;—For the worst prepared;
With pow'rful Skill, their threat'ned *Wickets* guard.
B——n, collected for the deadly Stroke,
First cast to *Heav'n* a supplicating Look;

Then pray'd.—*Propitious Pow'rs! Assist my Blow,*
And grant the flying Orb may shock the Foe!
This said; he wav'd his *Bat* with forceful Swing,
And drove the batter'd Pellet o'er the Ring.
Then rapid *five times* cross'd the shining Plain,
E'er the departed Ball return'd again.

Nor was thy Prowess valiant *N——d*, mean,
Whose strenuous Arm increas'd the Game *eighteen*;
While from thy Stroke, the Ball retiring hies,
Uninterrupted Clamours rend the Skies.
But oh, what horrid Changes oft' are seen,
When faithless Fortune seems the most serene!
Beware, unhappy *B——n!* oh beware!
Too heedless Swain, when such a Foe is near.
Fir'd with Success, elated with his Luck,
He glow'd with Rage, regardless how he struck;
But, forc'd the fatal Negligence to mourn,
K——s crush'd his *Stumps*, before the Youth could turn.
The rest their unavailing Vigour try,
And by the Pow'r of *Kent*, demolish'd die.
Awakened *Eccho* speaks the *Innings* o'er,
And forty *Notches* deep indent the Score.

Now *Kent* prepares her better Skill to shew;
Loud rings the Ground, at each tremendous Blow.
With nervous Arm, performing God-like Deeds,
Another, and another Chief succeeds;
'Till, tired with Fame, the conq'ring Host give Way;
And head by *thirteen* Strokes, the toilsome Fray.

Fresh rous'd to Arms, each Labour-loving Swain
Swells with new Strength, and dares the Field again
Again to *Heav'n* aspires the Chearful Sound;
The *Strokes* re-eccho o'er the spacious Ground.
The *Champion* strikes. When, scarce arriving fair,
The glancing Ball mounts upwards in the Air?
The *Batsman* sees it, and with mournful Eyes,
Fix'd on th' ascending *Pellet* as it flies,
Thus suppliant Claims the Favour of the Skies.
O mighty *Jove!* and all ye Pow'rs above!
Let my regarded Pray'r your pity move!
Grant me but this. Whatever Youth shall dare
Snatch at the Prize, descending thro' the Air;
Lay him extended on the grassy Plain,
And make his bold, ambitious Effort vain.

He said. The Powers, attending his Request
Granted one Part, to Winds consign'd the rest.

And now Illustrious *S——e*, where he stood,
Th' approaching Ball with cautious Pleasure view'd;

At once he sees the Chiefs impending Doom
And pants for mighty Honours, yet to come:
Swift as the *Falcon*, darting on its Prey,
He springs elastick o'er the verdant Way;
Sure of Success, flies upward with a Bound,
Derides the slow Approach, and spurns the Ground.

The *Counties* now the Game triumphant lead,
And vaunt their Numbers fifty-seven *a Head.*

To end th' immortal Honours of the Day
The *Chiefs of Kent*, once more, their Might essay;
No trifling Toil ev'n yet remains untry'd,
Nor mean the Numbers of the adverse *Side.*
With doubled Skill each dang'rous Ball they shun,
Strike with observing Eye, with Caution run.
At length they know the wish'd for Number near,
Yet wildly pant, and *almost own* they fear.
The two last *Champions* even now are in,
And but three Notches yet remain to win.
When, almost ready to recant it's Boast,
Ambitious *Kent* within an Ace had lost;
The mounting Ball, again obliquely driv'n,
Cuts the pure *Æther*, soaring up to Heav'n.
W——k was ready: *W——k*, all must own,
As sure a Swain to catch as e'er was known;
Yet, whether *Jove*, and all-compelling Fate,
In their high Will determin'd *Kent* should beat;
Or the lamented Youth too much rely'd
On sure Success, and *Fortune* often try'd.
The erring Ball, amazing to be told!
Slip'd thro' his out-stretch'd Hand, and mock'd his Hold.

And now the Sons of *Kent* compleat the Game,
And firmly fix their everlasting Fame.

JAMES LOVE, *An Heroic Poem, Illustrated with the Critical Observations of Scriblerus Maximus* (1765?)

Surry Triumphant, or the Kentish-Mens Defeat

God prosper long our harvest-work,
Our rakes and hay-carts all!
An ill-tim'd cricket match there did
At Bishopsbourn befall.

To bat and bowl with might and main
Two Nobles took their way;
The hay may rue, that is unhous'd
The batting of that day.

The active Earl of Tankerville
An even bet did make,
That in Bourn paddock he would cause
Kent's chiefest hands to quake ;

To see the Surry cricketers
Out-bat them and out-bowl.
To Dorset's Duke the tidings came,
All in the park of Knowle :

Who sent his Lordship present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The Surry Earl, not fearing this,
Did to East Kent resort ;

With ten more masters of the bat,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim or block aright.

[From Marsh and Weald, their hay-forks left,
To Bourn the rustics hied,
From Romney, Cranbrook, Tenterden,
And Darent's verdant side :

Gentle and simple, 'squires and clerks,
With many a lady fair,
Fam'd Thanet, Fowell's beauteous bride,
And graceful Sondes were there.]

The Surry sportsmen chose the ground,
The ball did swiftly fly ;
On Monday they began to play,
Before the grass was dry ;

And long ere supper-time they did
Near fourscore notches gain ;
Then having slept, they, in their turn,
Stopp'd, caught, and bowl'd amain.

The fieldmen, station'd on the lawn,
Well able to endure,
Their loins with snow-white sattin vests,
That day had guarded sure.

Full fast the Kentish wickets fell,
While Higham house and mill,
And Barham's upland down, with shouts
Did make an echo shrill.

Sir Horace from the dinner went,
To view the tender ground ;
Quoth he, 'This last untoward shower
Our stumps has almost drown'd :

'If that I thought, 'twould not be dry,
No longer would I play.'
With that, a shrewd young gentleman
Thus to the Knight did say :

'Lo ! yonder doth the sun appear,
And soon will shine forth bright,
The level lawn and slippery ground
All drying in our sight.

'Not bating ev'n the river banks
Fast by yon pleasant mead.'
'Then cease disputing,' Lumpey said,
'And take your bats with speed :

'And now with me, my countrymen,
Let all your skill be shown,
For never was there bowler yet,
In Kent or Surry known,

'That ever did a bale dislodge,
Since first I play'd a match,
But I durst wager, hand for hand,
With him to bowl or catch.'

Young Dorset, like a Baron bold,
His jetty hair undrest,
Ran foremost of the company,
Clad in a milk-white vest :

'Shew me,' he said, 'one spot that's dry,
Where we can safely run ;
Or else, with my consent, we'll wait
To-morrow's rising sun.'

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Tankerville ;
Who said, 'To play, I do declare,
There only wants the will :

'Move but the stumps, a spot I'll find
As dry as[1] Farley's board.'
'Our records,' quoth the Knight, 'for this
No precedent afford.

'Ere thus I will out-braved be,
All hazards I'll defy :
I know thee well, an Earl thou art ;
And so not yet am I.

'But trust me, Charles, it pity were,
And great offence, to kill
With colds or sprains, these harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

[1] The Master of the Ordinary.

'Let us at single wicket play,
And set our men aside.'
'Run out be he,' reply'd the Earl,
'By whom this is deny'd!'

Then stept a gallant 'squire forth,
Bartholomew was his name,
Who said, 'I would not have it told
On Clandon down for shame,

'That Tankerville e'er play'd alone,
And I stood looking on:
You are a Knight, Sir, you an Earl,
And I a vicar's son:

'I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have pow'r to stand;
While I have pow'r to wield my bat,
I'll play with heart and hand.'

The Surry bowlers bent their backs,
Their aims were good and true,
And every ball that 'scap'd the bat,
A wicket overthrew.

To drive the ball beyond the booths,
Duke Dorset had the bent;
Woods, mov'd at length with mickle pride,
The stumps to shivers sent.

They ran full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a ball that mounted high,
Ne'er lighted on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of odds that offer'd were,
And slighted every where.

At last, Sir Horace took the field,
A batter of great might;
Mov'd like a lion, he awhile
Put Surry in a fright:

He swung, 'till both his arms did ach,
His bat of season'd wood,
'Till down his azure sleeves the sweat
Ran trickling like a flood.

'Hedge now thy bets,' said Tankerville,
'I'll then report of thee,
That thou art the most prudent Knight
That ever I did see.'

Then to the Earl the Knight reply'd
'Thy counsel I do scorn ;
I with no Surry-man will hedge
That ever yet was born.'

With that, there came a ball most keen,
Out of a Surry hand,
He struck it full, it mounted high,
But, ah ! ne'er reach'd the land.

Sir Horace spoke no words but these,
'Play on, my merry men all ;
For why, my inning's at an end ;
The Earl has caught my ball.'

Then by the hand his Lordship took
This hero of the match,
And said, 'Sir Horace, for thy bets
Would I had miss'd my catch !

'In sooth, my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake ;
For sure, a more good-temper'd Knight
A match did never make.'

A 'Squire of Western Kent there was
Who saw his friend out-caught,
And straight did vow revenge on him
Who this mischance had wrought :

A Templar he, who, in his turn,
Soon as the Earl did strike
Ran swiftly from his stopping-place,
And gave him like for like.

Full sharp and rapid was the ball,
Yet, without dread, or fear,
He caught it at arm's length, and straight,
Return'd it in the air :

With such a vehement force and might,
It struck his callous hand,
The sound re-echo'd round the ring,
Through every booth and stand.

So thus were both these heroes caught,
Whose spirit none could doubt.
A Surry Squire, who saw, with grief,
The Earl so quickly out,

Soon as the Templar, with his bat,
Made of a trusty tree,
Gave such a stroke, as, had it 'scap'd
Had surely gain'd him three ;

Against this well-intended ball
His hand so rightly held,
That, ere the foe could ground his bat,
His ardour Lewis quell'd.

This game did last from Monday morn
Till Wednesday afternoon,
For when Bell [1] Harry rung to prayers,
The batting scarce was done.

With good Sir Horace, there was beat
Hussey of Ashford town,
Davis, for stops and catches fam'd,
A worthy Canon's son ;

And with the Mays, both Tom and Dick,
Two hands of good account,
Simmons was beat, and Miller too,
Whose bowling did surmount.

For Wood of Seale needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For if he e'er should play again,
It must be on his stumps.

And with the Earl the conquering bat
Bartholomew did wield,
And slender Lewis, who, though sick,
Would never leave the field.

White, Yalding, Woods, and Stevens too,
As Lumpey better known,
Palmer, for batting well esteem'd,
Childs, Francis, and 'Squire Stone.

Of byes and overthrows but three,
The Kentish heroes gain'd,
And Surry victor on the score,
Twice seventy-five remain'd.

Of near three hundred notches made
By Surry, eight were byes ;
The rest were balls, which, boldly struck,
Re-echo'd to the skies !

Their husbands woful case that night
Did many wives bewail,
Their labour, time, and money lost,
But all would not prevail.

Their sun-burnt cheeks, though bath'd in sweat,
They kiss'd, and wash'd them clean,
And to that fatal paddock begg'd
They ne'er would go again.

[1] At Canterbury Cathedral.

To Sevenoak town this news was brought
Where Dorset has his seat,
That, on the Nalebourn's banks, his Grace
Had met with a defeat.

'O heavy news!' the Rector said,
'The Vine can witness be,
We have not any cricketer
Of such account as he.'

Like tidings in a shorter space,
To Barham's Rector came,
That in Bourn-paddock knightly Mann
Had fairly lost the game.

'Now rest his bat,' the Doctor said,
'Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust we have, in Bishopsbourn,
Five hands as good as he.

'Yet Surry-men shall never say,
But Kent return will make,
And catch or bowl them out at length,
For her Lieutenant's sake.'

This vow, 'tis hop'd, will be perform'd,
Next year, on Laleham down;
When, if the Kentish hearts of oak
Recover their renown,

From grey goose-wing some bard, I trust,
Will pluck a stouter quill:
Thus ended the fam'd match of Bourn,
Won by Earl Tankerville.

God save the King, and bless the land
With plenty and increase;
And grant henceforth that idle games
In harvest time may cease!

Ballad, 1773.

Extract from the 'Kentish Gazette' of Saturday, July 24, 1773.

The following is a List of the Noblemen and Gentlemen Cricketers, who played on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday last, in Bourn-Paddock, Surry against Kent, for Two Thousand Pounds:

Those marked thus B *were bowled out*; C *catched out.*

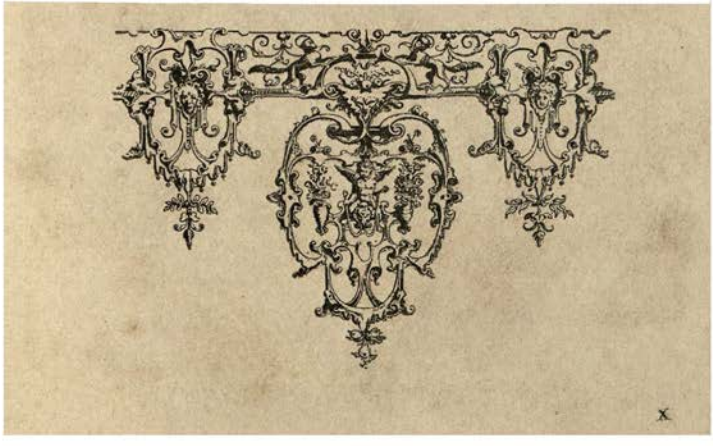
SURRY

Names	Out by whom	1st	Out by whom	2d
Lord Tankerville .	B. out by May . . .	0	C. out by Mr. Davis .	3
Mr. Bartholomew .	C. out by Simmons . .	3	B. out by Miller . .	10
Mr. Lewis . . .	B. out by the Duke . .	0	Last Man in . . .	21
Mr. Stone . . .	B. out by the Duke . .	12	B. out by Miller . .	24

Names	Out by whom	1st	Out by whom	2d
Stevens, alias Lumpey	B. out by Miller	6	B. out by Miller	8
John Woods	C. out by Sir H. Mann	6	C. out by R. May	6
Palmer	C. out by Mr. Davis	22	C. out by the Duke	38
Thomas White	B. out by the Duke	5	C. out by Mr. Hussey	60
Yaldin	Last Man in	17	B. out by the Duke	1
Childs	B. out by May	0	B. out by the Duke	3
Francis	B. out by the Duke	5	C. out by Wood	36
	Byes	1	Byes	7
		77		217

KENT

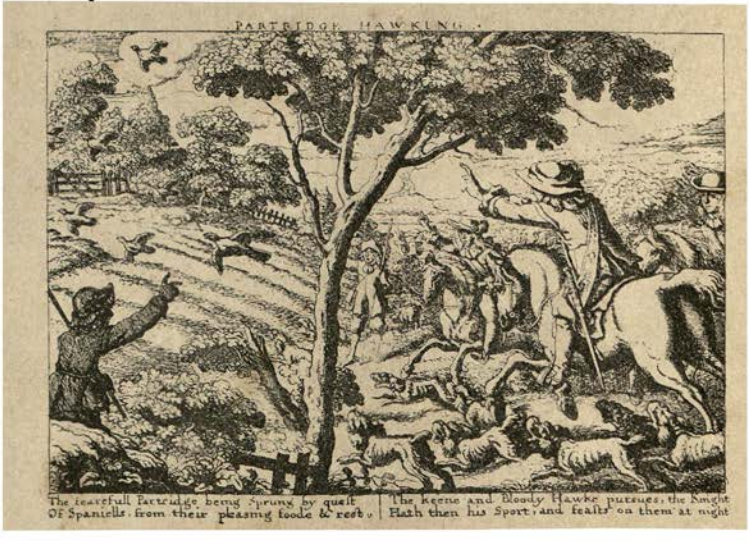
Names	Out by whom	1st	Out by whom	2d
Duke of Dorset	B. out by Woods	25	B. out by Woods	1
Sir Horace Mann	B. out by Woods	3	C. out by L. Tankerville	22
Mr. Davis	B. out by Woods	4	C. out by Mr. Lewis	0
Mr. Hussey	Last Man in	0	B. out by Woods	0
Miller	C. out by Yaldin	13	Run out	10
Simmons	B. out by Lumpey	5	C. out by Yaldin	4
R. May	B. out by Woods	0	Last Man in	0
Thomas May	B. out by Lumpey	4	C. out by Childs	5
Louch	C. out by Mr. Stone	5	B. out by Lumpey	26
Pattenden	C. out by Mr. Lewis	0	B. out by Lumpey	1
Wood of Seale	C. out by Woods	1	C. out by Mr. Bartholomew	9
	Byes	3	Byes	0
		63		78



VARIOUS

Hawking for the Partridge

Sith *Sickles* and the sheering *Sythe*, hath shorne the Feilds of late,
Now shall our Hawkes and we be blythe, Dame *Partridge* ware your pate:


PARTRIDGE HAWKING.
The fearefull Partridge being Sprung by quelt
Of Spaniells from their pleasing toode & rest.
The Keene and Bloody Hawke pursues, the Knight
Hath then his Sport, and feasts on them at night

Our murdring *Kites*, in all their *flights*, will sild or never never never seld or never misse,
To trusse you ever ever ever ever, and make your bale our blisse,
Whur ret *Duty*, whur ret *Beauty* ret, whur ret *Love*, whur ret, hey dogs hey.

Ware haunt, hey *Sempster*, ret *Faver*, ret *Minx*, ret *Dido*, ret *Civill*, ret *Lemmon*, ret whur whur, let flie let flie.
O well flowne well flowne eager *Kite*, *marke*, *marke*, O *marke* belowe the Ley,
This was a fayre, most fayre and kingly flight,
We *Falkners* thus make sullen Kites yeeld pleasure fit for Kings,
And sport with them and in those delights, and oft, and oft in other things, and oft in other things.

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT, *A Brief Discourse of Dugres*, 1614.

Country Pastimes

There were three Ravens sat on a tree,
Downe a downe, hay down, hay downe.
There were three Ravens sat on a tree,
with a downe.
There were three Ravens sat on a tree,
They were as blacke as they might be,
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie, downe, downe.

II

The one of them said to his mate,
down adowne hey downe,
The one of them said to his mate,
with adowne:
The one of them said to his mate
Where shall we our breakfast take?
with adowne dery downe.

III

Downe in yonder greene field,
downe adowne hey downe,
Downe in yonder greene field,
with adowne.
Downe in yonder greene field
There lies a Knight slain under his shield,
with a downe.

IV

His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
downe adowne hey downe.
His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
with adowne.
His hounds they lie downe at his feete
So well they can their Master keepe,
with adowne

V

His Haukes they flie so eagerly
downe adowne.
His Haukes they flie so eagerly
with adowne.
His Haukes they flie so eagerly ;
There's no fowle dare him come nie,
with a downe.

VI

Downe there comes a fallow Doe,
downe adowne.
Downe there comes a fallow Doe
with a downe.
Downe there comes a fallow Doe,
As great with yong as she might goe
with adowne.

VII

She lift up his bloudy hed,
downe adowne.
She lift up his bloudy hed,
with a downe.
She lift up his bloudy hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red
with a downe.

VIII

She got him up upon her backe,
downe adowne.
She got him up upon her backe,
with adowne.
She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake
with adowne downe.

IX

She buried him before the prime,
downe adowne.
She buried him before the prime,
with adowne.
She buried him before the prime,
She was dead her selfe ere even-song time
with adowne.

X

God send every gentleman
down adowne.
God send every gentleman
with adowne.
God send every gentleman
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a Leman
with adowne.

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT, *Melismata*, 1611.

Hide Parke

A *Comedie*, as it *was* presented by her *Majesties* Servants, at the private house in *Drury* Lane.

ACT IV. THE SONG.

I

Come Muses all that dwell nigh the fountaine,
Made by the winged horses heele,
Which firk'd with his rider over each Mountaine,
Let me your galloping raptures feele.
I doe not sing of fleas, or frogges,
Nor of the well mouth'd hunting dogges.
Let me be just all praises must,
Be given to well breath'd Iilian Thrust.

II

Young Constable and kill deeres famous,
The Cat the Mouse and Noddy Gray,
With nimble Pegabrig you cannot shame us,
With Spaniard nor with Spinola.
Hill climing white-rose, praise doth not lacke,
Hansome Dunbar, and yellow Jack.
But if I be just all praises must,
Be given to well breath'd Iilian Thrust.

III

Sure spurr'd Sloven, true running Robin,
Of young shaver I doe not say lesse,
Strawbery Soame, and let Spider pop in,
Fine Brackly and brave lurching Besse.
Victorious too, was herring shotten,
And . . . . is not forgotten.
But if I be just all honour must
Be given to well breath'd Iilian Thrust.

IV

Lusty Gorge and gentlemen, harke yet,
To wining Mackarell fine mouth'd Freake,
Bay Tarrall what won the cup at Newmarket,
Thundring tempest, black dragon eake.
Pretious sweetelippes, I doe not lose,
Nor Toby with his golden shoes,
But if I be just, all honour must,
Be given to well breath'd Iilian Thrust.

JAMES SHIRLEY, 1637.

Cock-Throwing

Cocke a doodle-doe, tis the bravest game,
Take a Cocke from his Dame,
And bind him to a stake,
How he *struts*, how he *throwes*,
How he *swaggers*, how he *crowes*,
As if the Day newly brake.
How his *Mistris* cackles,
Thus to find him in *shackles*,
And tyed to a *Packe-thread Garter* ?
Oh the *Beares* and the *Bulls*,
Are but *Corpulent Gulls*
To the Valiant *Shrove-Tide Martyr* :

M. LLEWELLYN, *Men Miracles*, 1646.

The Orders in Verse, as I found them fram'd for a very ancient Billiard Table

1. The Leading-ball the upper end mayn't hit ;
For if it doth, it loseth one by it.
2. The Follower with the King lie even shall
If he doth pass or hit the others ball ;
Or else lose one : the like if either lay
Their arm or hand on board when they do play.
3. That man wins one who with the others ball
So strikes the King that he doth make him fall.
4. If striking at a hazard both run in,
The ball struck at thereby an end shall win.
5. He loseth one that down the Port doth fling ;
The like doth he that justles down the King.
6. He that in play the adverse ball shall touch
With stick, hand, or cloaths forfeits just as much.

7. And he that twice hath past shall touch the King,
   The other not past at all shall two ends win.
8. If both the balls over the Table flie,
   The striker of them loseth one thereby.
   And if but one upon the board attend,
   The striker still the loser of the end.
9. One foot upon the ground must still be set,
   Or one end's lost if you do that forget:
   And if you twice shall touch a ball e're He
   Hath struck between an end for him is free.
10. If any Stander-by shall chance to bet,
    And will instruct, he then must pay the set.
11. The Port or King being set, who moves the same
    With hand or stick shall lose that end or Game.
12. He that can touch being past, or strike the other
    Into the Hazard is allowed another.
13. If any Stander-by shall stop a ball,
    The Game being lost thereby he pays for all.
14. If any past be stricken back again,
    His pass before shall be accounted vain.
15. He that breaks anything with violence,
    King, Port, or Stick is to make good th' offence.
16. If any not the Game doth fully know
    May ask another whether it be so.
    Remember also when the Game you win,
    To set it up for fear of wrangling.
17. He that doth make his ball the King light hit,
    And holes th' other scores two ends for it.

The Complete Gamester, 1680.

The Last Dying Words of Bonny Heck

A FAMOUS GREYHOUND IN THE SHIRE OF *FIFE*

Alas, alas, quo' bonny *Heck*,
On former Days when I reflect!
I was a Dog much in Respect
  For doughty Deed:
But now I must hing by the Neck
  Without Remeed.

O fy, Sirs, for black burning Shame,
Ye'll bring a Blunder on your Name!
Pray tell me wherein I'm to blame?
  Is't in Effect,
Because I'm Criple, Auld and Lame,
  Quo' bonny *Heck*.

What great Feats I have done my Sel
Within Clink of *Kilrenny* Bell,
When I was Souple, Young and Fell[1]
But Fear or Dread:
John Ness and *Paterson* can tell,
Whose Hearts may bleid.

They'll witness that I was the Vi
Of all the Dogs within the Shire,
I'd run all Day, and never tyre
but now my Neck
It must be stretched for my Hyre,
quo' bonny *Heck*.

How nimbly could I turn the Hair,
Then serve my self, that was right fair!
For still it was my constant Care
the Van to lead.
Now, what could fery[2] *Heck* do mair,
syne kill her dead?

At the *King's-Muir*, and *Kelly-law*,
Where good stout Hairs gang fast awa,
So cliverly I did it Claw,
with Pith and Speed:
I bure the Bell before them
as clear's a Beid.

I ran alike on a' kind Grounds,
Yea in the midst of *Ardry* Whines,
I grip't the Mackings be the Bunns,[3]
or be the Neck:
Where nathing could slay them but Guns,
save bonny *Heck*:

I Wily, Witty was, and Gash,[4]
With my auld felni packy Pash,[5]
Nae Man might anes buy me for Cash
in some respect.
Are they not then confounded Rash,
that hangs poor *Heck*?

I was a bardy[6] Tyk and bauld,
Tho' my Beard's Gray, I'm not so auld.
Can any Man to me unfald,
what is the Feid,[7]
To stane me ere I be well Cauld?
a cruel Deed!

[1] clever. [2] nimble. [3] tail. [4] sagacious. [5] fierce crafty head. [6] fearless. [7] cause of quarrel.

Now Honesty was ay my Drift,
An innocent and harmless Shift,
A Kaill-pot-lid gently to lift,
or Amry-Sneck.[1]
Shame fa the Chafts, dare call that Thift,
quo' bonny *Heck*.

So well's I cou'd play *Hocus Pocus*,
And of the Servants mack *Jodocus*,
And this I did in every *Locus*
throw their Neglect.
And was not this a Merry *Jocus*
quo' bonny *Heck*?

But now, good Sirs, this day is lost,
The best Dog in the East-Nook Coast:
For never ane durst Brag nor Boast
me, for their Neck.
But now I must yield up the Ghost,
quo' bonny *Heck*.

And put a period to my Talking,
For I'm unto my *Exit* making:
Sirs, ye may a' gae to the Hawking,
and there Reflect,
Ye'l ne'er get sick a Dog for Makin
as bonny *Heck*.

But if my Puppies ance were ready,
Which I gat on a bonny Lady:
They'l be baith Cliver, Keen, and Beddy,[2]
and ne'er Neglect,
To Clink it [3] like their ancient Deddy
the famous *Heck*.

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

A Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems both Ancient and Modern. By several Hands. 1706.

The King and the Forrester

You subjects of England, come listen a while;
Here is a new ditty will make you to smile,
It is of a king and a keeper also,
Who met in a forest some winters ago.

[1] cupboard-latch. [2] attentive. [3] follow up.

O early, O early, all in the morning,
King William rose early all in the morning.
And a gown of grey russet King William put on,
As tho' he had been some silly poor man.

The hounds were ready prepar'd for game,
No nobles attended of honour and fame :
But like a mean subject in homely array,
He to his forest was taking his way.

Oh then bespoke Mary, our most royal queen,
'My gracious lord, pray where are you going?'
He answered, 'I count him to be no wise man,
That will his councel tell unto a woman.'

The queen, with a modest behaviour reply'd,
'I wish that kind providence may be your guide,
To keep you from danger, my sovereign lord,
Which will the greatest of blessings afford.'

He went to the forest some pleasure to spy,
Where the hounds run swift, the keeper drew nigh,
'How dare you, bold fellow, how dare you come here,
Without the King's leave, to chase his fair deer.'

'Here are my three hounds, I will give them to you,
And likewise my hawk as good as e'er flew ;
Besides I will give you full forty shillings,
If thou wilt not betray me to William our King.

I am one of his subjects, I am one of his force,
And I am come here for to run a course.'
'Get you gone, you bold fellow, you run no course here,
Without the leave of King William forbear.'

'All that I have proffer'd, I pr'ythee now take,
And do thy endeavour my peace for to make,
Besides forty shillings I will give thee a ring,
If thou wilt not betray me to William our King.'

'Your three hounds I tell you, I never will take,
Nor yet your three hawks your peace to make ;
Nor will I be brib'd by your forty shillings,
But I will betray you to William our King.'

'As I am a keeper, I will not be unjust,
Nor for a gold ring will I forfeit my trust ;
I will bring you before him as sure as a gun,
And there you shall answer for what you have done.'

'Thou art a bold fellow,' the King he reply'd,
'What dost thou not see the star on my side.
This forest is mine, I would have you to know,
Then what is the reason you threaten me so?'

With that the bold keeper he fell on his knees,
A trembling fear all his spirits did seize,
The picture of death appear'd on his face;
He knew not at first the king was in that place.

'O pardon, O pardon, my sovereign liege,
For your royal pardon I beg and beseech.
Alas! my poor heart in my breast is cold;
O let me not suffer for being so bold.

'Get up honest fellow, and shake off thy fears;
In thee there is nothing of folly appears:
If every one was as faithful as thee,
What a blessed prince would King William be!

'Because I'd encourage such fellows as you,
I'll make thee my ranger; If that will not do,
Thou shalt be a captain by sea or by land,
And high in my favour thou ever shalt stand.'

The keeper replied, 'my sovereign lord,
Sure I am not worthy of such a reward;
Yet nevertheless your true keeper I'll be,
Because I am fearful to venture to sea.'

At which the King laugh'd till his sides he did hold,
And threw him down fifty bright guineas in gold,
And bid him make haste to Kensington Court,
Where of this jest he would make much sport.

'And when you come there, pray ask for long Jack,
Who wears pomegranates of gold on his back;
Likewise a green pheasant upon his right sleeve,
I warrant he's a true man, you may him believe.

He's one of my porters who stands at my gate,
To let in my nobles both early and late,
And therefore good fellow, come up without fear,
I'll make thee my ranger of parks far and near.'

Roxburghe Ballads.

Note.—There was an older version of this song called 'The Loyal Forrister,' published in 1696, but we have not been able to find a copy of it.

Song A-la-mode

O'er the Desert, cross the Meadows,
Hunters blew the merry Horn ;
Phœbus chas'd the flying Shadows :
Eccho, she reply'd, in Scorn ;
Still adoring,
And deploring,
Why must Thirsis lose his Life ?

Rivers murmur'd from their Fountains,
Acorns dropping from the Oaks,
Fawns came tripping o'er the Mountains,
Fishes bit the naked Hooks ;
Still admiring,
And desiring :
When shall Phillis be a Wife.

CHAS. SEDLEY, *Works*, 1707.

A New Song on Bonny Beeswing

Come all you jolly sportsmen of high and low degree,
One moment give attention and listen unto me,
While I of bonny Beeswing sing, that gallant mare of fame,
Go where you will she beats them all and adds honour to her name.

CHORUS

So here's success to Beeswing ; although she is but small,
She beats some of their favourites—I hope she'll beat them all.

Her pedigree I will make known if you the same require,
I will tell you what they call'd her dam, and what her noble sire,
With all the cups that she has won and purses fill'd with gold,
Since in the racing calendar Beeswing has been enroll'd.

First look at her at Chester how she cut a noble show,
Two of their favourite run but they were both too slow,
She started off and led the van which made their hearts to ache,
But Beeswing, bonny Beeswing, won the cup and Tyrol stakes.

From there unto Newcastle, Lady Beeswing did repair,
And when the sportsmen saw her, she made them all to stare,
There was Lanercost and Eclipse, they thought to knock her up,
But Beeswing showed them both her tail and took away the cup.

When the riders stripp'd at Doncaster, it was a gallant show,
Cartwright in blue and white to Beeswing he did go,
Now come my lass and do thy best he unto her did say,
She beat them all at Doncaster and took the cup away.

Now Beeswing is a gallant mare of courage stout and bold,
Her colour is a bright bay, and she is nine years old,
Gold cups she has won my boys, besides such lots of gold,
As never yet was known before, nor can I here unfold.

Above fifty prizes Beeswing won, the truth to you I tell,
Of all the mares in England there's none can her excel,
And at Newcastle-upon-Tyne I am happy for to say,
This year she has beat Charles XII., and took the cup away.

Now to conclude and end my song, it is the sportsman's list,
And when you come your gold to sport don't let Beeswing be miss'd.
May fortune smile upon her now and on her steps attend,
So now my jolly sportsman, my song is at an end.

Ballad.

The Tennis-Court

When as the hand at Tennis plays,
And Men to gaming fall ;
Love is the court, Hope is the house,
And favour serves the Ball.

This Ball itself is due desert,
The Line that measure shows
Is Reason, whereon judgement looks
Where Players win and lose.

The Tutties are deceitful shifts ;
The Stoppers, jealousy,
Which hath, Sire Argus' hundred eyes,
Wherewith to watch and pry.

The Fault, whereon fifteen is lost,
Is want of Wit and Sense ;
And he that brings the Racket in
Is Double Dilligence.

But now the Racket is Free-will,
Which makes the Ball rebound ;
And noble beauty is the choice,
And of each Game the ground.

The Racket strikes the Ball away,
And there is oversight ;
A bandy, ho ! the people cry,
And so the Ball takes flight.

Now at the length good liking proves
Content to be their gain ;
Thus, in the Tennis-Court, Love is
A Pleasure mixed with Pain.

Fishing and Shooting [1720].

The Lincolnshire Poacher

When I was bound apprentice in fair *Lincolnshire*,
Full well I served my master for more than seven year,
'Till I took up to *polching*, as you shall quickly hear,
O 'tis my delight, in a shinning night, in the season of the year.

As me and my *comarade* were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the game-keeper—for him we did not care.
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er anywhere.
O 'tis my delight on a shinning night, in the season of the year.

As me and my *comarade* were setting four or five,
And taking on them up again we caught the hare alive,
We caught the hare alive, my boys, and through the woods did steer.
O 'tis my delight on a shinning night, in the season of the year.

We throdun him over our shoulder, and then we trudged home,
We took him to a neighbour's house, and sold him for a crown,
We sold him for a crown my boys, but I did not tell you where,
O 'tis my delight on a shinning night, in the season of the year.

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every *polcher* that wants to sell a hare,
Bad luck to every game-keeper that will not sell his deer.
O 'tis my delight on a shinning night, in the season of the year.

Ballad.

The Diversion of Quoit Playing

Tune: 'The Hounds are all out, &c.'

Mankind will their favourite pleasures pursue,
The Mind must be ever employ'd ;
The Fancy to please is the Motive in view,
And each will his Hobby Horse ride,
My brave Boys.

Some take up their Batts and the Cricket-ball bang,
Some brisk in the Five Court are seen ;
Of the Sports of the Field many fondly harangue,
And some boast the Sports of the Green.

Amusements are fashion'd for every age,
And Novelty pleasure excites ;
But we in that old rustic pastime engage,
The manly Diversion of Quoits.

The Britons of old by this practice we know,
The Brave to the Field did invite ;
The same nervous Arm that could twang the long Bow,
Was accustom'd to throw the broad Quoit.

Tune : 'Hark, hark away.'

Come, come my Boys to sport away,
With pleasing Games we'll crown the Day ;
Follow your Sire ye Social Throng,
See how alert he trips it along ;
The wisest Man,
From Nature's plan,
Who pictur'd Life was pleas'd to say, Sir,
For every Class,
There always was,
A Time to work, and a Time to play, Sir.

The Clock's struck four, the game begin,
Longer to dally 'twere a Sin,
Off with your Hat, for Partners throw,
Off with your Coats your best to do ;
Equally match'd,
That's widely pitch'd ;
Strive with more edge to ground your Pieces ;
Room enough yet,
One lucky hit,
Makes full amends for twenty Misses.

Cheer up my Boy, exert your strength,
Study to find a proper length ;
Mind your next piece, be sure be straight,
The best by chance are sometimes beat ;
Good, good again,
That makes us ten ;
Who at such play can ever grumble ;
Fortune forbear,
What luck is there !
See how those Trinkets [1] roll and tumble.

Now to Contest close attend,
And this will be a glorious end ;
Seven good Quoits the Hob surround,
Not one three inches from it found ;

[1] Very small quoits.

A Toucher here,
Another there,
Drops within the breadth of a Finger,
Who more can do,
That noble throw,
Crowns the Game with a double Ringer.

Lucre our object cannot be,
For Pence a piece we only play ;
Tho' but a trifle still the Game,
From all can strict attention claim :
The Feather's fled,
The Hob lies hid,
Close to the Ground the Pieces pin it ;
Drawing so near,
Many would swear !
The virtue of the Loadstone's in it.

Finding by chance the Weather wet
Why then we under cover get,
Handing the friendly Cup about,
Until we've drank the Jorum out ;
Chearful and gay,
Drink down the Day,
Joining in pleasant Conversation ;
Hearty and true,
All Summer through,
This is our weekly Recreation.

JOHN FREETH, *Political Songster*, 1790.

The Game of Fives

Tune : 'Welcome every friendly Guest'

Sprightly Sons of manly Sport,
Haste to pleasures spacious Court ;
Murmur not how Chances fall,
First strike hands than strike the ball
Win or lose at trifling bets,
Laugh'd at be the Man that frets.

Now observe the *Marker's* call,
Hear him rally Fourteen all,
Down to Five again were set,
Six hands in and scarce a Let ;
Let which will the Victory claim,
'Tis my Boys a well fought Game.

For an Evening's active Sport,
To the *Angel* we resort,
Where in heart-felt sportive glee,
Worn down Vet'rans smile to see ;
Youthful vigour tripping round,
Pleasure's consecrated Ground.

Fives amongst the Sons of Fame,
Was the antient Britons Game,
Mixt with prudence still the wise,
Call it healthful Exercise ;
Ne'er let good old Customs drop,
Strike the *Ball* and keep it up.

Round the World the Seasons through,
Youth their various Sports pursue ;
Some resort where Cards are seen,
Some the Cockpit, some the Green,
Ours against the stately Wall,
Is to jerk the bouncing *Ball.*

JOHN FREETH, *Political Songster*, 1790.

The High-mettled Racer

See the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,
Confusion but hear, I bet you sir, done :
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies, assail the tir'd ear ;
While with neck like a rainbow erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his breast,
Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled Racer first starts for the plate.

Now Reynard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush,
Dogs, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush ;
Thro' marsh, fen, and brier, led by their sly prey,
They by scent, and by view, chace a long tedious way ;
While alike born for sports of the field and the course,
Always sure to come through—a stanch and fleet horse ;
When fairly run down, the Fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled Racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood,
While knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dame won this sweep, his sire won that race,
And what matches he won to the hostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge-ale-house door,
While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high-mettled Racer's a hack on the road.

Till at last having labour'd, dragg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees he bends on to his fate,
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand, till the sand of his hourglass stands still ;
And now cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
In the very same cart that he yesterday drew,
While a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
The high-mettled Racer is sold for the hounds.

Collection of Ballads and Songs. Found also among a *Collection of Songs by Charles Dibdin.*

Sonnet on Bathing

When late the trees were stript by winter pale,
Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
On airy uplands met the piercing gale ;
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen,
But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale ;
She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' tower'd brim :
And now, all glad the temperate air to breath,
While cooling drops distill from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

THOS. WARTON, *Poems* 1777.

The Skaiter's March

[*Composed for the Skaiter's Club at Edinburgh*]

This snell and frosty morning,
With rhind the trees adorning.
Tho' Phœbus below,
Through the sparkling snow,
A skaiting we go,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry merry horn.

From the right to the left we're plying,
Swifter than winds we're flying,
Spheres with spheres surrounding,
Health and strength abounding,
In circles we sweep,

"Through the sparkling snow,
A skaiting we go."

Our poise still we keep,
Behold how we sweep,
The face of the deep,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry merry horn.

Great Jove looks down with wonder,
To view his sons of thunder,
Tho' the water he seal,
We rove on our heel,
Our weapons are steel,
And no danger we feel,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry merry horn.

See the Club advances,
See how they join the dances,
Horns and trumpets sounding,
Rocks and hills resounding,
Let Tritons now blow,
For Neptune below,
His beard dares not shew,
Or call us his foe,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry merry horn.

C. DIBDIN, *Sporting Magazine*, 1802.

The Boy in Yellow

When first I strove to win the prize,
I felt my youthful spirits rise ;
Hope's crimson flush illum'd my face,
And all my soul was in the race.
When weigh'd and mounted, 'twas my pride,
Before the starting post to ride ;
My rival's drest in red and green,
But I in simple yellow seen.

In stands around fair ladies swarm,
And mark with smiles my slender form ;
Their lovely looks new ardour raise,
For beauty's smile is merit's praise !
The flag is dropt—the sign to start—
Away more fleet than winds we dart,
And tho' the odds against me lay,
The boy in yellow wins the day !

Tho' now no more we seek the race,
I trust the jockey keeps his place ;
For still to win the prize, I feel
An equal wish, an equal zeal :
And still can beauty's smile impart
Delightful tremors thro' this heart :
Indeed, I feel it flutter now—
Yes, while I look, and while I bow !

My tender years must vouch my truth—
For candor ever dwells with youth ;
Then sure the sage might well believe,
A face—like mine—could ne'er deceive,
If here you o'er a match should make,
My life upon my luck I'll stake ;
And 'gainst all odds, I think you'll say,
The boy in yellow wins the day.

Songs of the Chace, 1811.

Poor old Mike

I was reared in Doncaster some forty years ago,
But times are very different, as many of you know ;
I've had my share of sunshine, of course I can't complain.
But the good old days have passed away, and they'll never come again.

Poor old Mike.

For now I'm growing old, and my age it does decay,
A poor old, worn out stableman, every one does say,

Poor old Mike, Poor old Mike.

When I was rising six years old, they first put me across
One of Lord Derby's favorites, for a trial round the course.
So firm and neat I kept my seat, the knowing ones they star'd,
As I rattled in from a two miles spin, every one declared—

'Twas clever little Mike !

Then I was made a Jockey, it suited well my taste,
A handy chap at a handicap, smart at a steeple chase ;
East, west, north, or south, I could show an open face,
For I always acted on the square, and never sold a race.

Honest little Mike.

But soon I grew too big, I could neither train or waste,
My patrons too they died, so I was sack'd in haste.
But posting days were in there prime, a post hack I bestrode,
With a smack, 'Ya hip !' crack goes the whip, rattling down the road.

Merry little Mike.

But steam soon run us off the road, and rheumatizm set in,
'Twas then I first knew poverty, my troubles did begin.
Relations, friends, acquaintances, all dead or far away,
I was odd man in a stable yard for half-a-crown a day.
Poor old Mike.

By the young un's beaten out and out, and bundled from the yard,
I touted in St. Martin's Lane, or sold a racing card.
Sometimes I get the tip when a old friend comes to town,
And there's many a swell for the news I tell will drop me half-a-crown. Poor old Mike.

Ballad.

Epsom

High on the downs the awful ring is made,
The gath'ring clan of all the blackleg trade ;
A thousand shouts increase the deaf'ning cry,
And quite confound all question and reply ;
Yet order still o'er madness holds her rule,
And Cocker's self might learn in Gulley's school.
The storm increases, swells the pencill'd score ;
And lords and senators and bullies roar.
The statelier crew, their speculation made,
Forsake the rabble, and invest the glade ;
Where, just led out, the paragons are seen
To press, not wound, with glitt'ring hoof the green.
Each arching neck's impatient of the rein,
Fire in each eye, and swelling ev'ry vein.
Back to a hundred sires of Arab breed
Trace we the bottom and enquire the speed :
By Selim this, and that by Phantom got ;
And this by Tramp was bred by Mr. Watt.
And memory now in praise is fond to trace
Friends of the turf, and patrons of the race :
Smolensko, last of skilful Bunbury's breed,
Whom Jersey's Earl and Grafton's Duke succeed ;
Their care, their hope, their profit, and their pride
A moment may o'erturn, and must decide.
That moment comes,—the bell ! the saddling bell,
Sounds fortune's proudest triumph or her knell !
How beats our hero's pulse ? or where his heart ?—
They're off ! but order'd back for a false start.
They're ranged again ! and now *are* off !—I deem
Two minutes now two lagging ages seem ;
Till twice ten thousand shouts and yells proclaim,
That Jersey's Mameluke wins deathless fame.
Some weep for joy, some think 'twas falsely done,
And swear Glenartney might with ease have won.

The Man of Ton : a Satire. 1828.

The Jolly Curlers

THE LAIRD'S DITTY

Tune: 'O for him back again!'

Of a' the games that e'er I saw,
Man, callant, laddie, birkie, wean,
The dearest far aboon them a'
Was ay the witching *channel-stane*.

Chorus.—O for the channel-stane,
The fell-gude game, the channel-stane!
There's ne'er a game that e'er I saw
Can match auld Scotland's channel-stane.

I've been at bridals unco glad,
Wi' courtin' lasses wondrous fain:
But what is a' the fun I've had,
Compare it wi' the channel-stane?

O for the, &c.

Were I a sprite in yonder sky,
Never to come back again,
I'd *sweep* the moon and starlets by,
And play them at the channel-stane.

O for the, &c.

We'd boom across the *Milky-Way*;
One *tee* should be the Northern *Wain*;
Another, bright *Orion's* ray;
A comet for a channel-stane.

O for the, &c.

The Caledonian, 1821.

The following additional verse was printed in the version which appeared in the Kilmarnock 'Treatise on Curling,' which appeared in 1828:

I've played at quoiting in my day,
And maybe I may do't again,
But still unto myself I'd say,
This is no the channel-stane.

Oh! for, &c.

In this edition, and very often since, the song is attributed to Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, but it was probably written by Professor Gillespie of St. Andrews, who made one of the famous company in the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' of 'Blackwood's Magazine.'

Pigeon-shooting

There's no rural sport surpasses
Pigeon shooting—circling glasses—
  Fill the crystal goblet up :
No game laws can ever thwart us,
Nor *qui tams* ; no habeas corpus ; [1]
For our licence Venus grants.
Let's be grateful—here's a bumper ;
For her bounty—here's a bumper ;
'Listed under beauty's banners,
What's to us freehold or manors ?
  Fill the crystal goblet up.

No suspense our tempers trying,
Endless sport our trap supplying ;
No ill state 'twixt hope and fear,
At magic word our birds appear.
  Fill the crystal goblet up.
Alike all seasons in our favour,
O'er vales and hills, no toil or labour,
No alloy our pleasures yield.
No gamekeeper e'er employing,
Skill'd in art of game destroying ;
Free from trouble, void of care,
We set at nought the poacher's snare—
  Fill the crystal goblet up.

No blank days can ever vex us,
No false points can e'er perplex us ;
  Fill the crystal goblet up :
Pigeons, swift as wind, abounding,
Detonating guns resounding,
See the tow'ring victims fall.
With Apollo science vying,
View the heaps of dead and dying,
Forc'd to pay the debt of nature—
Matters it, or soon or later :
  Fill the crystal goblet up.

The Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet, 1830.

Steeple Chases

THE ORIGIN OF THE STEEPLE CHASE

The days of palmy Chivalry are o'er :
  Plumed morion, corslet, faulchion, spear, and shield
Shine in the gorgeous Tournament no more :
  No Herald summonses the leaguer'd field :

[1] The suspension.

The roving prow seeks not the savage shore
To win the spoils that barbarous foemen yield :
Say then, what 'venture may thy prowess try,
'Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye?'

The War is past : beneath the olive bough
Young Peace and Love exchange the soft salute—
The God of Battles smoothes his ruffled brow,
And Glory's energetic voice is mute.
Where whilom rang the brazen trumpet, now
The maiden dances to the shepherd's lute :
Up, Gallants, up ! let not your spirits cease
Their daring in these 'piping time of peace !'

. . . . . .

Lo ! at the call, as eager to beguile
The weary hours of most unwelcome ease,
Spread from each harbour of the sea-girt Isle,
The snowy canvas woos the wanton breeze :
And many a bark of beauty speeds the while
O'er the bright waters of the summer seas.
Grant but the gale, and when did landsman feel
The wild, fierce rapture of the bounding keel !

Light as the meteor glances through the gloom ;
Swift as the eagle in his stoop of pride ;
Away with flowing sheet and spanking boom
The arrowy shallop cleaves the waters wide—
But oh, the quickened grave ! the living tomb,
When Zephyr slumbers o'er the drowsy tide :
The heart that dances when the glad wind blows,
Pines, droops, and sickens in that grim repose.

. . . . . .

Soon as Spring's fragrant velvet decks the mead,
Matchless in courage, symmetry, and grace,
With step elastic, hoof of burning speed,
And eager eye, that would devour all space,
O'er the green carpet springs the noble steed,
Strains for the goal, and conquers in the race :
Mark ! while the shout of triumph rends the sky,
The guerdon rare that crowns the victory !

A goodly picture that, so it be placed
In such a light that those alone be seen
Whom in relief the limner may have traced :
But look into the back ground, and I ween
Small sympathy will mingle with your taste,
And the dark forms that haunt the murky scene :
See ! how among that ghastly cluster glide
The swindler—robber—perjurer—homicide !

. . . . . .

Summer, and bloom and fragrance, all are past,
And Winter's sober russet clothes the ground :
Hark ! how the horn of Chase with jocund blast
Answer the merry music of the hound,
While Echo joins the minstrelsy, and fast
Repeats the sylvan harmony around :
In vain the pen would tell, the pencil trace
The joy, the might, the magic of the Chase !

Leaps every heart that lists the wild 'Away !'
As peals the chorus of the woodland choir,
What eye but sparkles at the proud array !
What soul such melody may not inspire !
On, Gallants, on ! there's nought your track can stay,
Or check, or daunt your generous courser's fire.
But lo ! they pause : to mar such merriment,
'*Surgit amari aliquid*?'—The Scent !

. . . . . .

Such was the fate of all who sought the round
Of circling Pleasure's fair and lustrous sphere,
That still some dark and envious shade was found
To dim the splendour of her gay career :
Ere the ripe fruit Hope's early blossom crown'd,
Some blight would baulk the promise of the year,
'Till Dian came, and o'er the drooping land
Waved a bright pennon in her cheering hand.

And thus the Goddess spoke : 'My sons, arise,
Too long like planets to one orb confined,
Each sylvan sport engross'd your energies—
Now take this banner, whose device you'll find,
Like to the clusters of the starry skies,
A constellation of them all combined,
While for a motto on the silk you trace
Diana's noblest gift—the Steeple Chase !

Sporting Magazine, April 1836.

The Tantivy Trot

I

Here's to the old ones, of four-in-hand fame,
Harrison, Peyton, and Ward, Sir ;
Here's to the fast ones that after them came,
Ford and the Lancashire Lord, Sir.
Let the steam pot
Hiss till it's hot,
Give me the speed of the Tantivy Trot.

II

Here's to the team, Sir, all harness'd to start,
Brilliant in Brummagem leather ;
Here's to the waggoner, skill'd in the art,
Coupling the cattle together.
Let the steam pot, &c.

III

Here's to the shape that is shown the near side,
Here's to the blood on the off, Sir ;
Limbs with no check to their freedom of stride !
Wind without whistle or cough, Sir !
Let the steam pot, &c.

IV

Here's to the dear little damsels within,
Here's to the swells on the top, Sir ;
Here's to the music in three feet of tin,
And here's to the tapering crop, Sir.
Let the steam pot, &c.

V

Here's to the arm that can hold 'em when gone,
Still to a gallop inclin'd, Sir ;
Heads in the front with no bearing reins on !
Tails with no cruppers behind, Sir !
Let the steam pot, &c.

VI

Here's to the dragsmen I've dragg'd into song,
Salisbury, Mountain, and Co., Sir ;
Here's to the Cracknell who cracks them along
Five twenty-fives at a go ! Sir.
Let the steam pot, &c.

VII

Here's to Mac Adam the Mac of all Macs,
Here's to the road we ne'er tire on ;
Let me but roll o'er the granite he cracks,
Ride ye who like it on iron.
Let the steam pot
Hiss till it's hot,
Give me the speed of the Tantivy Trot.

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1834.

Hawking

A LAY

Dedicated to Saint Hubert

Thro' the castle gates first ride they forth,
A gallant glittering band,
Renowned knights, whose falchions bright
Have earned them laurels, in many a fight,
In a strange and distant land.

And maidens, too, on palfreys gay,
From Araby, so rare,
Snorting and prancing, on they bound—
So light, they scarcely touch the ground—
A beauteous sight they were !

Swift as the wind, fast on they go,
O'er hill and valley wide ;
With falcons fierce and gos-hawks fair,
Their bewits tinkling shrill and clear,
How bonnily they ride !

Now, startled by their merry shout,
Away the fleet deer bound ;
The skulking fox has sped away ;
The timid hare, the squirrel grey,
Sit humbling at the sound.

But now aloft the wild fowl rise,
With outstretch'd neck and wing,
Cleaving their way thro' the sunny skies,
The forest echoing with their cries—
They make the wild wood ring.

Quick the fierce falcon's hood is doffed,
His jesses slipt—Away !
His bright eyes sparkle at the sight,
He soars aloft in conscious might,
And well he marks his prey.

Aloft he wheels—aloft he soars—
A speck upon the skies !
One instant rests he in mid air—
He stoops—his talons fiercely tear !
The Quarry is his prize !

Right well, I ween, that saint was loved,
Who bless'd the chase so gay ;
Oh ! bonnily they all did ride
O'er hill and dale and chasm wide,
On good St. Hubert's day ?

G. G. SHL, *The Sportsman*, 1840.

The Criterion Coach

The following lines were written by the late Hon. MARTIN HAWKE, at the time when the Duke of Beaufort, then Marquis of Worcester, tooled the Criterion Brighton coach.

As quick as thought, there see approach,
Swift glancing down the road,
The dashing gay Criterion coach,
With in and outside load.

'Tis Worcester's Lord who drives the team,
Thorough-bred, or near it,
Of '*all the talents*' he's the cream—
Upset !—who can fear it ?

And now they change, and off again
Under half a minute ;
So just each trace, so true each rein,
Really magic's in it !

Like bright japan the harness shines
All chosen and select ;
The brasslike famed Potosi's mines
A mirror to reflect.

And mark the flowers on each head—
The rose and lily fair
Around us all their fragrance shed,
Enbalm the morning air !

The well-shaped yew, the taper thong,
Proclaim the workman's art ;
But as the blood-ones dash along,
They feel no useless smart.

Oh no ! he tries each supple rein
To check their eager speed.
Strong is the hand that can restrain
Each noble well-bred steed !

Here all is life, excitement, joy,
Our troubles left behind,
No cares our pleasures to destroy,
Our sorrows to the wind !

The hunter boasts his gallant steed
That flies o'er hill and dale,
But we can beat his fastest speed,
And tell a brighter tale !

We've no blank days, no want of scent,
To check our forward course ;
Fresh teams await when this is spent,
This *beats his second horse !*

And, hark ! the bugle sounds alarms
Thro' every country place,
The village beauties show their charms,
Displaying every grace !

Then, here's my toast and fill it up,
'*Success the Road attend.*'
And he that will not pledge the cup
To talent is no friend !

M. H., *Sporting Magazine*, December 1840.

A Song for the Sportsman

I

When the rosy dawn just breaketh,
And the dew is on the lea,
Ere the sun his first step taketh,
Over hill and over sea ;
Forth he fares—the gallant HUNTER !—
Forth he fares, and mounts his steed ;
Over heath and hollow bounding,
While the merry horn resounding,
Bids the healthful pastime speed !

II

When the day, in sunny brightness,
Paces on—a summer guest !
And the zephyr sighs in lightness
O'er the river's quiet breast ;
Forth he fares—the wily ANGLER !—
Forth he fares, with rod and line,
Basket at his back suspended ;
Ere the day its course hath ended,
Many a trout will in it shine.

III

When the moorland track is growing
Browner 'neath the coming night,
And the heather-bloom is glowing
Redly, in the faint moonlight ;
Forth he fares—the midnight SPORTSMAN !—
Forth he fares to stalk the roe ;
And, amid the night's long watches,
Thinks, and drinks, and sings by snatches,
'Till his fated prey lies low !

MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL, *Sportsman*, 1840.

Epitome of the Seasons

When summer bids us seek the shade,
Let's hasten to the mazy glade ;
'Tis there the limpid riv'let strays
O'er pebbled banks, a thousand ways.
The tapering rod, the fur-fraught fly,
Delude the trout's quick, darting eye :
Each tenant of the wat'ry plain
Becomes the skilful angler's gain.
When *August* brings its sultry hours,
Teeming plains, and fruits, and flowers ;

Then ling-clad moors shall offer sports
Far better than the glare of courts.
O'er scented mountain, marshy vale,
On fluttering wings the heath-cocks sail:
They mount, they quiver, and they die,
Whilst mimic thunder rends the sky!
When kind *September* cheers the swain,
Let's hasten to the stubble's plain;
'Tis there the partridge chirps away,
Basking beneath the noontide ray:
Our dogs are stanch, our marksmen sure,
Equal each varying toil t' endure:
In fluttering haste the coveys rise,
Ah! soon to fall in mute surprise.
Brown *October* claims my song;
We'll ramble, then, the woods among;
The golden pheasants there repair,
And brakes conceal the fearful hare.
Come, bleak *November's* gloomy hours,
Swift-descending, fleecy showers;
For woodcocks, range the briery fens,
And flush them from their rushy dens.
Hark! the merry hounds and horn,
Welcome *December's* short-lived morn;
Reynard leaves his fav'rite cave,
And flies afar, his life to save:
Or the swift and doubling hare
Demands the sportsman's early care.
Ere wintry storms forbid the sport,
At dawn of morn the season court;
Gently guide the courser's flight,
With echoing cry, till fall of night.
Snow and frost, a pow'rful train,
Too soon shall cover all the plain;
Tread, then, the winding riv'let's shore,
Where the whirling cataracts roar;
Twitt'ring snipes, and wild-ducks too,
Shall there become a prey to you.

Such, surely, is the sportsman's joy,—
Gay sports, which wintry hours employ.
Changed to thaw, the rapid hare
And well-bred greyhound claims thy care;
Then seek the healthful wolds in haste,
The freshness of the air to taste:
Far removed from noise and strife,
There view the joys of rural life.
Grant me, ye gods, contented hours,
Such valued sports and sylvan bowers.

Hon. MARTIN HAWKE, *Sporting Review*, 1840.

Song of the Old English Falconer

Away, away, to the woods with me,
Fair is the dew on the grassy lea,
Pure and bright is the dawn of day,
Hie to the woodlands, hie away!

Lady, awake, and leave your bower,
Kisses of dew in every flower
Wait but the touch of your finger fair
To shed their sweets on the morning air.
Arise, arise, leave dreams of love
For marlyon[1] gay and for broidered glove,
For the gallant bound of your palfrey grey,
For the hunter's horn and roundelay.
Away, &c.

Up, up, Sir Knight! to horse, to horse!
The red-deer lies in the roscid[1] gorse;
The wild-fowl float on the woodland lake;
Up and away through briar and brake.
In the grove of oaks the yeomen wait,
The wolf-hound bays at the Castle gate,
The sluggard may lie on his bed of down,
Seek we the heath and the heather brown.
Away, &c.

Arise! arise! 'tis the matin hour;
Hark to the chimes from the belfry tower!
The hawks are sounding their Milan bells,[2]
And Echo replies from the shady dells,
Like the silver voice of a woodside god
That laughs at the trees as they bend and nod—
Nodding in joy to their sturdy mates,
That cast their shade o'er the Castle gates!
Away, &c.

SANDIE GREY, *Sporting Magazine*, December 1841.

[1] In the old books on hawking the marlyon is set down as the hawk properly belonging to a lady.

[2] The hawk's bells made at Milan were much in repute among our ancestors at one time.

'Meithinkes these Millane bels do sound too full,
And spoile the mounting of your hawke.'—*Old Play.*

Ballad

LORRAINE, LORRAINE, LORRÉE

I

Are you ready for your steeplechase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrée?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree,
You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, to keep him first, and win the race for me.
Barum, Barum, &c.

II

She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrée.
'I cannot ride Vindictive as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee;
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me?'

III

'Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrée,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me.'

IV

'That husbands could be cruel,' said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrée,
'That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three;
But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see!'

V

She mastered young Vindictive—oh! the gallant lass was she—
And kept him straight and won the race as near as near could be;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree,
Oh! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorrée.

CHARLES KINGSLEY. Last poem written in illness, June 1874.

HUMOROUS SONGS & PARODIES

HUNTING

Going Out a Hunting

Air: 'The King of the Cannibal Islands'

Good friends I pray you list to me,
And very soon you all shall see,
Vot lots of fun and mirth and glee,
I had ven I vos hunting.
Last Easter Monday you must know,
Some friends persuaded me to go,
To the Epping hunt myself to show,
And join the sportsman's tally-ho!
So off I vent along with they,
To spend my Easter holiday,
Upon a norse I hired that day,
To take me out a hunting.
Vith our boots and spurs and vhips so new,
And scarlet coats and breeches too,
Oh, didn't we have a phililoo
Vhen ve vent out a hunting.

Oh, didn't ve not give a shout,
Vhen in the morn ve all set out,
And trotted on along the rout,
Vhere people go a hunting.
There was Tommy Thompson, Charley Lee,
Vith Johnny, Peter, Bill, and me,
All mounted on our nags so free,
Determined we should have a spree;
Ve halted at the Seven Stars,
And had some ale and fresh cigars:
Then off ve vhent in spite of bars,
Vhen ve vos out a hunting.
Vith our boots and spurs, &c.

Ve'd very near to Epping got,
Vhen Charley cries I tell you vot,
I feels as how so very hot,
Through going out a hunting;
So let us stop at this here inn,
And each von have a drop of gin,
Then off ve'll dash thro' thick and thin,
And perhaps the stag hunt we may vin.
He hadn't time to say no more,
For the stag upset him vot a bore!
Right slap at Tommy Rounding's door.
Vhen ve vos out a hunting.
Vith our boots and spurs, &c.

Vhile Johnny fell in an old sow's trough
Vhen ve vos out a hunting

Ve rode again soon arter that,
Vhen Tommy Thompson fell down flat,
And Billy Valker lost his hat,
While ve vos out a hunting.

At their disasters I laugh'd loud,
And of myself I felt quite proud,
When my horse at a bull he cowed,
And threw me bang into a crowd ;
The people on the road did scoff,
To see us tumbling on and off,
While Johnny fell in an old sow's trough,
When ve vos out a hunting.
Vith our boots and spurs, &c.

*

At length the night began to grow,
And dark as old Nick's place below,
So every one agreed to go,
And leave off going a hunting.
Then homeward we began to trot,
But scarcely half a mile had got,
Before we met a jolly lot,
Of chaps vot hunting [had] been not ;
They made us stand [right] up in front,
Then all our pockets they did hunt,
And robb'd us each of all our blunt,
While ve vos out a hunting.
Vith our boots and spurs, &c.

At last we got home safe and tight,
But in a werry shocking plight ;
In fact ve all enough had quite,
Of going out a hunting.
Not von of us I'm sure can brag,
Of hunting, tho' each had a nag,
For every one so much did lag,
Ve never even saw the stag.
So now I've told you all my sport,
On Easter Monday, and in short,
Never again will I be caught,
A going out a hunting.
Vith our boots and spurs, &c.

Ballad.

From the 'Tour of Doctor Syntax'

The 'Squire with half-smok'd pipe in hand,
Desir'd the Doctor to command
Whatever Nimrod-Hall possess'd,
And prove himself a welcome guest,
With some good neighbours, sportsmen all
Who had just sought the shelt'ring hall.

Dinner was serv'd, each took his place,
And a *View Halloo* was the grace:
But soon the Doctor did retire
From noisy table to the fire,
To hear the chit-chat of the 'Squire.
Nor did the far-fam'd Nimrod balk
His fancy for an hour's talk.

Nimrod

'My life, I rather fear, supplies
But little you may not despise:
But still, you sages of the schools,
Will not declare us sportsmen fools,
If each, in his due weight and measure
Should analyse his pain and pleasure!
'Tis true for forty years and more,
(For I have long been past threescore,)
My life has never ceas'd to be
One scene of rural jollity:
But hurrying Time has fled so fast,
My former pastimes all are past:
Yet, though our nature's seasons are,
Mix'd up with portion due of care;
Though I have many dangers run,
I'm still alive at seventy-one.
—Nimrod was always in his place;
He was the first in ev'ry chace;
Nor last when, o'er th' enliv'ning bowl,
The hunters felt the flow of soul.
The first, when, at the break of day,
It was—To Cover, hark away!
The last, when midnight heard the strain
Which sung the pleasures of the plain.'

Syntax

'But hunting lasts not all the year:
How did you then the moments cheer?
In the vacation of your sport
To what employ did you resort?
You read, perhaps, and can unfold
How in old times the hunter bold,
Did with strong lance and jav'lin slay
The brindled lion as his prey,
Or chac'd the boar, or sought reward
In spotted cloathing of the pard.'

Nimrod

'I've not quite lost the little knowledge,
Which I obtain'd in school and college;

But the old Greeks, those fighting-cocks,
Did not pretend to hunt the fox :
For where, think you, their hounds were bred ;
Or how, think you, their dogs were fed,
If it be true as I have read,
That, in a freak and at a sup,
They'd turn and eat their huntsman up.
—No, Sir, my books enjoy themselves
In long known quiet on their shelves.
—In summer, when the chace is o'er,
And echoing horn is heard no more,
The harvest then employ'd my care,
The sheafs to bind, the flocks to shear ;
The autumn did its fruitage yield
In ev'ry orchard, ev'ry field,
And the emptied casks receive
The juice Pomona loves to give.
The winter comes and once again
Echos awake in wood and plain,
And the loud cry of men and hound,
Was heard again the country round :
Though I those days no more shall see,
They're gone and past and lost to me :
But as a poet doth relate,
When the world's victor feasting sat,
And trumpets gave the martial strain,
He fought his battles o'er again ;—
Thus I can from my windows see
Scenes of the Nimrod chivalry ;
And with these old dogs on the floor,
I talk the former chaces o'er.
There's *Music*, whose melodious tone
Was to each pathless covert known ;
And *Captain* who was never wrong
Whenever heard to give his tongue ;
There's *Parragon* whose nose could boast,
To gain the trail whenever lost ;
And *Darling*, in the scented track
Would often lead the clam'rous pack ;
While Reynard chill despair would feel
When *Favourite* was at his heel.
Doctor, these dogs which round me lay,
Were famous creatures in their day,
And while they live they ne'er shall cease,
To know what plenty is and peace ;
Be my companions as you see,
And eke out their old age with me.
With them I sit and feel the glow
Which fond remembrance both bestow :

And when in fancy's dream, I hear
The tumults break upon my ear;
The shouting cry, the joyous sounds
Of huntsmen and the deep-mouth'd hounds;
My old age ceases to lament
My crippled limbs, my vigour spent;
I, for those moments, lose my pain,
And halloo as if young again.
'Tis true, from leaps I've dar'd to take,
That I have often risk'd my neck;
But though, thank Heaven, I've sav'd my back,
My ev'ry rib has had a crack,
And twice, 'tis true, the surgeon's hand
Has my hard batter'd scull trepann'd;
To which I add a broken arm;
And now I've told you all the harm
Which my remembrance bids me trace
In my adventures of the chace.
—For these swell'd hands and tender feet
That fix me in this gouty seat,
Which keep me coop'd as I appear,
And as you see me sitting here,
'Twas not my age of hunting past,
Which thus have kennell'd me at last:
It is Port-wine and that alone
Which brought these wretched symptoms on.
'Twas not the pleasures of the day
That bade my stubborn health decay,
But the libations of the night,
To which I owe this piteous plight.
Now of this mansion take a view,
And, Doctor, I believe it true,
Could it be gag'd and fill'd with liquor,
Myself, my sportsmen and the Vicar,
Whate'er of wine it might contain,
Have drank it o'er and o'er again.
—Philosophers and sage grave men
Have by their preaching and their pen,
Enforc'd it as a certain rule
Of conduct in the human school,
That some prime feeling doth preside
In each man's bosom as his guide,
Or right or wrong, as it may prove
The passions and affections move.
Thus some on lower objects pore,
Others aloft sublimely soar,
While many take the devious way,
And scarce know how or where they stray.

But I ne'er thought of moving higher
Than a plain, hunting Country-'Squire,
And you will think, perhaps, my aim
Has been content with vulgar fame,
When it has been my highest boast,
To ride the best, and drink the most ;
To guide the hounds with matchless grace,
To be the leader of the chace,
And when 'twas over, to be able
To lay my guests beneath the table,
While I with no unsteady head,
Could walk unstagg'ring to my bed,
Laugh at a milk-sop's wimp'ring sorrow,
Nor feel a head-ache on the morrow.
You grave Divines perhaps may flout it,
But still I love to talk about it,
And sometimes too my neighbours join ;
Though, while they take their gen'rous wine,
I feel, at length, 'tis very cruel
To pledge their toasts in water-gruel.'

WILLIAM COMBE, 1820.

The Epping Hunt

'On Monday they began to hunt.'—*Chevy Chase.*

John Huggins was as bold a man
As trade did ever know,
A warehouse good he had, that stood
Hard by the church of Bow.

There people bought Dutch cheeses round,
And single Glos'ter flat,—
And English butter in a lump,
And Irish—in a *pat.*

Six days a week beheld him stand,
His business next his heart,
At *counter* with his apron tied
About his *counter*-part.

The seventh in a sluice-house box,
He took his pipe and pot ;
On Sundays for *eel*-piety,
A very noted spot.

Ah, blest if he had never gone
Beyond its rural shed !
One Easter-tide, some evil guide
Put Epping in his head !

Epping for butter justly famed
And pork in sausage pop't ;
Where winter time, or summer time,
Pig's flesh is always *chop't.*

But famous more, as annals tell,
Because of Easter chase ;
There ev'ry year, 'twixt dog and deer,
There is a gallant race.

With Monday's sun John Huggins rose,
And slapt his leather thigh,
And sang the burthen of the song,
'This day a stag must die.'

For all the live-long day before,
And all the night in bed,
Like Beckford, he had nourish'd 'Thoughts
On Hunting' in his head.

Of horn and morn, and hark and bark,
And echo's answering sounds,
All poet's wit hath every writ
In *dog*-rel verse of *hounds.*

Alas ! there was no warning voice
To whisper in his ear,
Thou art a fool in leaving *Cheap*
To go and hunt the *deer* !

No thought he had of twisted spine,
Or broken arms or legs :
Not *chicken-hearted* he, altho'
'Twas whisper'd of his *eggs !*

Ride out he would, and hunt he would,
Nor dreamt of ending *ill* ;
Mayhap with *Dr. Ridout's* fee,
And Surgeon *Hunter's* bill.

So he drew on his Sunday boots,
Of lustre superfine ;
The liquid black they wore that day,
Was *Warren*-ted to shine.

His yellow buckskins fitted close,
As once upon a stag ;
Thus well equipt he gaily skipt,
At once, upon his nag.

But first to him that held the rein,
A crown he nimbly flung ;
For holding of the horse ?—why, no—
For holding of his tongue.

To say the horse was Huggins' own,
Would only be a brag ;
His neighbour Fig and he went halves,
Like Centaurs, in a nag.

And he that day had got the gray,
Unknown to brother cit ;
The horse he knew would never tell,
Altho' it was a *tit*.

A well bred horse he was I wis,
As he began to show,
By quickly 'rearing up within
The way he ought to go.'

But Huggins, like a wary man,
Was ne'er from saddle cast ;
Resolved, by going very slow,
On sitting very fast.

And so he jogged to Tot'n'am Cross,
An ancient town well known,
Where Edward wept for Eleanor
In mortar and in stone.

A royal game of fox and goose,
To play on such a loss ;
Wherever she set down her *orts*,
Thereby he put a *cross*.

Now Huggins had a crony here,
That lived beside the way ;
One that had promised sure to be
His comrade for the day.

Whereas the man had chang'd his mind,
Meanwhile upon the case !
And meaning not to hunt at all,
Had gone to Enfield Chase.

For why, his spouse had made him vow
To let a game alone,
Where folks that ride a bit of blood,
May break a bit of bone.

'Now, be his wife a plague for life !
A coward sure is he :'
Then Huggins turned his horse's head,
And crossed the bridge of Lea.

Thence slowly on thro' Laytonstone,
Past many a Quaker's box,—
No friends to hunters after deer,
Tho' followers of a *Fox*.

And many a score behind—before—
The self-same route inclin'd,
And minded all to march one way,
Made one great march of mind.

Gentle and simple, he and she,
And swell, and blood, and prig;
And some had carts, and some a chaise,
According to their gig.

Some long-ear'd jacks, some knacker's hacks,
(However odd it sounds),
Let out that day to *hunt*, instead
Of going to the hounds!

And some had horses of their own,
And some were forced to job it;
And some, while they inclin'd to *Hunt*,
Betook themselves to *Cob-it.*

All sorts of vehicles and vans,
Bad, middling, and the smart;
Here roll'd along the gay barouche,
And there a dirty cart!

And lo! a cart that held a squad
Of costermonger line;
With one poor hack, like Pegasus,
That slav'd for all the Nine!

Yet marvel not at any load,
That any horse might drag;
When all, that morn, at once were drawn
Together by a stag!

Now when they saw John Huggins go
At such a sober pace;
'Hallo!' cried they; 'come, trot away,
You'll never see the chase!'

But John, as grave as any judge,
Made answers quite as blunt;
'It will be time enough to trot,
When I begin to hunt!'

And so he paced to Woodford Wells,
Where many a horseman met,
And letting go the *reins*, of course,
Prepared for *heavy wet.*

And lo! within the crowded door,
Stood Rounding, jovial elf;
Here shall the Muse frame no excuse,
But frame the man himself.

A snow white head, a merry eye,
A cheek of jolly blush ;
A claret tint laid on by health,
With master reynard's brush.

A hearty frame, a courteous bow,
The prince he learn'd it from ;
His age about three-score and ten,
And there you have Old Tom.

In merriest key I trow was he,
So many guests to boast ;
So certain congregations meet,
And elevate the host.

But Huggins, hitching on a tree,
Branch'd off from all the rest

'Now welcome, lads,' quoth he, 'and prads
You're all in glorious luck :
Old Robin has a run to-day,
A noted forest buck.

'Fair Mead's the place, where Bob and Tom,
In red already ride ;
'Tis but a *step*, and on a horse
You soon may go *astride*.'

So off they scamper'd, man and horse,
As time and temper press'd ;—
But Huggins, hitching on a tree,
Branch'd off from all the rest.

Howbeit he tumbled down in time
To join with Tom and Bob,
All in Fair Mead, which held that day
Its own fair meed of mob.

Idlers to wit—no Guardians some,
Of Tattlers in a squeeze;
Ramblers, in heavy carts and vans,
Spectators, up in trees.

Butchers on backs of butchers' hacks,
That shambled to and fro'!
Bakers intent upon a buck,
Neglectful of the *dough!*

Change Alley Bears to speculate,
As usual, for a fall;
And green and scarlet runners, such
As never climb'd a wall!

'Twas strange to think what difference
A single creature made;
A single stag had caused a whole
*Stag*nation in their trade.

Now Huggins from his saddle rose,
And in the stirrups stood;
And lo! a little cart that came
Hard by a little wood.

In shape like half a hearse,—tho' not
For corpses in the least;
For this contained the *deer alive*,
And not the *dear deceased.*

And now began a sudden stir,
And then a sudden shout,
The prison-doors were opened wide,
And Robin bounded out!

His antler'd head shone blue and red
Bedeck'd with ribbons fine;
Like other bucks that come to 'list
The hawbucks in the line.

One curious gaze of mild amaze,
He turn'd and shortly took:
Then gently ran adown the mead,
And bounded o'er the brook.

Now Huggins standing far aloof,
Had never seen the deer,
Till all at once he saw the beast,
Come charging in his rear.

Away he went, and many a score
Of riders did the same,
On horse and ass—like high and low
And Jack pursuing game!

Good lord! to see the riders now,
Thrown off with sudden whirl,
A score within the purling brook,
Enjoy'd their 'early purl.'

A score were sprawling on the grass,
And beavers fell in show'rs;
There was another *Floorer* there,
Beside the Queen of Flowers!

Till all at once he saw the beast
Come charging in his rear

Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
Some had no caps to show;
But few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
Rode on in *Statue* quo.

'O dear! O dear!' now might you hear,
'I've surely broke a bone;'
'My head is sore,'—with many more
Such speeches from the *thrown.*

Howbeit their wailings never mov'd
The wide satanic clan,
Who grinned, as once the devil grinn'd
To see the fall of Man.

And hunters good, that understood,
Their laughter knew no bounds,
To see the horses 'throwing off,'
So long before the hounds.

For deer must have due course of law,
Like men the Courts among;
Before those Barristers the dogs
Proceed to 'giving tongue.'

But now Old Robin's foes were set,
That fatal taint to find,
That always is scent after him,
Yet always left behind.

And here observe how dog and man
A different temper shows,
What hound resents that he is sent
To follow his own nose?

Fowler and Jowler—howlers all,
No single tongue was mute;
The stag had led a hart, and lo!
The whole pack follow'd suit.

No spur he lack'd, fear stuck a knife
And fork in either haunch;
And every dog he knew had got
An eye-tooth to his paunch!

Away, away! he scudded like
A ship before the gale;
Now flew to 'hills we know not of,'
Now, nun-like, took the vale.

Another squadron charging now,
Went off at furious pitch;—
A perfect Tam o' Shanter mob,
Without a single witch.

But who was he with flying skirts,
A hunter did endorse,
And like a poet seem'd to ride
Upon a winged horse.

A whipper in? no whipper in:
A huntsman? no such soul:
A connoisseur, or amateur?
Why, yes,—a Horse Patrole.

A member of police, for whom
The county found a nag,
And, like Acteon in the tale,
He found himself in stag!

Away they went then dog and deer,
And hunters all away,—
The maddest horses never knew
Mad staggers such as they!

Some gave a shout, some roll'd about,
And antick'd as they rode,
And butchers whistled on their curs,
And milkmen *tally ho'd!*

About two score there were, not more,
That galloped in the race;
The rest, alas! lay on the grass,
As once in Chevy Chase!

But even those that gallopped on,
Were fewer every minute,—
The field kept getting more select,
Each thicket served to thin it.

For some pulled up, and left the hunt,
Some fell in miry bogs,
And vainly rose and 'ran a muck,'
To overtake the dogs.

And some in charging hurdle stakes,
Were left bereft of sense,
What else could be premised of blades,
That never learn'd to fence?

But Roundings, Tom and Bob, no gate,
Nor hedge nor ditch could stay;
O'er all they went, and did the work
Of leap years in a day.

And by their side see Huggins ride,
As fast as he could speed;
For, like Mazeppa, he was quite
At mercy of his steed.

No means he had, by timely check,
The gallop to remit,
For firm and fast, between his teeth,
The biter held the bitt.

Trees raced along, all Essex fled
Beneath him as he sate,—
He never saw a county go
At such a county rate!

'Hold hard! hold hard! you'll lame the dogs:'
Quoth Huggins, 'so I do,—
I've got the saddle well in hand,
And hold as hard as you!'

Good lord ! to see him ride along,
And throw his arms about,
As if with stitches in the side,
That he was drawing out !

And now he bounded up and down,
Now like a jelly shook :
Till bump'd and gall'd—yet not where Gall,
For bumps did ever look !

And rowing with his legs the while,
As tars are apt to ride ;
With every kick he gave a prick,
Deep in the horse's side !

And like a bird was singing out,
While sitting on a thorn

But soon the horse was well avenged,
For cruel smart of spurs,
For, riding through a moor he pitched
His master in a furze !

Where sharper set than hunger is
He squatted all forlorn ;
And like a bird was singing out
While sitting on a thorn !

Right glad was he, as well might be,
Such cushion to resign :
'Possession is nine points,' but his,
Seemed more than ninety-nine.

Yet worse than all the prickly points
That enter'd in his skin,
His nag was running off the while
The thorns were running in!

Now had a Papist seen his sport
Thus laid upon the shelf,
Altho' no horse he had to cross,
He might have crossed himself.

Yet surely still the wind is ill
That none can say is fair;
A jolly wight there was, that rode
Upon a sorry mare!

A sorry mare, that surely came
Of Pagan blood and bone;
For down upon her knees she went,
To many a stock and stone!

Now seeing Huggins' nag adrift,
This farmer, shrewd and sage,
Resolv'd, by changing horses here,
To hunt another stage!

Thro' felony, yet who would let
Another's horse alone,
Whose neck is placed in jeopardy
By riding on his own?

And yet the conduct of the man
Seemed honest-like and fair;
For he seem'd willing, horse and all,
To go before the *mare!*

So up on Huggins' horse he got,
And swiftly rode away,
While Huggins mounted on the mare
Done brown upon a bay!

And off they set, in double chase,
For such was fortune's whim,
The Farmer rode to hunt the stag,
And Huggins hunted him!

Alas! with one that rode so well
In vain it was to strive;
A dab was he, as dabs should be—
All leaping and alive!

And here of Nature's kindly care,
Behold a curious proof,
As nags are meant to leap she puts
A frog in every hoof!

Whereas the mare, altho' her share
She had of hoof and frog,
On coming to a gate stopp'd short
As stiff as any log ;

Whilst Huggins in the stirrup stood
With neck like neck of crane,
As sings the Scottish song—'to see
The *gate* his *hart* had gane.'

And, lo ! the dim and distant hunt
Diminish'd in a trice :
The steeds, like Cinderella's team,
Seem'd dwindling into mice ;

But tho' there was no toll at all,
They could not clear the gate

And, far remote, each scarlet coat
Soon flitted like a spark,—
Tho' still the forest murmur'd back
An echo of the bark !

But sad at soul John Huggins turn'd :
No comfort could he find ;
Whilst thus the 'Hunting Chorus' sped
To stay five bars behind.

For tho' by dint of spur he got
A leap in spite of fate—
But tho' there was no toll at all,
They could not clear the gate.

And, like Fitzjames, he cursed the hunt,
And sorely cursed the day,
And mused a new Gray's elegy
On his departed gray!

Now many a sign at Woodford Town
Its Inn-vitation tells:
But Huggins, full of ills, of course
Betook him to the Wells.

Where Rounding tried to cheer him up
With many a merry laugh:
But Huggins thought of neighbour Fig
And call'd for half-and-half.

Yet, spite of drink, he could not blink
Remembrance of his loss;
To drown a care like his, required
Enough to drown a horse.

When thus forlorn, a merry horn
Struck up without the door,
The mounted mob have all return'd,
The Epping Hunt was o'er!

And many horse was taken out
Of saddle, and of shaft;
And men, by dint of drink, became
The only '*beasts of draught*.'

For now begun a harder run
On wine, and gin, and beer;
And overtaken men discuss'd
The overtaken deer.

How far he ran, and eke how fast,
And how at bay he stood,
Deerlike, resolved to sell his life
As dearly as he could;—

And how the hunters stood aloof,
Regardful of their lives,
And shunn'd a beast, whose very horns
They knew could *handle* knives!

How Huggins stood when he was rubb'd
By help and ostler kind,
And when they cleaned the clay before,
How 'worse remain'd behind.'

And one, how he had found a horse
Adrift—a goodly gray!
And kindly rode the nag, for fear
The nag should go astray;

Now, Huggins, when he heard the tale,
Jump'd up with sudden glee;
'A goodly gray! why, then, I say
That gray belongs to me!

'Let me endorse again my horse,
Deliver'd safe and sound;
And, gladly, I will give the man
A bottle and a pound!'

And when they cleared the clay before,
How 'worse remained behind'

The wine was drunk,—the money paid,
Tho' not without remorse,
To pay another man so much,
For riding on his horse;—

And let the chase again take place
For many a long, long year—
John Huggins will not ride again
To hunt the Epping Deer!

MORAL

Thus Pleasure oft eludes our grasp,
Just when we think to grip her;
And hunting after Happiness,
We only hunt a slipper.

T. HOOD, *The Epping Hunt*, 1829.

Song to the New Year

Come New Year, and bring with thee
All true sons of Venerie—
Men who love that joyous sound,
The challenge of the eager hound,
When the wily fox is found.—
Men who shout the wild halloo
When the flying fox they view—
Men who love the merry lass—
Men who circulate the glass—
All true sportsmen bring with thee,
Wrapt in the garb of gaiety.
Cast behind thee sin and sorrow,
Give us joy to-day, to-morrow:
Give us life's choice merriment,
A foremost start, and blazing scent.
Banish frost and banish snow,
Give us horses that can go.

Sporting Magazine, July 1835. Also from *Hunting Journal of Sport in the West.*

Song

I

Stags in the forest lie, hares in the valley-o!
Web-footed otters are spear'd in the lochs;
Beasts of the chace that are not worth a Tally-ho!
All are surpassed by the gorse-cover fox!
Fishing, though pleasant,
I sing not at present,
Nor shooting the pheasant,
Nor fighting of cocks;
Song shall declare a way
How to drive care away,
Pain and despair away,
Hunting the fox!

II

Bulls in gay Seville are led forth to slaughter, nor
Dames, in high rapture, the spectacle shocks;
Brighter in Britain the charms of each daughter, nor
Dreads the bright charmer to follow the fox.
Spain may delight in
A sport so exciting;
Whilst 'stead of bull-fighting
We fatten the ox;
Song shall declare a way, &c.

III

England's green pastures are graz'd in security,
Thanks to the Saxon who car'd for our flocks!
He who reserving the sport for futurity,
Sweeping our wolves away left us the fox.

When joviality
Chases formality,
When hospitality
Cellars unlocks;
Song shall declare a way
How to drive care away,
Pain and despair away,
Hunting the fox.

R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON, 1845.

Some Love to Ride

(Parody on 'Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam')

Some love to ride o'er the flowing tide,
And dash thro' the pathless sea;
But the steed's brave bound, and the opening hound,
And the rattling burst for me.

Some track the deer o'er the mountain clear ;
But though wary the stalker's eye,
Be it mine to speed o'er the grassy mead,
And ride to a scent breast-high.
Breast-high, &c.

There are those that love all the joys to prove,
That crowd in the mantling bowl ;
Who bow to the nod of the Thracian god,
And yield him up their soul.
Some speed the ball thro' the lamp-lit hall,
With music and revel free ;
Or woo beauty's glance in the mazy dance,
But the joys of the chase for me.
For me, &c.

When we mount and away at the break of day,
And we hie to the woodland side ;
How the crash resounds as we cheer our hounds,
And still at their sterns we ride.
Then at dewy eve, when our sport we leave,
And the board we circle round,
How each boasts the speed of his fastest steed,
And the dash of his favourite hound.
His hound, &c.

Then those that will, may the bumper fill,
Or trace out the dance with glee ;
But the steed's brave bound, and the opening hound,
And the rattling burst for me.
For me, &c.

Sporting Magazine, 1850.

The Good Grey Mare

Dedicated to the Hon. Robert Grimston, in kindly remembrance of many happy days and pleasant rides

Oh ! once I believed in a woman's kiss,
I had faith in a flattering tongue,
For lip to lip was a promise of bliss,
When lips were smooth and young.
But now the beard is grey on my cheek,
And the top of my head gets bare,
So little I speak, like an Arab scheik,
And put my trust in my mare.

For loving looks grow hard and cold,
Fair heads are turned away,
When the fruit has been gathered, the tale been told,
And the dog has had his day.

But chance and change 'tis folly to rue,
Say I, the devil may care!
Nor grey nor blue is so bonny and true
As the bright brown eye of my mare.

It is good for the heart that's chilled and sad
With the death of a vain desire,
To borrow a glow that shall make it glad
From the warmth of a kindred fire.
And I leap to the saddle, a man indeed!
For all I can do and dare,
In the power and speed that are mine at need
While I sit on the back of my mare.

With the free, wide heaven above outspread,
The free, wide plain to meet,
With the lark and his carol high over my head,
And the bustling pack at my feet,
I feel no fetter, I know no bounds,
I am free as a bird in the air,
While the covert resounds in a chorus of hounds
Right under the nose of the mare.

We are in for a gallop! Away! away!
I told them my beauty could fly,
And we'll lead them a dance ere they catch us to-day,
For we mean it—my lass and I!
She skims the fences, she scours the plain,
Like a creature winged, I swear,
With snort and strain on the yielding rein;
For I'm bound to humour the mare.

They have pleached it strong; they have dug it wide;
They have turned the baulk with the plough,
The horse that can cover the whole in its stride
Is cheap at a thousand, I vow!
So I draw her together, and over we sail,
With a yard and a half to spare!
Bank, bull-finch, and rail, it's the curse of the Vale!
But I leave it all to the mare.

Away! away! they've been running to kill!
With never a check from the find.
Away! away! we are close to them still,
And the field are furlongs behind!
They can hardly deny they were out of the game,
Lost half 'the Fun of the Fair,'
Through the envious blame, and the jealous exclaim,
'How that old fool buckets his mare!'

Who-whoop! They have him! They're round him; how
They worry and tear when he's down!
'Twas a stout hill-fox when they found him; now
'Tis a hundred tatters of brown!
And the riders, arriving as best they can,
In panting plight declare,
'That first in the van was the old grey man
Who stands by the old grey mare.'

I have lived my life; I am nearly done;
I have played the game all round;
But I freely admit that the best of my fun,
I owe it to horse and hound.
With a hopeful heart and a conscience clear
I can laugh in your face, Black Care!
Though you're hovering near, there's no room for you here,
On the back of my good grey mare.

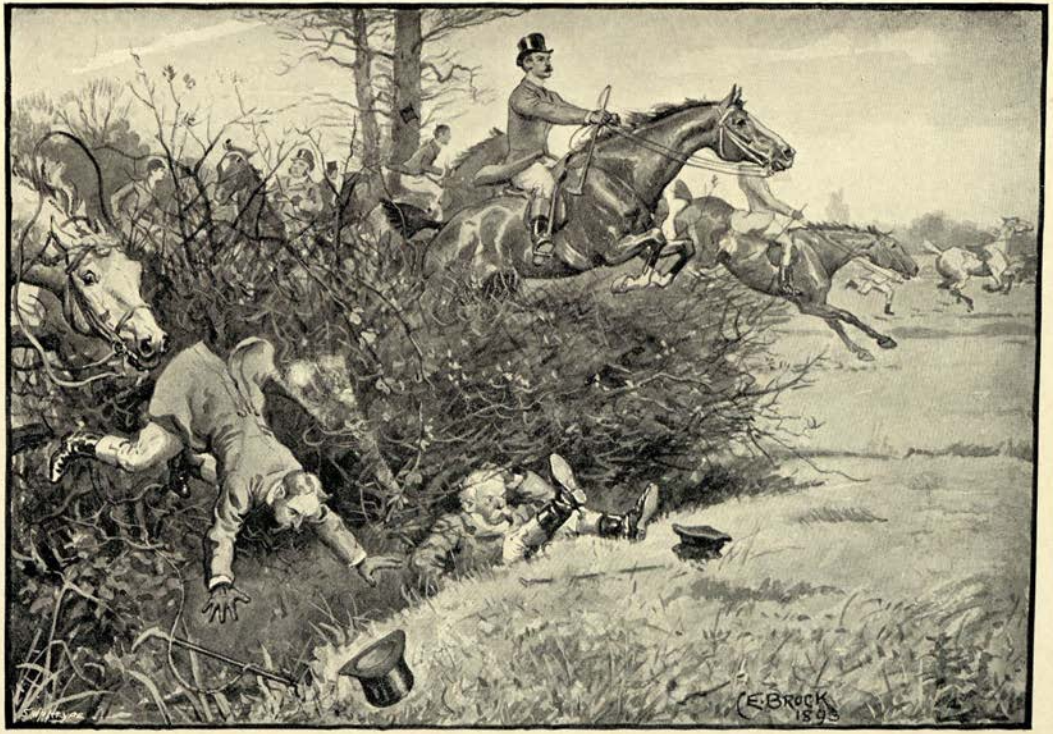
G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE, *Baily's Magazine*, November 1871.

The 'unt

Wot makes the 'untsman's 'eart to beat, what makes 'im turn so pale?
It isn't jumpin' of the ditch, nor yet the post and rail;
But it's everlastin' waitin' on the everlastin' rack
For the 'untsman of the stag'ounds and the yelpin' stag'ound pack.
O the 'unt! O the 'unt! O the dancin', prancin' 'unt!
With all the boys a-shoutin' out and frightin' of the deer,
The courage as was keen at first is gettin precious blunt,
The cockles of the 'eart is chilled, the limbs they quakes with fear.

What makes the Master swear so 'ard when off we starts at last?
And he is like pretendin' of to make a sort o' cast.
It ain't at 'alf the blessed field as goes a skulkin' round,
But at them fools as rode the scent, and one as rode an 'ound.
O the 'unt! O the 'unt! O the dashin', slashin' 'unt!
A flyin' and a rushin' to the fray;
With the boasters soon be'ind and the usual ones in front,
An' three quarters on the Queen's 'ighway.

The 'ack 'orse knows above a bit, the young un's but a fool,
The thoroughbred's a gentleman, the cob's a useful tool,
But most of these will think they bear, afore the day is done,
A plaster-cast, a horse-marine, and tailor rolled in one.
O the 'unt! O the 'unt! the appallin', fallin' 'unt!
With the 'orseman rollin' over on the ground,
While the steed's be'ind the 'edge, and 'is rider just in front,
With some sparks a floatin' sweetly round an' round.



"The appallin' fallin' 'unt!"

The screw upon the roads is lame and stumbles awful vile,
You'd 'ardly think 'e'd ever get beyond the fust 'alf mile,
But turn 'im on the grass, my boy, 'e'll think o' days gone by,
And gallop with the bravest though 'e splits 'isself and die.
O the 'unt! O the 'unt! O the bumptious, scrumptious 'unt!
When the gin is in your noddle and the 'edge is left be'ind,
And the jolly open country is a stretchin' right in front,
With the chorus of the bloomin' dawgs a floatin' on the wind.

And O! the glorious finish when the deer is brought to book,
And is bathin' of her beauties in a beastly dirty brook,
When the whips 'ave cast their whips aside and taken rods instead,
And are fishin' for to collar of the poor thing's bobbin 'ead!
O the 'unt! O the 'unt! O the variegated 'unt!
With its jumpin' and its funkin' and its fishin' all combined.
When the red-coats tug be'ind and the quarry tugs in front,
With a rope about 'er little neck entwined.

And when at length the sport is o'er and night's a drawin' nigh,
And we jogs along together and uncarts the common lie,
Then each one tells of what 'e did when no one else was near,
And 'ow 'e jumped that six-barred gate with not a thought of fear.
O the 'unt! O the 'unt! O the lyin', flyin' 'unt!
That we all can boast about at night when the liquor's movin' free!
Then from the start until the take all finds they rode in front,
Though 'ow the deuce it came about I'm blest if I can see!

Bolts

I've a head like a violin-case; I've a jaw like a piece of steel;
I've a mouth like india-rubber, and devil a bit I feel;
So I've had my fun with a biped thing that clambered upon my back,
And I'm in at the death, though I'm panting for breath, right bang in the midst of the pack.

With a cockney sportsman mounted on top,
That has hired me out for the day,
It's the moment for me to be off for a spree
In a new and original way.
In my own most original way.
Oats! but my spirits were gay!
When I betted my bit that my rider should sit
Somewhere else ere the close of the day.

I started a gentle canter ; I felt him bob about,
His spurs went in, and the roots of sin, they whipped my hind legs out.
He put his arms around my neck, 'twas kindly meant, I swear,
But he had no call to spoil it all by pulling out half my hair.

They whipped my hind legs out

He left his hat in a puddle, he left his whip on a gate,
The briars knew where, but I don't care, the bits of his tunic wait ;
He bade me stay, I raced away, to the sound of the huntsman's horn,
And at last I laid him gently in the arms of a bold blackthorn.

The whip waits safe in the harness-room, the groom in the stable yard,
It's not that I mind a tanning—my hide's grown far too hard—
But that tied to a fly I'm safe to die, and on chaff and straw abstain,
For sure as I snort, if they give me this sort, of course I shall do it again.

With a cockney sportsman mounted on top,
That has hired me out for the day,
It's the moment for me to be off for a spree
In a new and original way.

In the arms of a bold blackthorn

In my own most original way.
Oats! but my spirits were gay!
When I betted my bit that my rider should sit,
Somewhere else ere the close of the day.

Great Guns

BY A MEMBER OF THE BURSTOW HUNT

Scorning the thickest of cover, scorning the closest of gorse,
We watch the keenest of sportsmen riding his old brown horse;
With twenty couple around him, and to every youngster it's clear
That only the pick of the puppies will hunt in the following year.

Yet they all love the Master—the Master he loves each one !
And if there's a fox in the cover he'll show us the way to the fun ;
It may send in its brush and surrender, or choose out straight courses or rounds,
It may go where it please, it may climb up the trees, but it won't get away from the hounds !

He sends us along where the roads are, but mostly he goes where they ain't,
He slips from each cover to cover, till half the young ladies are faint ;
But when the fox steals to the open he welcomes us back to his side,
And the gas-er who fancies his knowledge grows wiser in watching him ride.

If a man plays the fool, why, he *whispers* and teaches him how to behave,
If a bounder comes pressing before him, to show that he isn't afraid,
He'll allow him to lead till he's sorry, then show him that knowledge and sense
Are needed by every rider at timber, or water, or fence.

He's the friend of the owner and tenant, and welcomes them all to the meet,
But woe to the cockney beginner, who doesn't know stubble from wheat !
He'll think that he's found out a short cut, and is gaining an excellent start,
But find that it cuts him in two ways—and one in the pride of his heart.

From the hour of the meet in the morning to the time of the fading of light,
We follow our Master contented, whene'er we can keep him in sight.
And a view of his coat is our beacon, the sound of his horn is our call,
But his cheer to the hounds when he's near us—ah ! that is the sweetest of all !

Then away we can go from the cover, and leaving the prickly gorse,
Can follow that keenest of sportsmen riding his old brown horse ;
The boaster may say what his road was, or how the great hedges flew past,
I'm thankful to mercies vouchsafed me, if only I'm in at the last.

For you all love the Master—the Master he loves you !
And when the fox breaks from the cover o' course it'll know what to do.
Just send in its brush and surrender, or run in straight courses or rounds,
It may go where it please, it may climb up the trees, but it won't get away from the hounds !

Jorrocks, or the Sporting Tomlinson

Now Jorrocks went to sleep one night and dreamt that he was dead,
And he thought a spirit was standing near just close beside his bed.
The spirit grinned a ghastly grin, as a fox when brought to bay,
Then slung poor Jorrocks on his back, and bore him far away.

The spirit grinned a ghastly grin

Right through the dripping clouds they dipped and down and down they fell,
Till at last they came to a roadside inn, the half-way house to Hell.
The spirit tied our hero up in a sack which would not fit,
And a vixen at the bar did laugh and giggled till she split ;

But when she found she'd come in two, she had a little cry,
Then swore it was the bag-man's fault and the spirit answered 'Ay!'
'The coverts of sin,' he said, 'were thin, and the Devil had bade him go
And import some men from the earth above and carry them down below.
Now here's one understands the game, a good old hunting sort,
And I guess when the hell-hounds are on his track he'll show some pretty sport.'
At this he filled a goblet full of sparkling liquid flame
And bade the other spirits there to join and do the same.
So very soon the room was full of smoke and oaths and laughter,
While our poor hero in a sack hung dangling from a rafter.
Then Jorrocks he was filled with wrath and he began to bluster,
Though his soul, with fear, had turned as white as a housemaid's dirty duster.
'Tell me,' quoth he, 'I pray what means this most unseemly revel?
If I am bound for Hell, be quick and take me to the Devil!'
'You're bound all right,' they answered him, 'nor will you soon get back.
For though you're in one now, down there, they never give the *sack*.
It's only fair you should have rest after the toil and strife,
Since you've been trotting down the road for well nigh all your life!'
Then Jorrocks peeping through a hole did yammer, 'Let me out!'
But the fox-like fiends they only grinned and swung the bag about.
At last they seized their wretched prey whose prayer they would not heed,
And tied the sack on the bony back of a big, black, bounding steed.
From his place of doom, as they bumped along, he saw the stars at play
And his soul was turned to butter as they churned through the milky way.
But they came at last to the gate of Hell, and one spoke loud and clear,
'Come, tell us I, pray, what sort of game you've bagged in that sacking there?'
But the demon horse was out of breath and could not make reply,
So Jorrocks thought of his grammar for once, and answered 'It is I!'
The Devil lifted his noble brush, and the little foxes fled,
'Aha!' quoth he, 'so the M.F.H. of the Surrey Hunt is dead!'
And though the price of good hell-hounds is rising day by day,
I'll eat my mask if the very best on your track we fail to lay.

Yea, none shall tell that ere it fell, that I once suffered scorn
From the keenest of British sportsmen that ever in town was born.
Sit down, sit down upon the slag, while we are getting ready,
A ride in that old sack would make a very fox unsteady !'
Then did our sportsman being free, look up and up and up ;
And 'Sure !' said he, 'my sorrow is o'erflowing of its cup !'
And then he looked all round and round and loudly uttered 'Zounds !'

A big, black, bounding steed

For Hell seemed overflowing too and pouring out its hounds
Now scenes began to get confused, as scenes will do in dreams,
When the world gets topsy-turvy, and nought is as it seems.
For a whisper passed and at its sound our hero he did run,
'The sport ye go to two and two ye must pay for one by one !'
He saw a sight that well might fright the boldest human heart,
Two hundred mounted foxes all a-waiting for the start !
He got confused, the hounds drew near, he scanned the country round,
But not a sign of shrub or tree could anywhere be found ;

He thought again, and as he thought, he watched his trembling knees,
And then remembered with delight that boots oft covered *trees*:
He therefore slipped his brown tops off, but found they'd done him *brown*,
For those who brought him here, alas! had left the *trees* in town.
Then through his brain there flashed a thought, straight as a well-sent rocket,
He had a sporting novel put within his great coat pocket;
So out he took it, and in haste he dived beneath the *cover*,
But there was little substance there, alack! he did discover.
It was as thin as thin could be, no deep and restful places,
And so he turned, in his despair, and thought about his *braces*;
A brace of foxes would confuse the finest hounds he knew,
So his suspenders he took off and tore them right in two.
He got his breeches caked with mire, as onward he did rush,
Which made him wonder who the *deuce* would ever get his *brush*.
To join in such a masquerade he found a gruesome task
And stroked his whiskers to be sure he still had on his *mask*.
The hounds rushed on, he felt their breath, it cut him as a knife,
And like an over-eaten fox he bolted for his life.
The Devil blew upon his horn and set it down to cool,
Then whipped a hell-bred puppy up and called the thing a fool.
Now Jorrocks he looked to and fro, but there was little grace,
For the plains of Hell seemed endless, a desert of naked space.
And still they come, and still they run, the hounds seem *deuced* fresh
As their poor prey bore on his way a ponderous load of flesh.
The pace he felt was getting hot, 'In such a prickly heat,'
He said 'no man would come with joy to any *game* or *meet*;
While *flying* all my flesh doth *crawl*, I'm *blown* before I die,
A *fly* 's *laid* on me, how I wish they'd *lay* me on a *fly*.'
Still o'er the coal they chased his soul and round and round, and round
Till at last, in a tomb, he found just room to burrow and go to ground.
The fiendish crew now nearer drew, and cried in tones of ire,
'Did we not pay some fool to-day to stop up these with fire?'
The Devil he bowed his head in his fur and yapped out sharp and clear
'Go forth and say I want to-day some graveyard diggers here.
For close he lies and deep he lies, and if we give him grace,
I fear this Surrey hunting man might flout me to the face.
He'd call my pack a half-bred crew, and me a wretched stag-man,
If I should fail to see the end of such a bloated bag-man!'
The diggers came, the diggers dug, and one gripped Jorrocks tightly,
All covered as he was with mud, for once he looked unsightly,

"Then to the master him they brought."

Then to the master him they brought, a simple mould of clay,
And said, 'The brush he must have had he's bartered clean away.
We've looked him o'er, behind, before, and turned him round and round,
But only two he must have stole could anywhere be found.
We have handled him, we have dandled him, and traced his spinal bone,
But sure if tooth and nails shew truth, he has no brush of his own!'
The Devil blew a loud too-too, and took his prey with care.
'You have scarce the fang of a man,' said he, 'but the roots of some are there.'
Then Jorrocks whispered in his ear, 'What mean you with that knife?
Are you about to take my mask, before you take my life?'
The huntsman blushed a rosy pink, his heart was filled with shame,
To think that he'd quite forgotten a rule of the grand old game.
'I'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed, that I should give you pain,
'But I do not see the way,' said he, 'to start you off again.
Go hence, go hence to the upper land, for my companions wait,
There's no more time for a run to-day, it's getting far too late.'
To answer this poor Jorrocks failed, the argument it beat him,
The knife went in, and 'whoop!' he heard, 'now tear 'im up and eat 'im.'
The steel drove through his quivering lips a very piercing scream
Which, penetrating slumber sound, cut up his mangled dream.

The Young British Sportsman

When the sporting young cockney comes out for a ride
He acts like a fool, and he shows too much side,
And he thinks men admire when they only deride
The form that he shows as a sportsman.

Now all you young mashers out hunting to-day,
Stop cracking your lashes and hark to my lay,
And I'll sing you a sportsman, as far as I may,
A sportsman that's fit for a sportsman.

First mind you keep clear of the breakfast some give,
For your wisdom's not great, and as sure as you live
The liquor will wash it away through your sieve,
And you'll need all you've got as a sportsman.

When the funk takes your heart—as it will past a doubt—
Keep your hand from the flask that you long to take out,
For when whiskey goes in there'll be folly about,
And it muddles the brain of a sportsman.

But the worst of your foes is the pride in your pate,
And to seem not to know is the thing that you hate,
If you try to show off you will meet with the fate
Of fools who would like to be sportsmen!

As you're riding to cover don't look for a rail,
When you clear it, men call you an ass, if you fail
You will miss a day's fun, and you'll find that the tale
Will cling to your back as a sportsman.

In choosing a hunter take care she is old,
A knowing old hack is the best I am told,
She'll keep you from being too shy or too bold,
And teach you the work of a sportsman.

The language is strong that some give to the young British sportsman

But if she refuse, then to press her be loath,
She knows better than you do, of that take your oath,
And to jump might mean often a fall for you both
Which might crumple the limbs of a sportsman.

But when she is willing just give her her head,
Stick close to your saddle and go where you're led,
And when you fall off do not fancy you're dead,
For the mud is made soft to the sportsman.

If you see the fox sneak from the cover and go
Away from the open, just lie precious low
Close up to the cover, don't shout 'Tally-ho!'
For it ruins the run of a sportsman.

If you fancy you know that the huntsman is wrong,
And think that the fox has some other way gone,
Keep the thought to yourself, for the language is strong
That some give to the young British sportsman.

And remember this rule, if you want to be right,
That the sport, not the riding, should be your delight;
You are mounted to see it, so keep well in sight
Of the hounds who are really the sportsmen.

And when you ride home at the end of the day
Don't brag of your doings the whole of the way,
You'll be judged by your deeds, not the words that you say,
And the boaster is seldom a sportsman.

Au Revoir

There's a feel in the air, and a look of don't care,
On the riders half-baked in the sun,
And the hounds seem asleep, and the scent it won't keep,
So we know that our hunting is done.
We have had too much of the eastern wind,
And the ground has cried for the rain,
But it seems very hard from a run we're debarred,
When we cannot go hunting again!

So it's now good-bye to you all, dear boys,
We've seen the season through,
For it's time to shut up the old sport, our own sport, the grand sport,
Yet the time will appear, ere the end of the year, for the sport that is always new.

We may go right away for our work or our play,
And float round the Earth while we live,
We may try every resort of amusement or sport,
But we shan't find what England will give.

When the leaves fall off from the trees, dear boys,
And the meadows are steeped in dew,
We shall turn once more to the old sport, our own sport, the grand sport,
Together we'll come and we'll join in the fun of the sport that is always new.

In the days that seem cold to the weak and the old,
When the twice breathed air blows damp,
What a joy we shall find in the kiss of the wind,
As off to the meet we can tramp.

There's a joy in the thought of the time, dear boys,
When the days of the summer are through,
And our thoughts go back to the old sport, our own sport, the grand sport,
When we meet once again, though it sleet or it rain, for the sport that is always new.

There are plenty of sorts of what people call sports,
There's the way of a man with a maid,
There is hunting the hare, but for that I don't care,
And of Polo I'm somewhat afraid.
There's one of them only for us, dear boys,
Whatever the world may do,
If there's only a chance of the old sport, our own sport, the grand sport,
We let the rest bide and together we'll ride in the sport that is always new.

There's a game that some play for the whole of the day,
Of putting a ball in a hole,
And men grin with delight if they hit it aright
With a stick that they cannot control.
Some say they left hunting for this, dear boys,
But before we believe it is true,
We must see them out once at the old sport, our own sport, the grand sport,
Then perhaps we may say, why they wandered away from the sport that is always new.

For wherever I've been, or whatever I've seen
Of rider or fox-hound or horse,
If you gave them their way they would hunt every day
And ask for no other resource.
For whatever they do in the summer, dear boys,
Beneath all its mystical blue,
In the autumn they'll turn to the old sport, our own sport, the grand sport,
Yes, you'll find they'll arrive if they're only alive, for the sport that is always new.

There is only one fear that will ever come near
The sportsman with terrible dread,
That misfortunes may fold him and bind him and hold him,
From hunting before he is dead.
But I wish you a better luck, dear boys—
Though your steed should be only a screw—
Than longing in vain for the old sport, our own sport, the grand sport,
Or tearing your hair in a fit of despair for the sport that is always new.

I am breaking my heart that so soon we must part,
But what happens is often the best,
For after this season I'm sure there's good reason
For giving our horses a rest.

You can hear the call of the final horn,
So why should we still remain,
You have heard my song which is far too long,
Farewell, till we meet again.

Heaven knows where we shall go, dear boys,
And the deuce knows what we shall do,
Till we're back once more at the old sport, our own sport, the grand sport,
Till the time comes again, as it will, dear boys, for the sport that is always new.

S. F. OUTWOOD.

VARIOUS

Saint Patrick

No doubt, St. Patrick was an Angler
  Of credit and renown, Sir,
And many a shining trout he caught,
  Ere he built Dublin town, Sir.
Old story says, (it tells no lies)
  He fish'd with bait and line, Sir,
At every throw he had a bite,
  Which tugg'd and shook the twine, Sir.

In troubled streams he lov'd to fish,
  Then salmon could not see, Sir,
The trout, and eels, and also pike,
  Were under this decree, Sir,
And this, perhaps, may solve a point,
  With other learn'd matters, Sir,
Why Irishmen still love to fish
  Among troubled waters, Sir.

Some likewise say, and even sware,
  He was a godly saint, Sir,
And made 'loose fish' for all the land,
  And trout as red as paint, Sir.
And as a relic of his power,
  It was his ardent wish, Sir,
That dear old Erin should always have,
  A number of 'odd fish,' Sir.

Written at Trinity College, Dublin, 1810.
From *The Angler's Song Book.* Compiled and edited by
ROBERT BLAKEY. 1855.

Heredity

Treat children's sport with laughter,
  Or, if you will, with tears ;
Such joy comes not hereafter,
  Through all our later years.
We scarcely now can measure
  By backward cast of thought,
The ecstasy of pleasure
  Crushed from the lees of sport.

Though years may rend in sunder—
  And what will time not rend ?—
The bright thin line of wonder,
  With mystery at the end ;
Yet passion's quenchless ember
  Is with us even yet ;
Through children we remember
  What else we might forget.

We watch the eager glances
  By keen expectance cast,
To where the light float dances
  In every playful blast.
Below, what hidden treasure
  May now be hovering near,
Pausing, to add to pleasure
  A spice of groundless fear.

See how the forms so soundless
  Now quicken into life.
Hope pours forth measure boundless
  On the approaching strife,
Ah, should that rod dismember,
  What sorrow and regret
'Twill be but to remember,
  Yet harder to forget.

Now from those hidden places—
  The carp's soft well-loved home—
Watched for by eager faces
  At last he has to roam.
In vain his fits of leisure,
  In vain his angry strain,
For, through the gills of pleasure
  Has passed the hook of pain,

Fain would he now unbidden
Return the tempting bait,
In which was deftly hidden
The deadly barb of Fate.
He'll fast till next December
Should he escape the net,
Or, anyway remember
Until he shall forget.

Each tug of consternation
Gives zest to careful play,
When eager expectation
Is held in caution's sway.
But any violent measure,
Or any sudden strain,
Might change the foam of pleasure
To froth of fretful pain.

Now is the battle ending,
And firmness skill must take,
For though the rod is bending
It will not lightly break.
Children can scarcely measure
The strength of line as yet,
And by each loss remember
The fish they failed to get.

The net is waiting ready
Its prize to safely fold,
Keep eye and hand both steady,
Nor slacken now your hold.
Grant but a scanty measure
Of line, lest he regain
His earlier flower of pleasure,
Your latter leaf of pain.

'Tis done. Among the rushes
His glittering body lies,
Excitement throbs in blushes,
Light dances in the eyes.
I feel the dying ember
Of sport burns in me yet.
What childhood's days remember
Age scarcely will forget.

From a MS. No date, but evidently after one of Swinburne's Ballads.

"The net is waiting ready."

Going out a Shooting

Some friends of mine for mirth and glee,
Fix'd on a day to have a spree,
When 'twas agreed upon that we,
Should all go out a shooting.
There was Will Smith and Stephen Shore,
With Harry Blunt and Bobby Blower,
Besides old Muggins and Dickey Moore,
I think in all full half a score.
Towards the autumn's dreary close,
When frost begins to nip the toes,
These friends of mine they did propose,
We should go out a shooting.
With powder, wadding, dog, and gun,
Up, sportsmen, up! the day's begun,
I never shall forget the fun
We had when going a shooting.

'Twas at old Muggins' house we met,
All ripe for fun, a jovial set,
We had cigars, and just a wet,
Before we went a shooting.
Old Muggins he a musket had,
Which was his father's when a lad,
While Bobby Blower made a fuss
About his uncle's blunderbuss.
Determined all things should be right,
We primed and loaded over night,
Some full four hours before 'twas light
We were to start a shooting.

As off down Fenchurch-street we set,
Towards St. George's Church to get,
A lot of the New Police we met,
As we went out a shooting.
The Searjeant quick did collar me,
The rest, as they the guns did see,
Sung out, 'Lads, here's a burglary!
What's in those bundles—Come, let's (see?)'
With that a dreadful fight arose,
And Muggins got a broken nose,
So off we to the Station-house goes,
Instead of out a shooting.
At length, by paying, something each,
As we for freedom did beseech,
We did contrive to mend the breech,
And started off a shooting.

Every thing then went on right well,
No pleasure sure could ours excell,
Until we came to Camberwell,
When we a precious fog did smell;
So thick and in such clouds arose,
Like cobwebs it hung on our clothes,
None saw an inch before his nose,
As we went out a shooting.
Disasters still did follow nigh,
For as we crossed o'er Peckham Rye,
Bob poked his gun in Bill Smith's eye,
As (we) went out a shooting.

At length so dreadful came the fog,
Poor Muggins fell into a bog;
His gun went off, and shot his dog
As dead as any wooden log;
And when he again on dry ground stood,
We laughed, though forced to chew the cud,
To see his mouth stuffed full of mud,
Through going out a shooting.
We halted just about day break,
As all our heads began to ache,
And thought we would some breakfast take,
Ere we commenced our shooting.

Upon a stile then nicely moored,
We had of meat a perfect hoard,
The gin and water we had stored,
Into our tumblers then we poured.
But it seems, misfortune never halts,
For Muggins' wife who had her faults,
Instead of gin had packed up Salts,
For him to take a shooting.
We every step through rain did come,
At last we saw poor Muggins home,
Who vows he ne'er again will roam,
At least to go a shooting.

For my part I can only say
I never spent so sad a day,
And as to birds, black, white, or grey,
We did not see one all the way.
Now Muggins sits at home and crams,
And sells his butter, eggs, and hams,
But as for sporting fairly d——s
The day he went a shooting.
With powder, wadding, &c.

Ballad.

"His gun went off, and shot his dog."

Don't talk of September

Don't talk of September!—a lady
Must think it of all months the worst!
The men are preparing already
To take themselves off on the first:
I try to arrangé a small party,
The girls dance together,—how tame!
I'd get up *my* game of écarté,
But *they* go to bring down *their* game.

Last month, their attention to quicken,
A supper I knew was the thing;
But now from my turkey and chicken
They're tempted by birds on the wing.
They shoulder their terrible rifles,
(It's really too much for my nerves!)
And slighting *my sweets and my trifles*,
Prefer my Lord Harry's *preserves*.

Miss Lovemore, with great consternation,
Now hears of the horrible plan,
And fears that her little flirtation
Was only a flash in the pan!
Oh! marriage is hard of digestion,
The men are all sparing of words;
And now, 'stead of *popping the question*,
They set off to *pop at the birds*.

Go, false ones, your aim is so horrid,
That love at the sight of you dies;
You care not for locks on the forehead,—
The *locks* made by Manton you prize!
All thoughts sentimental *exploding*,
Like *flints* I behold you depart:
You heed not, when priming and loading,
The load you have left on my heart.

They talk about patent percussions,
And all preparations for sport,
And these *double barrel* discussions
Exhaust *double bottles* of port!
The dearest is deaf to my summons,
As off on his pony he jogs;
A doleful condition is woman's;
The men are all *gone to the dogs*.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, *The Sportsman*, 1833.

The Double Barrel

When round the Sportsman's festive board
The sparkling bumper passes,
With joyous *toasts* each flask is stored,
'The Queen!' and '*All good Lasses!*'
The *Turf*, the *Stubble*, *Fox*, or *Stag*,
The *Harriers*, or some winning *Nag*,
The '*Long Dogs*' or the *Race!*
Some drink a fav'rite *Pointer*, some
The '*Patrons of the Chace.*'
Next *Shooting*, *Coursing*, *Angling*, come
The flowing bowl to grace;
But ever, while we live,
The '*Barrel!*' let us give,
With three times three, huzza!
For we *hoop* the *Barrel* and *fill* the *Barrel*,
And *tap* the *Barrel* and *swill* the *Barrel*,
We *load* the *Barrel* and *prime* the *Barrel*,
Present the *Barrel* and *fire* the *Barrel*,
And *shoulder* the *Barrel* and *bottle* the *Barrel*,
And *drink* and *fire* away!

CHORUS

We *shoulder* the *Barrel* and *bottle* the *Barrel*,
And *drink* and *fire* away!

For table sports there's Meux's Entire,
And Barclay mixed with Perkins,
And Hanb'ry's *Barrels* full of *fire*,
While Trueman warms their *workings*.
When *shooting* wagers Sportsmen *lay*
An Egg or Manton they display,
To bring the coveys down,
And bag some dozen brace a-day,
To feed their friends in Town.
Percussion cap and ramrod gay,
And *Barrel* nicely brown;
Then ever while you live,
The *Barrel* let us give,
With three times three, huzza!
For we *hoop*, &c.

The *Sporting Farmer's* Harvest Night
The *Barrel's* value prizes;
And Old *October* makes more bright
Fairs, Races, or Assizes.

The *soldier*, who at *Waterloo*
Or *Egypt*, reap'd the *harvest* due,
Where *British* arms prevail,
The *Barrel* gaily broach'd, when full
His *spirits* to regale ;
And *glass* or *trigger*, took a pull
At *powder* or of *ale.*
Then ever while we live,
The *Barrel* let us give,
With three times three, huzza !
For we *hoop*, &c.

And may good-natured *Johnny Bull*,
His friends while entertaining,
Fill all their jolly *Barrels* full,
And yet have store remaining ;
And Cellar, Orchard, House and Field,
Old English cheer superior yield,
And plenty be his lot !
Ne'er may he want for gold or game
Or be by friends forgot :
And all he *marks* with *honest* aim
Turn out a *lucky shot.*
And let us while we live,
The *Barrel* boldly give
With three times three, huzza !
For we *hoop*, &c.

T. DIBDIN, *The Sportsman*, August 1839.

Sonnet

TO LORD WHARNCLIFFE, ON HIS GAME BILL

I'm fond of partridges, I'm fond of snipes,
I'm fond of black cocks, for they're very good cocks—
I'm fond of wild ducks, and I'm fond of woodcocks,
And grouse that set up such strange moorish pipes.
I'm fond of pheasants with their splendid stripes—
I'm fond of hares, whether from Whig or Tory—
I'm fond of capercailzies in their glory,—
Teal, widgeons, plovers, birds in all their types :
All these are in your care, Law-giving Peer,
And when you next address your Lordly Babel,
Some clause put in your Bill, precise and clear,
With due and fit provision to enable
A man that holds all kinds of game so dear
To keep, like Crockford, a good Gaming Table.

THOMAS HOOD, *Poetical Works*, Boston 1856.

Elegy in the Kennels

The rising mist foretells the opening day,
The foxhounds slowly move toward the meet,
The huntsman onward plods his weary way
And leaves me wrapt in meditation sweet.

Now fades the glimmering warmth that once he felt,
And all his flesh a biting stillness knows,
Save when the welcome flask the ice may melt,
And pleasant trickling lull his dreary woes.

Save when from yonder well-conducted pack
Some foolish pup will riot on the way,
Needing a warming influence on its back,
The biting line which severs sport from play.

Beyond those leafless elms and laurels' shade
The turrets of a noble mansion peep ;
Beneath, the master of the pack is laid
Still wrapt in deep and most melodious sleep.

The muffled calls of soft, mist-laden morn
Have o'er his dreams a fitful influence shed,
The cock's shrill clarion seems an echoing horn,
He hunts in dreams and takes his rails in bed.

For him now soon the blazing hearth shall burn,
And busy housemaids ply their morning care,
The patient hack awaits her sportless turn
And envies much her brother hunter's share.

Oft in her earlier days she too has known
The early start, the wild and glad delight
Of maddening speed, and now she must atone
For too great joy by but a passing sight.

Let not young blood bursting with pride of sport
Mock at her lot or scorn her present state,
Nor thoroughbreds with a disdainful snort
Think they are destined for a nobler fate.

The boast of pedigree, the pomp of power,
The matchless speed, the leap that knows no bounds,
Await alike the inevitable hour,—
The paths of glory lead but to the hounds.

And you, ye proud young hunter, think no scorn
If memory of their deeds retains no proof,
Or if to yonder hall shall ne'er be borne
The silver-mounted relic of their hoof.

Can pin-stored cushion or an inkstand bring
Back to its stall the dear departed steed ;
Can honour's voice, engraved upon the thing,
Call back the pleasure of some bygone deed ?

Perchance to this forsaken spot is brought
Some mare upon whose fading lines we trace
Points, that to wiser owners would have taught
Her marvellous capacity to race.

But knowledge, to some souls, its ample store
Rich with the spoils of time can ne'er impart ;
Her foolish owner lives but to deplore
His sixteen stone that broke her eager heart.

Full many a horse of purest blood, I ween
Of man's blind ignorance must bear the stab ;
Full many a racer has to blush unseen
Between the blinkers, in a London cab.

Some Isinglass that once with matchless speed
Might well have heard victorious shouts of joy
Is deemed by ignorance a worthless weed,
And gallops round the Row a lady's toy.

Far from the madding crowd's more noble strife
His sober wishes never learned to stray,
But round the ring of fashionable life
He keeps the even canter of his way.

The thoughtless world to victory may bow,
Exalt the winner, idolise success ;
But in these precincts I would wander now
To those whom fortune ne'er conspired to bless.

And I, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Do in these notes their woeful lot relate,
Am by this spot's associations led
To meditate thus sadly on their fate.

The good and bad, when death gives place to strife,
Have hounds alike for tombstone and for tomb ;
The hunter mocks the vanity of life,
And still pursues the emblem of his doom.

Can he, when hounds race o'er some distant mead,
See them, as scattered tombstones, fleck the green,
And on each one a different writing read
In memory of misfortunes that have been ?

EPITAPH

Here rests a comrade who, upon this earth,
Had neither fame nor happy fortune known,
They worked and starved him from his very birth
And left us nothing but his skin and bone.

ANON.

Limerick Races

I am a simple Irish lad, I've resolv'd to have some fun, sirs,
So to satisfy my mind, to Limerick town I come, sirs ;
Oh, murther ! what a precious place, and what a charming city,
Where the boys are all so free, and the girls are all so pretty.
Musha ring a ding a da,
Ri too ral laddy O,
Musha ring a ding a da,
Ri too ral laddy O.

It was on the first of May when I began my rambles,
When everything was there, both jaunting cars and gambols ;
I looked along the road what was lined with smiling faces,
All driving off ding-dong, to go and see the races.

So then I was resolved to go and see the race, sirs,
And on a coach-and-four I neatly took my place, sirs,
When a chap calls out, 'behind !' and the coachman dealt a blow, sirs,
Faith, he hit me just as fair as if his eyes were in his poll, sirs.

So then I had to walk, and make no great delay, sirs,
Until I reached the course, where everything was gay, sirs ;
It's then I spied a wooden house and in the upper story,
The band struck up a tune, called, 'Garry Owen and glory.'

There was fidlers playing jigs, there was lads and lasses dancing,
And chaps upon their nags round the course, sure, they were prancing ;
Some was drinking whisky punch, while others bawl'd out gaily,
Hurrah, then for the shamrock green, and the splinter of shillelah.

There was betters to and fro, to see who would win the race, sirs,
And one of the sporting chaps of course came up to me, sirs ;
Says he, 'I'll bet you fifty pounds, and I'll put it down this minute,'
'Ah, then, ten to one,' says I, 'the foremost one will win it.'

When the players came to town, what a funny set was they,
I paid my two thirteens to go and see the play ;
They acted kings and cobblers, queens, and everything so gaily,
But I found myself at home when they struck up Paddy Carey.
Musha ring a da, &c.

Crampton Ballads.

The Dirge of the Defaulter

A FRAGMENTARY PARODY

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet the place is still ;
Leave me here, and when you want me, whistle 'twixt your fingers shrill.
'Tis the place and all around it, 'as it used to was to be ;'
Sweeping wildly o'er the Downs, career the breezes fresh and free !
Epsom Downs that in the distance overlook the smiling plain,
And the smoky crown of London brooding over dome and fane.
Many a time from yon enclosure, with a palpitating heart,
Did I watch the Derby horses sloping downwards to the start ;
Many a time I saw the war-cloud sweeping round the dreaded curve,
Where the game 'uns make their effort, and the craven coursers swerve ;
There about the Ring I wandered, filling up with anxious care
That tiny-pencilled volume, not as yet beyond 'compare ;'
When the 'centuries' before me, like a glorious vision shone,
And I stuck to every dead 'un like a limpet to a stone ;
When I dipt into the future, far as human pluck could dip,
Ere as yet the weights were published, or the public had the tip :
In the spring a fuller scarlet gleams on Martin Starling's back—
In the spring the wanton master to his trainer gives the sack—
In the spring a livelier chorus at the Sporting Clubs is met—
In the spring a young man's 'fancy' slightly turns his thought to bet.
Then his cheek was rather redder than it was before he dined,
And I fully thought to fathom all the secrets of his mind :
And I said, 'My lovely William, speak and tell the truth to me ;
People say that you've a dead 'un—shall I take it so to be?'
O'er the trainer's crimson'd visage came a deeper shade of red,
Such as I have seen in beetroot, or a vernal rhubarb-bed ;
And he turned, his bosom shaken with a simulated sigh,
And methought I twigg'd a twinkle in the corner of his eye ;
Saying, 'I have hid his failings, fearing they should knock him out ;'
Saying, 'Do they back him, Joey?' I replied, 'Without a doubt.'
Up I took my betting-book, and laid against him like a man,
Every time I wrote his name, my hand in 'golden numbers' ran,
Yet I kidded as I betted, and I tipped my friends aright ;
'*Costermonger* for the Derby—Coster beats 'em out of sight.'
Many a morning at the Corner did I ring the corpse's knell,
And my pulse beat rather higher to accommodate a swell ;
Many an evening at the 'Albert' did I watch the market's tone,
And my spirits rose exulting when I found he hadn't 'gone.'

O my William, false and shallow, thief and liar, rogue and rip,
O my addle-pated rashness in relying on your tip!
Falser than a Welsher's promise, frailer than a fallen dove,
Puppet of a robber gang, and servile to a Jewish love!
Can you have the face to greet me?—having known you, I decline
To continue the acquaintance, or be any pal of thine.

. . . . . .

Had I dipt into the future, what a vision had I seen
(Ere as yet my days were blighted, and my life was all serene)—
Seen 'the Hill' in revel rolling, argosies of tiny broughams,
Temporary brides of pleasure with their dissipated grooms;
Heard the millions roar 'They're coming,' where I tremulously sat,
While a nation for the moment doff'd the many-fashioned hat.
Far and wide a mighty murmur through the craning myriads ran,
'Costermonger for a monkey,' and I watched him in the van
Till the frenzy had subsided, and his number on the rope
Brought conviction to my bosom, and I thought it time to slope;
For the common sense of most had backed him on his public form,
And I stood a trifle over, and had caught it rather warm.
So I cut it: the exertion, quite unwonted, left me dry,
Like to one who calls for 'soda,' leering with a bloodshot eye;
Eyes to whose lack-lustre vision everything seems whirling round
And from out the throat's Sahara grates an incoherent sound.
Quickly rose the angry chorus of my creditors in wrath,
But I saw it would be madness to attempt to cross their path;
Yet I doubt not had I paid them but a shilling in the pound
They had spared my injured carcase as it lay upon the ground.
What is that to me who wander, with the hounds upon my track,
On from cover unto cover, like a fox before the pack?
Fain I'd fly, but lacking courage, here I wander as before,
Still a soft infatuation binds me to the scenes of yore.
Fain I'd fly, but whither, whither should my doubting footsteps tend,
Moving on through all the world without a sixpence or a friend?
Hark! my comrades whistle shrilly, they to whom my tale of tears
Is a butt for their amusement and a target for their jeers.
Shall it not be shame to me to herd with such a rabble rout—
Needy nobbler, seedy sharper, and imaginative tout—
No! 'twere surely better far to pocket all my senseless pride,
'Put a beggar on to horseback, to the devil he will ride.'
So together let us travel, birds of one ill omen'd birth,
Better revel with the devil than be ciphers on the earth.
Here, at least, I'm no one—nothing. Oh! for some secure retreat
Midst the advertising tipsters, in that unpretending street
Where of tremulous delirium my father hopp'd the twig,
And I was left to hunger, or to borrow, or to prig.
Oh to seek some desert island, there to wander far and wide
With my gun upon my shoulder—not 'the bayonet by my side!'

Nothing to remind of England ; 'mellow peers,' or penny shies,
Groups of lords and legs in friendly cluster, cards, and leaded dice.
Never knocks the midnight bailiff, or the creditor at noon,
Nips the 'possum up a gum-tree, grins the everlasting 'coon :
No comparing, no defaulting, never comes the settling day
When the winners draw the rhino but the losers keep away.
There I think I might be happy, rather than a loafer here
In the dirty-parlour'd pot-house from the sight of those I fear ;
There the ruling master-passion would have scope and breathing space,
I will train the cassowary, teach the dodo how to race ;
There across the boundless prairie they shall race and they shall run,
With a chorus of gorillas to applaud the screaming fun :
I myself the handicapper, clerk of course, and referee,
Shall lay the odds 'to monkeys' to the plunging chimpanzee !
Fool, to maunder thus and drivel ! Don't I know it can't be so ?
Conscience whispers, 'Not for Joseph, if he knows it ; Oh dear no !'
I to make a book on dodos ! I who managed—very near—
To cop a hundred thousand in Caractacus's year !
How could I through desert places tamely rest content to rove—
I, the 'cutest blade in London, and the most designing cove ?
I, that rather held it better to perform upon the dead
Than be troubled by the living, and be beaten by a head ?
Is there nothing I can turn to ? nothing worth a happy toss ?
Let the shilling spin decisive of my profit or my loss ;
Heads—I start the tipping business, à la Youatt William Gray ;
Tails—I tout for shilling swindles 'in a quiet sort of way.'
Some disinterested party, with a hundred pounds to lend,
Pay my bills, and square the bailiff—be the poor defaulter's friend !
Ah ! methinks I see an opening—but the future shall disclose
All my plan of operations, see the limit of my woes.
Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Epsom Downs,
Now the lists are full against me, now on me the bagman frowns.
Comes a Steward of the Meeting, black as 'Day and Martin's' best,
Scowling, motions me to mizzle, and I follow his behest.
Let me cut from Epsom Downs, in rain, or hail, or fire, or snow,
For a mighty crowd surrounds me roaring 'Welsher,' and I go.

'AMPHION,' *Baily's Magazine*, March 1868.

Bookey

(*With apologies to 'Tommy'*)

I went toward the Members' stand, my patrons to be near,
The keeper at the gate, sez he, 'We want no Bookeys here;'
The swells a-passin' through they grinned and sniggered fit to die;
I paid the sum for Tattersall's, and to myself sez I:

A bawling odds.

O it's Bookey this, and Bookey that, and 'Bookey, go away;
We're far too swell to have you near, so by the railings stay;
Behind the railings is your place, so please behind them stay,
And when we want you we will come.' So there I had to stay.

I looked above the iron rails, as patient as could be,
I saw they'd room for titled rogues, though they had none for me:
We are not fit to mix with them—our calling's far too low—
But if we stopped away, I guess, they'd find it precious slow.

For it's Bookey this, and Bookey that, and 'Bookey, keep away;'
But there's safety in the Bookey when the time comes round to pay;
When the time comes round to pay, my lords, the time comes round to pay;
You feel safest with the Bookeys when the time comes round to pay.

Yes, making mock of those you use, and for your pleasure keep,
Is cheaper far than honour—and with some that's deucèd cheap;
And betting with a Bookey, on a certain tip you've got,
Is safer far than it would be with some of your own lot.
Then it's Bookey this, and Bookey that, and 'Bookey, don't come near;'
But it's 'Where's my good friend Dickey Jones?' when the numbers do appear;
When the numbers do appear at last, the numbers do appear;
O it's 'Where's my best of Bookeys?' when the numbers do appear.

We ain't all whitewashed angels, nor we ain't all blacklegs, too,
But men as fancies betting, most remarkable like you;
And if you find our language not always to your mind,
A-bawling odds through railings don't make voices too refined.
While it's Bookey this, and Bookey that, and 'Bookey, fall behind;'
But they come and look us up at times, when tips are in the wind;
When tips are in the wind, my boys, when tips are in the wind;
They come upon the strict q.t. when tips are in the wind.

They talk about reforming us, but, if they wish to try,
They'd better sweep the top-floor first, for dirt will downward fly.
It's little use our clearing up before they make a start,
For we shall always be, as now, their lower counterpart.
For it's Blackleg this, and Blackleg that, and 'Chuck him out, the cad!'
If we, like other folks get broke, or trot off to the bad;
And it's Bookey this, and Bookey that, and treat him as you please;
But Bookey ain't a blooming ass—you bet that Bookey sees.

S. F. OUTWOOD.

The Laws of the Road

The Laws of the Road are a paradox quite,
For when you are travelling along,
If you keep to the LEFT you'll be sure to be RIGHT,
If you keep to the RIGHT you'll be WRONG.

Sporting Magazine, September 1793.

To Ride or not to Ride?

To ride or not to ride? that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The jeers and scoffs of hare-brain'd jockies,
Or boldly mount the prancing steed,
And by advent'rous gallop end them?
To ride, to walk no more; and by a horse
Of stout abilities, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand weary strides
The London cockney takes, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To ride—to fall—
Perchance to break one's neck; aye, there's the rub,
For in that ride what various ills may come,
When we have trotted on some few score miles,
Must give us pause—there's the respect
That makes the unwilling walker bear
The painful toil of padding all his life.
For who would bear the whips and taunts of coachmen,
The horse-dealer's wrong, the jockey's contumely,
The jokes of country girls, the buck's assurance,
The insolence of chairmen, and the spurns
Of brawny porters in the crowded streets,
When he himself might his quietus make
Upon a gentle pony? who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a heavy load?
But that the dread of ev'ry untried horse,
Whose undiscover'd humours and whose tricks
No traveller returns well pleased to tell,
And makes us rather walk in clouted shoes
Than fly to horses that we know not of.
Thus horror does make cowards of us all;
And thus the resolution of our riding
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear,
And beaux and cits, of genteel life and taste,
With this regard, from Tattersall's turn away,
And lose the name of horsemen.

Sporting Magazine, March 1815.

The Sporting Philosopher; or, The Loser's Consolation

In every sport, I wish'd by all,
Top sawyer to be reckon'd;
And tho' in *fight* no *principal*,
I've often been a *second!*
If on the Turf no first-rate Swell,
Prime Sportsman, or Head Buck,
With *me* brother Whip can tell,
'Tis all the fault of *luck!*
But win or lose, whate'er my lot,
I've learnt in Fortune's school,
That come Life's crosses e'er so *hot*,
'Tis best to take things cool!

I've follow'd luck at Easter-tide
With City Pack so nice,
Because in *three* days' dashing ride
I ne'er was thrown but *twice!*
With *rod* or *line*, with *spur* or *boot*,
Whene'er my chance I try,
The game I neither catch nor shoot,
I've cash enough to buy.
Then win or lose, &c. &c.

One day with neat percussion Cap
I gently took my aim,—
The barrel burst—I got a rap—
So *luck* preserv'd the Game!
With *punt*, like patience in a boat,
Another time I fish'd,
When two mad Bleak jump'd down my throat,
And I was nearly dish'd!
Yet win or lose, &c. &c.

A game at *Whist* I love to play,
But 'tis an awkward joke,
That, through ill *luck*, as some folks say,
I now and then *revoke!*
At *Cricket* when we try a match,
It's luck beyond a doubt—
For when the game I'm safe to catch,
They're sure to *catch* me out!!
Yet win or lose, &c. &c.

I've play'd a knowing knife and fork,
And *bet* on what I eat ;
'Gainst Time a wager I can walk,
And yet in both am *beat* :
For eating Hasty Pudding hot,
Or thro' Horse Collar grin,
Or jump in sacks—no matter what—
My rivals always win.
Yet win or lose, &c. &c.

A *Lott'ry Ticket* once I found—
Such *luck* had I to thank—
Next number to *ten thousand pound !*
'Twas drawn and proved—a blank ! !
I won a Race ; when ask'd to pay,
The black-legg'd loser fled ;
And, what was worse, he ran away
With Her I meant to wed !
Yet win or lose, whate'er my lot,
I've learnt in Fortune's school,
Come loss or crosses e'er so *hot*,
'Tis best to take things *cool !*

T. DIBDIN, *The Sportsman*, August 1839.

Bowling

The rudiments of sciences
In bowling may be found ;
For 'tis in vain to think to bowl,
'Till you first know the ground.

The fickleness of fortune
In emblem here is seen ;
For often those that touch the block
Are thrown out of the green.

Of courtiers and of bowlers,
The fortune is the same ;
Each jostles t'other out of place,
And plays a sep'rate game.

In bowling, as in battle,
The leader's apt to claim
The glory to himself alone,
Tho' the followers get the game.

The jack is like a young coquet;
Each bowl resembles man:
They follow wheresoe'er she leads
As close as e'er they can.

For tho' in other gaming
A blockhead be in jest,
Who gets nearest to the block-head,
In bowling is the best.

(*Part of an old song.*)

Cricket

Tune: 'The Fine Old English Gentleman'

You ask a song, and 'twould be wrong to disappoint your call,
Yet what was once thought passable will now scarce pass at all;
Our songs are all call'd *vaudevilles*, our games are *Acarta*,
And, except a match at cricket, very few know how to play
At any good old English sports which made our fathers gay.
CHORUS—At any good, &c.

At fairs and wakes, though tabors, pipes, and fiddles were the thing,
Our modern PAGANINI *bows* now play but on *one* string,
And baited *Bulls* and *Bears* who liked the sport, now think it strange,
That with lame *Ducks* they only are allow'd to sport and *range*,
With jobbers, underwriters, and good *Peoples* upon 'Change.
CHORUS—With jobbers, &c.

Then since we yet have CRICKET left, in which we can rejoice,
I only wish my muse could praise it with a *cricket's* voice;
And if your critics *catch* me *out*, I've only this to say,
My pen, though *worn* by many years, is ready to make play,
And guard my wicket, merrily, and boldly bowl away.
CHORUS—And guard, &c.

OLD ENGLAND is a type of what good cricketers intend,
Our *constitution* is the post true batsmen will defend;
Our enemies may give us *balls*, and glory in their guns,
While we stand firm and stop 'em all, for *John Bull* never runs,
For as his fathers bravely fought, so fight his gallant sons!
CHORUS—For as his, &c.

Among our modern *Cricketers*, 'tis whimsical to find
What matches have been made among the *lame*, and *deaf*, and blind !
Sometimes a set of *one-arm'd* men into the lists have jump'd,
And *one-eyed* men have taken *arms*, and their opponents thump'd,
For, what they could not *catch* or *bowl*, they very neatly *stump'd!*
CHORUS—For what, &c.

Your politicians play a game that varies ev'ry hour ;
The *ins* look *out*, while to get *in* the outs try all their pow'r ;
Yet whig or tory, in or out, Welch, English, Irish, Scotch,
Whene'er they for their country play, have ne'er yet made a botch,
But scorn'd to let the foes of freedom score a *single* notch !
CHORUS—But scorn'd, &c.

Then prosper long our *cricketers*, and prosper long our QUEEN !
And prosper ALBERT ! and the bond form'd him and her between !
And should old foes again oppose our commerce or our fame,
Old England will in gallant style support her honour'd name ;
And, any odds 'gainst all the world, she'll fairly win the game !
CHORUS—And any odds 'gainst all the world, she'll win a glorious game !

T. DIBDIN, *The Sportsman*, November 1840.

A Fragment

Beloved brotherhood of Sportsmen, heed !
Earth, ocean, air, combine as ministers
To pour their treasures forth for our delight,
While dewy morn, and odorous noon and eve
Through varied seasons bring their various gifts.
Autumn, with sounds of thunder through the woods
And Winter, filling all the hills and dales
With noise of tramping steeds and mellow horns
Which bid the sleeping echoes to awake ;
In Spring voluptuous pantings fill the breast,
As passing by some limpid stream we see
Deep down beneath its surface teeming hosts
Of glittering forms waiting the angler's skill ;
Whilst Summer's heat, by some strong impulse, draws
Our steps to the sea-shore. A boat is there ;
We drink inspiring radiance, as the wind
Sweeps strongly from the shore, rippling the waves.
Following our eager souls, we climb on deck,
And bid the sleeping sails be spread athwart
The barren mast. Then seated side by side
We feel the boat speed o'er the tranquil sea,
Like a white cloud borne by the summer breeze.
Thus does the shimmering heat of lengthening days

Likewise entice, by soul-inspiring spell,
Youths to disport amid the froth-specked waves,
And their smooth bodies lave within the flood.
The waters part before the hidden strength
Of limbs braced by a cool and briny touch,
As plunging headlong from the neighbouring rock
Into the deep, the swimmers onward speed.
Spirit of Sport ! enlivener of our world !
Favour my joyous song, for I have loved
Thee ever, and thee only. I have watched
Thy changes, and the growing of thy power,
And my hand ever stretches forth to grasp
At thy developments. I have tried my skill
Even on tennis courts, where maidens fair
Keep records of the trophies won from me,
Hoping to learn the hidden mysteries
Of thee and thine by forcing some fair maid,
Thy messenger, to teach me how to check
My too, too frequent love. In leisure hours,
When nought attracts me more, have I gone forth
Like an inspired and desperate Northerner,
To drive, if it might be, some snow-white orb
Through the blue vault of heaven ; and have used
Such magic as compelled my brass topped wand
To part in twain ; or in some fitful mood
Have forced my star of hope to take at last
The comet's orbit, tending oft alas !
To some deep unknown pit, from whence I see
A tail of unilluminating woe.
I wait thy breath great Spirit ! that my skill
May modulate with method more precise,
With motions more in harmony with rule !
Then, only then, shall I have power to grasp
The glories of thy all-absorbing sway,
And weave them into song.

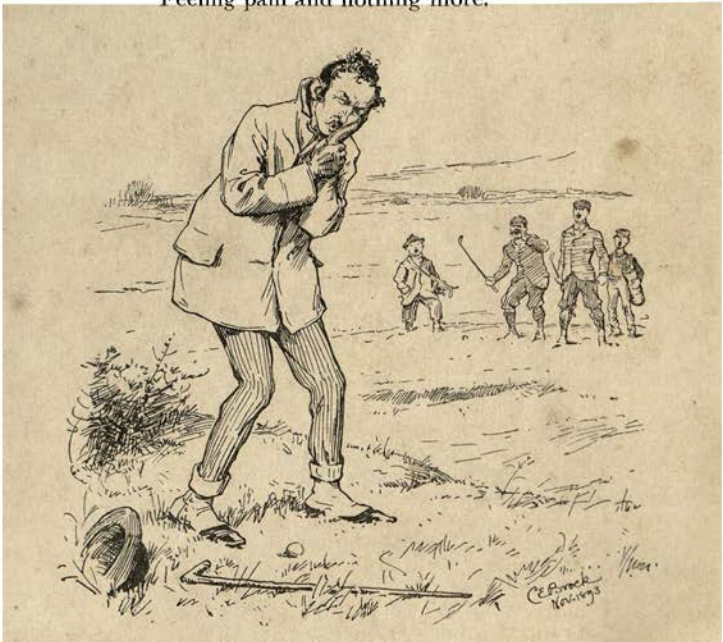
From MS. No date. A little after the style of P. B. Shelley.

The Chicken; or, My First Introduction to the Ancient Game of Golf

(*A Trifle after 'The Raven'*)

Once upon a day most dreary, I was wandering weak and weary,
Thinking I had very seldom seen so drear a looking moor ;
For the stillness was unbroken by a single sign or token,
That a voice had ever spoken ; when I felt upon my jaw
Something hit me without warning, nearly breaking through my jaw,
And from pain I knew no more.

Ah, distinctly I remember, that it was a chill November
When I stood thus watching faintly, divers sparks to Heaven soar ;
Then two awful men came stealing, while with pain I still was reeling,
Plainly I recall the feeling, as they kept on shouting 'Fore !'
But I moved not in my horror, while they still kept shouting 'Fore !'
Feeling pain and nothing more.



Feeling pain and nothing more

But fierce danger still was pending, for I still with anguish bending
Heard the sound of ether rending, as an object through it tore,
And beside me there alighted something that was round and whited,
Looking like a star affrighted, that had shone in days of yore,
There it lay, a grim and ghastly whitewashed wreck of days of yore.
Round and white and nothing more.

Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
'Sirs,' said I to these two strangers, 'tell me this I do implore,

By the red coats ye are wearing, by the weapons ye are bearing,
Know ye whence these things came tearing—are they meteoric ore?
One has wounded me severely, and seems hard as any ore.'
But they laughed and nothing more.

Then, into their faces peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing;
Fighting frantic fears no mortal ever had to fight before;
They had laughed when I had spoken, and I guessed by this same token
They were idiots who had broken, doubtless, through the asylum door,
Idiots who'd escaped from Earlswood, having broken through the door.
This alas! and nothing more.

But while I, half bent on flying, still within my mind was trying,
To think out how them in safety to their home I might restore;
One man broke the pause by saying that 'twas 'cussed nonsense playing
If fools would continue staying even when they halloed "Fore!"
Staying mooning on the hazard while four lungs were bellowing "Fore!"'
Then he swore and said no more.

Now through all my mind came stealing quite a different kind of feeling,
As I thought I'd heard some speaking of a game like this before;
So, by way of explanation, I delivered an oration
Of a suitable duration, which I think they thought a boré;
And I said, 'I'll watch your playing,' but they muttered 'Cussed bore!'
Just these words and nothing more.

Then I seemed to see quite plainly, two boys near in clothes ungainly,
Waiting by us bearing weapons—such a curious, endless store!
And I said, 'You'll be agreeing that no earthly, living being
Ever yet was blessed by seeing such queer things as these before?
Hooks and crooks of all descriptions such as ne'er were seen before.'
'Clubs be they, and nothing more.'

Thus spoke one they called a caddie, though he spoke more like a Paddy,
And I said whilst slowly following, 'Tell their names I do implore!'
Then these words he seemed to utter in a most uncivil mutter,
'Driver, cleek, spoon, brassey, putter,' till he reached about a score,
Muttering thus he still continued, till he reached at least a score,
Or may be a trifle more.

Soon the boy, when some one halloed, went ahead while till I followed,
Wondering much to see how quickly he across the bracken tore:
Faster still he flew and faster to his most unhappy master,
Who had met with some disaster, which he seemed to much deplore,
For his ball was in a cart-rut, this alone he did deplore,
Only this and nothing more.

Here he cried, 'Do try and be quick! don't you see I want my niblick?
Curse these deep and muddy places which one's balls will quite immure.'
Then the mud so fierce did lash he, that his garments soon were splashy
And he called out for his mashie and he very loudly swore,
Mashing, splashing, did not aid him, nor did all the oaths he swore,
The ball sank in and nothing more.

Whilst I was engaged in thinking how deep down the thing was sinking,
Listening to the flow of language that from out his lips did pour;
Suddenly he dived and sought it, and from out the mud he brought it,
Tossed it to the boy who caught it, then he counted up his score,
Said if he at first had tee'd it, he'd have saved quite half his score,
Now he'd try the hole no more.

So I thought the game was ended, but their talk was so much blended
With a language unfamiliar which I had not heard before;
For in argument quite stormy they disputed about 'dormie,'
And the word it clean did floor me, though I thought it deeply o'er.
Tried to sift its derivation, but while still I thought it o'er
It perplexed me more and more.

'Players,' said I, 'sure I'm dying just to send that ball a-flying,
Let me show you how I'd make it up into the heavens soar!'
And one answered 'Come and try it! we should like to see you sky it!
Here's a club, six bob will buy it, I have plenty at the store.'
'Twas the man who teaches golfing, and who keeps clubs in a store,
Just himself and nothing more.

Then the other, who was playing, said he did not mind delaying
Just to see me make a something, of a record of a score,
So unto the Tee they led me, and of six good bob they bled me,
And with flattery they fed me, but the ball it would not soar;
So they said I must 'address' it, but no language made it soar,
It just rolled and nothing more.

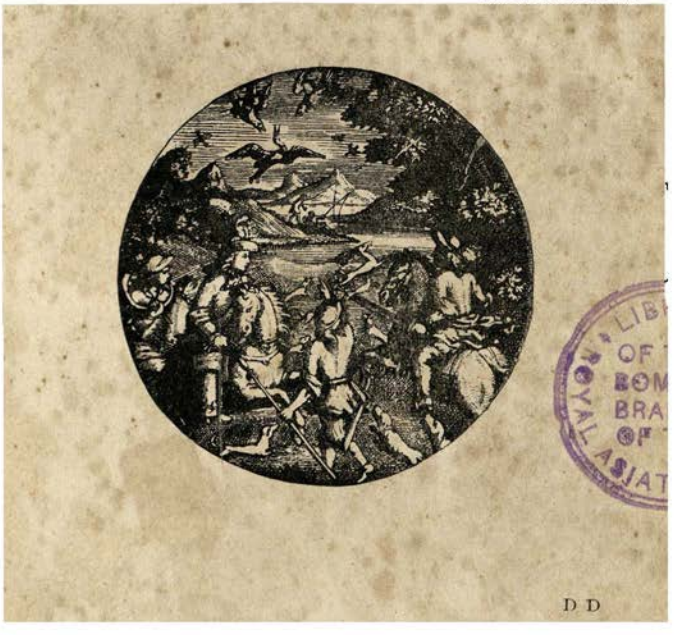
"But a stick and nothing more."

'Ball,' I said, 'thou thing of evil! Emblem of a slippery devil!
White thou seemest, yet I reckon thou art black right to the core;
On thy side I see a token of the truth that I have spoken,
And a gash; that I have broken, shows thee to be whitened o'er;
Shows thy true self 'neath the varnish with which thou art covered o'er,
Only black and nothing more!

Then with rage I took my driver, smiting at this foul survivor
Of the devil very fiercely, but the turf, alas, I tore,
And an awful crash resounding as of splintered timber sounding
Heard I, as the head went bounding, and my club broke to the core;
Just a stick I held all broken, broken right across the core,
But a stick and nothing more.

And the ball, no thought of flitting, still was sitting, still was sitting,
Quietly on its little sandheap, just as it had sat of yore;
I was greatly aggravated and I very plainly stated
That the game was overrated, as I've heard men say before;
So I'd swore I'd chuck the game up, as some others have before,
And would play it never more!

S. F. OUTWOOD.



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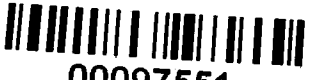
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